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BROOME.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-THIRD.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY R. HETT;

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MDCCLXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

BROOME

AND

PITT.

ITHACA

POEMS

BY

WILLIAM BROOME, LL.D.

Chaplain to the Right Honourable CHARLES Lord CORNWALLIS, Baron of Eye.

" ——— Nos otia vitæ
" Solamur Cantu."
STAT.

WITH

ADDITIONS and ALTERATIONS,
Made by the Author in 1743, but not copied in the Edition of 1750.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES, Lord Viſcount TOWNSHEND;

Late one of his Majeſty's Principal Secretaries of State, and Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

I Beg leave to publiſh the following poems under your patronage: A preſent, I confeſs, unworthy of it, and of little value, excepting what gratitude gives it: But, I fear, it may be eſteemed a boaſt rather than an acknowledgement, or at beſt, an oſtentatious kind of gratitude, to tell the world that I have received the higheſt obligations from the Lord Townſhend: It is an honour to be regarded by a perſon of ſo diſtinguiſhed a character: I am proud of it, and, not being of a nature to be content with a ſilent gratitude, am not deterred from owning it, though it be liable to be miſcalled vanity.

You have, my Lord, the happineſs to enjoy what that great ſtateſman Walſingham, who held the ſame office which you fill with ſo much honour, frequently wiſhed,

but never obtained; a retirement from buſineſs in the declenſion of life, to enjoy age in peace and tranquillity: this laſt action ſpeaks you truly great; for that perſon who, by a voluntary retreat, could induſtriouſly renounce all the grandeur of the world, muſt evidently have a ſoul above it.

Tully in his Tuſculum was never more happy, than the Lord Townſhend in his Rainham,

" ——— Where majeſtically plain
" Pure Nature reigns, where varied views from views
" Diffuſive proſpects yield *: here ſhagg'd with woods,
" Here rich with harveſt, and there white with flocks,
" And all the gay horizon ſmiles around
" Full of thy Genius! Lo! between yon groves
" The dome with eaſy grandeur, like the ſoul
" Of its great maſter, riſing overlooks
" The ſubject regions, and commands the charms
" Of many a pleaſing landſkip, to the eye
" Delightful change! here groves of loftieſt ſhade
" Wave their proud tops, and form of ſtatelieſt view
" A ſylvan theatre! while Nature's hand
" Pours forth profuſe, o'er hill, o'er vale, o'er lawn,
" Her choiceſt bleſſings: See! where yonder lake
" Spreads its wide liquid plain: now ſtands unmov'd
" Pure as th' expanſe of heaven, and heaven reflects
" From its broad-glittering mirrour; now with waves

* See Mr. Thomſon's excellent poems.

" Curl'd

" Curl'd gently by the breeze, ſalutes the flowers
" That grace its banks! in ſtate the ſnowy ſwans
" Arch their proud necks, and fowls of various plume
" Innumerous, native or exotic, cleave
" The dancing wave! while o'er th' adjoining lawns
" Obverted to the ſouthern ſuns, the deer
" Wide-ſpreading graze, or ſtarting bound away
" In crouds, then turning, ſilent ſtand, and gaze!
" Such are thy beauties, Rainham, ſuch the haunts
" Of angels, in primæval guiltleſs days,
" When man imparadis'd convers'd with God."

This, my Lord, is but a faint picture of the place of your retirement, which no one ever enjoyed more elegantly: no part of your life lies heavy upon you; there is no uneaſy vacancy in it; it is all filled up with ſtudy, exerciſe, or polite amuſement: here you ſhine in the moſt agreeable, though not moſt ſtrong and dazzling light: In your public ſtation you commanded admiration and honour; in your private, you attract love and eſteem: The nobler parts of your life will be the ſubject of the hiſtorian; and the actions of the great ſtateſman and patriot, will adorn many pages of our future annals: but the affectionate father, the indulgent maſter, the condeſcending and benevolent friend, patron, and companion, can only be deſcribed by thoſe who have the pleaſure and happineſs to ſee you act in all thoſe relations: I could with delight enlarge upon this amiable part of your character; but am ſenſible that no

portion of your time is ſo ill ſpent as in reading what I write. I will therefore only beg the honour to ſubſcribe myſelf,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged,

And moſt obedient ſervant,

Pulham in Norfolk,
1739.

WILLIAM BROOME.

PREFACE.

I AM very ſenſible that many hard circumſtances attend all authors: if they write ill, they are ſure to be uſed with contempt; if well, too often with envy. Some men, even while they improve themſelves with the ſentiments of others, rail at their benefactors, and while they gather the fruit, tear the tree that bore it. I muſt confeſs, that mere idleneſs induced me to write; and the hopes of entertaining a few idle men, to publiſh. I am not ſo vain as not to think there are many faults in the enſuing poems; all human works muſt fall ſhort of perfection, and therefore to acknowledge it, is no humility: however, I am not like thoſe authors, who, out of a falſe modeſty, complain of the imperfections of their own works, yet would take it very ill if the world ſhould believe them: I will not add hypocriſy to my other faults, or act ſo abſurdly as to invite the reader to an entertainment, and then tell him that there is nothing worth his eating; I have furniſhed out the table according to my beſt abilities, if not with a ſplendid elegance, yet at leaſt with an innocent variety.

But ſince this is the laſt time that I ſhall ever, perhaps, trouble the world in this kind, I will beg leave to ſpeak ſomething not as a poet, but a critic; that if my credit ſhould fail as a poet, I may have recourſe to my

remarks upon Homer, and be pardoned for my induſtry as the annotator in part upon the Iliad, and entirely upon the Odyſſey.

I will therefore offer a few things upon criticiſm in general, a ſtudy very neceſſary, but fallen into contempt through the abuſe of it. At the reſtoration of learning, it was particularly neceſſary; authors had been long buried in obſcurity, and conſequently had contracted ſome ruſt through the ignorance and barbariſm of preceding ages: it was therefore very requiſite that they ſhould be poliſhed by a critical hand, and reſtored to their original purity: In this conſiſts the office of critics; but, inſtead of making copies agreeable to the manuſcripts, they have long inſerted their own conjectures; and from this licence ariſe moſt of the various readings, the burthens of modern editions: whereas books are like pictures, they may be new varniſhed, but not a feature is to be altered; and every ſtroke that is thus added, deſtroys in ſome degree the reſemblance; and the original is no longer an Homer or a Virgil, but a mere ideal perſon, the creature of the editor's fancy. Whoever deviates from this rule, does not correct, but corrupt his author: and therefore ſince moſt books worth reading have now good impreſſions, it is a folly to devote too much time to this branch of criticiſm; it is ridiculous to make it the ſupreme buſineſs of life to repair the ruins of a decayed word, to trouble the world with vain niceties about a letter, or a ſyllable, or the tranſpoſition of a phraſe, when the preſent reading is ſufficiently intelligible. Theſe learned triflers are mere weeders

weeders of an author; they collect the weeds for their own uſe, and permit others to gather the herbs and flowers: it would be of more advantage to mankind, when once an author is faithfully publiſhed, to turn our thoughts from the words to the ſentiments, and make them more eaſy and intelligible. A ſkill in verbal criticiſm is in reality but a ſkill in gueſſing, and conſequently he is the beſt critic who gueſſes beſt: a mighty attainment! And yet with what pomp is a trivial alteration uſhered into the world! Such writers are like Caligula, who raiſed a mighty army, and alarmed the whole world, and then led it to gather cockle-ſhells. In ſhort, the queſtion is not what the author might have ſaid, but what he has actually ſaid; it is not whether a different word will agree with the ſenſe, and turn of the period, but whether it was uſed by the author; if it was, it has a good title ſtill to maintain its poſt, and the authority of the manuſcript ought to be followed rather than the fancy of the editor: for can a modern be a better judge of the language of the pureſt of the antients, than thoſe antients who wrote it in the greateſt purity? or if he could, was ever any author ſo happy, as always to chooſe the moſt proper word? Experience ſhews the impoſſibility. Beſides, of what uſe is verbal criticiſm when once we have a faithful edition? It embarraſſes the reader inſtead of giving new light, and hinders his proficiency by engroſſing his time, and calling off the attention from the author to the editor: it encreaſes the expence of books, and makes us pay an high price for trifles, and often for abſurdities. I will only add, with

Sir

Sir Henry Saville, that various lections are now grown ſo voluminous, that we begin to value the firſt editions of books as moſt correct, becauſe leaſt corrected.

Of partial Critics.

There are other critics who think themſelves obliged to ſee no imperfections in their author: from the moment they undertake his cauſe, they look upon him, as a lover upon his miſtreſs, he has no faults, or his very faults improve into beauties: this, indeed, is a well-natured error, but ſtill blameable, becauſe it miſguides the judgment. Such critics act no leſs erroneouſly, than a judge who ſhould reſolve to acquit a perſon, whether innocent or guilty, who comes before him upon his trial. It is frequent for the partial critic to praiſe the work as he likes the author; he admires a book as an antiquary a medal, ſolely from the impreſſion of the name, and not from the intrinſic value: the copper of a favourite writer ſhall be more eſteemed than the fineſt gold of a leſs acceptable author: for this reaſon many perſons have choſen to publiſh their works without a name, and by this method, like Apelles, who ſtood unſeen behind his own Venus, have received a praiſe, which perhaps might have been denied if the author had been viſible.

Of envious and malicious critics.

But there are other critics who act a contrary part, and condemn all as criminals whom they try: they dwell only on the faults of an author, and endeavour to raiſe a reputation by diſpraiſing every thing that other men praiſe; they have an antipathy to a ſhining character, like ſome animals, that hate the ſun only becauſe of its bright-

brightneſs: it is a crime with them to excel; they are a kind of Tartars in learning, who ſeeing a perſon of diſtinguiſhed qualifications, immediately endeavour to kill him, in hopes to attain juſt ſo much merit as they deſtroy in their adverſary. I never look into one of theſe critics but he puts me in mind of a giant in romance: the glory of the giant conſiſts in the number of the limbs of men whom he has deſtroyed; that of the critic in viewing

"—— Diſjecti membra Poetæ." HOR.

If ever he accidentally deviates into praiſe, he does it that his enſuing blame may fall with the greater weight; he adorns an author with a few flowers, as the antients thoſe victims which they were ready to ſacrifice: he ſtudies criticiſm as if it extended only to diſpraiſe; a practice, which, when moſt ſucceſsful, is leaſt deſirable. A painter might juſtly be thought to have a perverſe imagination, who ſhould delight only to draw the deformities and diſtortions of human nature, which, when executed by the moſt maſterly hand, ſtrike the beholder with moſt horror. It is uſual with envious critics to attack the writings of others, becauſe they are good; they conſtantly prey upon the faireſt fruits, and hope to ſpread their own works by uniting them to thoſe of their adverſary. But this is like Mezentius in Virgil, to join a dead carcaſs to a living body; and the only effect of it, to fill every well-natured mind with deteſtation: their malice becomes impotent, and, contrary, to their deſign, they give a teſtimony of their enemy's

merit, and ſhew him to be an hero by turning all their weapons againſt him: ſuch critics are like dead coals, they may blacken, but cannot burn. Theſe writers bring to my memory a paſſage in the Iliad, where all the inferior powers, the Plebs Superûm, or rabble of the ſky, are fancied to unite their endeavours to pull Jupiter down to the earth: but by the attempt they only betray their own inability; Jupiter is ſtill Jupiter, and by their unavailing efforts they manifeſt his ſuperiority.

Modeſty is eſſential to true criticiſm: no man has a title to be a dictator in knowledge, and the ſenſe of our own infirmities ought to teach us to treat others with humanity. The envious critic ought to conſider, that if the authors be dead whom he cenſures, it is inhumanity to trample upon their aſhes with inſolence; that it is cruelty to ſummon, implead, and condemn them with rigour and animoſity, when they are not in a capacity to anſwer his unjuſt allegations: If the authors be alive, the common laws of ſociety oblige us not to commit any outrage againſt another's reputation; we ought modeſtly to convince, not injuriouſly inſult; and contend for truth, not victory: and yet the envious critic is like the tyrants of old, who thought it not enough to conquer, unleſs their enemies were made a public ſpectacle, and dragged in triumph at their chariot-wheels: but what is ſuch a triumph but a barbarous inſult over the calamities of their fellow-creatures? The noiſe of a day, purchaſed with the miſery of nations? However, I would not be thought

to

to be pleading for an exemption from criticiſm; I would only have it circumſcribed within the rules of candour and humanity: writers may be told of their errors, provided it be with the decency and tenderneſs of a friend, not the malice and paſſion of an enemy; boys may be whipped into ſenſe, but men are to be guided with reaſon.

If we grant the malicious critic all that he claims, and allow him to have proved his adverſary's dulneſs, and his own acuteneſs, yet, as long as there is virtue in the world, modeſt dulneſs will be preferable to learned arrogance: Dulneſs may be a misfortune, but arrogance is a crime; and where is the mighty advantage, if, while he diſcovers more learning, he is found to have leſs virtue than his adverſary? And though he be a better critic, yet proves himſelf to be a worſe man? Beſides, no one is to be envied the ſkill in finding ſuch faults as others are ſo dull as to miſtake for beauties. What advantage is ſuch a quickſightedneſs even to the poſſeſſors of it? It makes them difficult to be pleaſed, and gives them pain, while others receive a pleaſure: they reſemble the ſecond-ſighted people in Scotland, who are fabled to ſee more than other perſons; but all the benefit they reap from this privilege, is to diſcover objects of horror, ghoſts, and apparitions.

But it is time to end, though I have too much reaſon to enlarge the argument for candour in criticiſm, through a conſciouſneſs of my own deficiency: I have in reality been pleading my own cauſe, that if I appear too guilty to obtain a pardon, I may find ſo much

mercy

mercy from my judges, as to be condemned to ſuffer without inhumanity: But whatever be the fate of theſe works, they have proved of uſe to me, and been an agreeable amuſement in a conſtant ſolitude. Providence has been pleaſed to lead me out of the great roads of life, into a private path; where, though we have leiſure to chuſe the ſmootheſt way, yet we are all ſure to meet many obſtacles in the journey: I have found poetry an innocent companion, and ſupport from the fatigues of it; how long, or how ſhort, the future ſtages of it are to be, as it is uncertain, ſo it is a folly to be over-ſolicitous about it; he that lives the longeſt, has but the ſmall privilege of creeping more leiſurely than others to his grave; what we call living, is in reality but a longer time of dying: and if theſe verſes prove as ſhort-lived as their author, it is a loſs not worth regretting: They only die, as they were born, in obſcurity.

POEMS

BY

DR. BROOME.

HABBAKKUK, Chap. III. Paraphraſed.

An ODE, written in 1710, as an Exerciſe.

WHEN in a glorious terrible array,
From Paran's towering height th' Almighty took his way;
Borne on a cherub's wings he rode,
Intolerable day proclaim'd the God;
No earthly cloud
Could his effulgent brightneſs ſhroud:
Glory, and majeſty, and power,
March'd in a dreadful pomp before;
Behind, a grim and meagre train,
Pining ſickneſs, frantic pain,
Stalk'd widely on! with all the diſmal band,
Which heaven in anger ſends to ſcourge a guilty land.

With terror cloath'd, he downward flew,
And wither'd half the nations with a view;
Through half the nations of th' aſtoniſh'd earth
He ſcatter'd war, and plagues, and dearth!

And

And when he ſpoke,
The everlaſting hills from their foundations ſhook;
The trembling mountains, by a lowly nod,
With reverence ſtruck, confeſs'd the God:
On Sion's holy hill he took his ſtand,
Graſping omnipotence in his right hand;
Then mighty earthquakes rock'd the ground,
And the ſun darken'd as he frown'd:
He dealt affliction from his van,
And wild confuſion from his rear;
They through the tents of Cuſhan ran,
The tents of Cuſhan quak'd with fear,
And Midian trembled with deſpair.
* I ſee! his ſword wave naked in the air;
It ſheds around a baleful ray,
The rains pour down, the lightnings play,
And on their wings vindictive thunders bear.

When through the mighty flood,
He led the murmuring croud,
What ail'd the rivers that they backward fled?
Why was the mighty flood afraid?
March'd he againſt the rivers? or was he,
Thou mighty flood! diſpleas'd at thee?

VARIATION.

* I ſee his ſword wave with redoubled ire.
Ah! has it ſet the very clouds on fire?
The clouds burſt down in deluges of ſhowers;
Fierce lightning flames, vindictive thunder roars.

The

The flood beheld from far,
The deity in all his equipage of war;
And lo! at once it burſts! in diverſe falls
On either hand! it ſwells in cryſtal walls!
Th' eternal rocks diſcloſe! the toſſing waves
Ruſh in loud thunder from a thouſand caves!
Why tremble ye, O! faithleſs, to behold
The opening deeps their gulphs unfold?
Enter the dreadful chaſms! 'tis God, who guides
Your wondrous way! the God who rules the tides!
And lo! they march amid the deafening roar
Of tumbling ſeas! they mount the adverſe ſhore!
Advance, ye choſen tribes!——Arabia's ſands
Lonely, uncomfortable lands!
Void of fountain, void of rain,
Oppoſe their burning coaſts in vain!
See! the great prophet ſtand,
Waving his wonder-working wand!
He ſtrikes the ſtubborn rock, and lo!
The ſtubborn rock feels the Almighty blow;
His ſtony entrails burſt, and ruſhing torrents flow.

* Then did the ſun his fiery courſers ſtay,
And backward held the falling day;

VARIATION.

* Ah, what new ſcenes unfold, what voice I hear;
Sun, ſtand thou ſtill; thou moon, thy courſe forbear:
Ah, ... ſun, thy wheels obedient ſtay,
Doubling the ſplendors of the wondrous day.

The nimble-footed minutes ceas'd to run,
And urge the lazy hours on.
Time hung his unexpanded wings,
And all the ſecret ſprings
That carry on the year,
Stopp'd in their full career:
Then the aſtoniſh'd moon,
Forgot her going down;
And paler grew,
The diſmal ſcene to view,
How through the trembling Pagan nation,
The Almighty ruin dealt, and ghaſtly deſolation.

But why, ah! why, O Sion, reigns
Wide waſting havoc o'er thy plains?
Ah! me, deſtruction is abroad!
Vengeance is looſe, and wrath from God!
See! hoſts of ſpoilers ſeize their prey!
See! ſlaughter marks in blood his way!

The nimble-footed minutes ceaſe to run,
And urge the lazy hours on,
Time hangs his unexpanded wings,
And all the ſecret ſprings
That carry on the year
Stop in their full career;
At once th' aſtoniſh'd moon
Forgets her going down,
And paler grows,
To view th' amazing train of woes;
While through the trembling Pagan nation,
Th' Almighty ruin deals, and ghaſtly deſolation.

See!

See! how embattled Babylon
Like an unruly deluge ruſhes on!
Lo! the field with millions ſwarms!
I hear their ſhouts! their claſhing arms!
Now the conflicting hoſts engage,
With more than mortal rage!——
Oh! heaven! I faint—— I die!——
The yielding powers of Iſrael fly!——
Now banner'd hoſts ſurround the walls
Of Sion! now ſhe ſinks, ſhe falls!——
Ah! Sion, how for thee I mourn!
What pangs for thee I feel!
Ah! how art thou become the Pagans' ſcorn,
Lovely, unhappy Iſrael!
A ſhivering damp invades my heart,
A trembling horror ſhoots through every part;
My nodding frame can ſcarce ſuſtain
Th' oppreſſive load I undergo:
Speechleſs I ſigh! the envious woe
Forbids the very pleaſure to complain:
Forbids my faultering tongue to tell
What pangs for thee I feel,
Lovely, unhappy Iſrael!

Yet though the fig-tree ſhould no burthen bear,
Though vines delude the promiſe of the year;
Yet though the olive ſhould not yield her oil,
Nor the parch'd glebe reward the peaſant's toil,
Though the tir'd ox beneath his labours fall,
And herds in millions periſh from the ſtall;

Yet ſhall my grateful ſtrings
For ever praiſe thy name,
For ever thee proclaim,
Thee everlaſting God, the mighty king of kings.

To BELINDA, on her Sickneſs and Recovery.

SURE never pain ſuch beauty wore,
Or look'd ſo amiable before!
You graces give to a diſeaſe,
Adorn the pain, and make it pleaſe;
Thus burning incenſe ſheds perfumes,
Still fragrant as it ſtill conſumes.

Nor can even ſickneſs, which diſarms
All other nymphs, deſtroy your charms;
A thouſand beauties you can ſpare,
And ſtill be faireſt of the fair.

But ſee! the pain begins to fly,
Though Venus bled, ſhe could not die;
See! the new Phœnix point her eyes,
And lovelier from her aſhes riſe:
Thus roſes, when the ſtorm is o'er,
Draw beauties from th' inclement ſhower.

Welcome ye hours! which thus repay
What envious ſickneſs ſtole away!
Welcome as thoſe which kindly bring,
And uſher in the joyous ſpring;

That

That to the ſmiling earth reſtore
The beauteous herb, and blooming flower,
And give her all the charms ſhe loſt
By wintery ſtorms, and hoary froſt!

And yet how well did ſhe ſuſtain,
And greatly triumph o'er her pain!
So flowers, when blaſting winds invade,
Breathe ſweet, and beautifully fade.

Now in her cheeks, and rādiant eyes,
New bluſhes glow, new lightnings riſe;
Behold a thouſand charms ſucceed,
For which a thouſand hearts muſt bleed!
Brighter from her diſeaſe ſhe ſhines,
As fire the precious gold refines.

Thus when the ſilent grave becomes
Pregnant with life, as fruitful wombs;
When the wide ſeas, and ſpacious earth,
Reſign us to our ſecond birth;
Our moulder'd frame rebuilt aſſumes
New beauty, and for ever blooms;
And, crown'd with youth's immortal pride,
We angels riſe, who mortals dy'd.

To BELINDA, On her Apron embroidered with Arms and Flowers.

* THE liſtening trees Amphion drew
To dance from hills, where once they grew;
But you expreſs a power more great,
The flowers you draw not, but create.

Behold your own creation riſe,
And ſmile beneath your radiant eyes!
'Tis beauteous all! and yet receives
From you more graces than it gives.

But ſay, amid the ſofter charms
Of blooming flowers, what mean theſe arms?
So round the fragrance of the roſe,
The pointed thorn, to guard it, grows.

But cruel you, who thus employ
Both arms and beauty to deſtroy!
So Venus marches to the fray
In armour, formidably gay.

VARIATION.

* The lovely Flora paints the earth,
And calls the morning flowers to birth;
But you diſplay a power more great;
She calls forth flowers, but you create.

It is a dreadful pleaſing ſight!
The flowers attract, the arms affright;
The flowers with lively beauty bloom,
The arms denounce an inſtant doom.

Thus when the Britons in array
Their enſigns to the ſun diſplay,
In the ſame flag are lilies ſhown,
And angry lions ſternly frown;
On high the glittering ſtandard flies,
And conquers all things---like your eyes.

Part of the XXXVIII and XXXIX Chapters of JOB.

A PARAPHRASE.

NOW from the ſplendors of his bright abode
On wings of all the winds th' Almighty rode,
And the loud voice of thunder ſpoke the God.
Cherubs, and ſeraphs from cœleſtial bowers,
Ten thouſand thouſand! bright, ethereal powers!
Miniſtrant round, their radiant files unfold,
Arm'd in eternal adamant, and gold!
Whirlwinds and thundrous ſtorms his chariot drew
'Tween worlds and worlds, triumphant as it flew:
He ſtretch'd his dark pavilion o'er the floods,
Bade hills ſubſide, and rein'd th' obedient clouds,
Then from his awful gloom the godhead ſpoke,
And at his voice affrighted nature ſhook.

Vain man! who boldly with dim reaſon's ray
Vies with his God, and rivals his full day!
* But tell me now, ſay how this beauteous frame
Of all things, from the womb of nothing came;
When nature's Lord with one Almighty call
From no-where raiſ'd the world's capacious ball?
Say if thy hand directs the various rounds
Of the vaſt earth, and circumſcribes the bounds?
How orbs oppos'd to orbs amid the ſky,
In concert move, and dance in harmony?
What wondrous pillars their foundations bear
When hung ſelf-balanc'd in the fluid air?
Why the vaſt tides ſometimes with wanton play
In ſhining mazes gently glide away;
Anon, why ſwelling with impetuous ſtores
Tumultuous tumbling, thunder to the ſhores?
By thy command does fair Aurora riſe,
And gild with purple beams the bluſhing ſkies;
The warbling lark ſalutes her chearful ray,
And welcomes with his ſong the riſing day;
The riſing day ambroſial dew diſtils,
Th' ambroſial dew with balmy odour fills
The flowers, the flowers rejoice, and nature ſimiles.

VARIATION.

* But tell me, mortal, when th' Almighty ſaid,
Be made, ye worlds! how worlds at once were made;
When hoſts of angels wrapt in wonder ſung
His praiſe as order from diſorder ſprung;

Why

Why night, in ſable rob'd, as day-light fades,
O'er half the nations draws her awful ſhades?
Now peaceful nature lies diffus'd in eaſe;
A ſolemn ſtillneſs reigns o'er land and ſeas.
* Sleep ſheds o'er all his balm! to ſleep reſign'd,
Birds, beaſts lie huſh'd, and buſy human-kind.
No air of breath diſturbs the drowzy woods,
No whiſpers murmur from the ſilent floods!
The moon ſheds down a ſilver-ſtreaming light,
And glads the melancholic face of night:
Now clouds ſwift-ſkimming veil her ſullied ray,
† Now bright ſhe blazes with a fuller day:
The ſtars in order twinkle in the ſkies,
And fall in ſilence, and in ſilence riſe:
Till, as a giant ſtrong, a bridegroom gay,
The ſun ſprings dancing through the gates of day:
He ſhakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams
O'er the proud hills, and down the glowing ſtreams:
His fiery courſers bound above the main,
And whirl the car along the ethereal plain:

VARIATIONS.

* No more the monſters of the deſert roar,
Doubling the terrors of the midnight hour.
The fowl, the fiſhes, to repoſe reſign'd,
All, all lie huſh'd, and buſy human-kind.
The fainting murmur dies upon the floods,
And ſighing breezes lull the drowzy woods,

† Now bright ſhe blazes, and ſupplies the day.

The

The fiery courſers and the car diſplay
A ſtream of glory, and a flood of day.
Did e'er thy eye deſcend into the deep,
Or haſt thou ſeen where infant tempeſts ſleep?
Was e'er the grave or regions of the night,
Yet trod by thee, or open'd to thy ſight?
Has death diſclos'd to thee her gloomy ſtate,
The ghaſtly forms, the various woes that wait
In terrible array before her awful gate?
Know'ſt thou where darkneſs bears eternal ſway,
Or, where the ſource of everlaſting day?
Say, why, the driving hail with ruſhing ſound
Pours from on high, and rattles on the ground?
Why hover ſnows, down-wavering by degrees,
Shine from the hills, or glitter from the trees?
Say, why, in lucid drops, the balmy rain
With ſparkling gems impearls the ſpangled plain?
Or, gathering in the vale, a current flows,
And on each flower a ſudden ſpring beſtows?
Say, why with gentle ſighs the evening breeze
Salutes the flowers, or murmurs through the trees?
Or why loud winds in ſtorms of vengeance fly,
Howl o'er the main, and thunder in the ſky?
Say, to what wondrous magazines repair
The viewleſs beings, when ſerene the air?
Till, from their dungeons loos'd, they roar aloud,
Upturn whole oceans, and toſs cloud on cloud,
While waves encountering waves in mountains driven,
Swell to the ſtarry vault, and daſh the heaven.

Know'ſt thou, why comets threaten in the air,
Heralds of woe, deſtruction, and deſpair,
The plague, the ſword, and all the forms of war?
On ruddy wings why forky lightning flies,
And rolling thunder grumbles in the ſkies?
Say, can thy voice, when ſultry Sirius reigns,
And ſuns intenſely glowing cleave the plains,
Th' exhauſted urns of thirſty ſprings ſupply,
And mitigate the fever of the ſky?
Or, when the heavens are charg'd with gloomy clouds,
And half the ſkies precipitate in floods,
Chace the dark horror of the ſtorm away,
Reſtrain the deluge, and reſtore the day?
By thee does ſummer deck herſelf with charms,
Or hoary winter lock his frozen arms;
Say, if thy hand inſtruct the roſe to glow,
Or to the lily give unſullied ſnow?
Teach fruits to knit from bloſſoms by degrees,
Swell into orbs, and load the bending trees,
Whoſe various kinds a various hue unfold,
With crimſon bluſh, or burniſh into gold?
Say, why the ſun arrays with ſhining dyes
The gaudy bow that gilds the gloomy ſkies?
He from his urn pours forth his golden ſtreams,
And humid clouds imbibe the glittering beams;
Sweetly the varying colours fade or riſe,
And the vaſt arch embraces half the ſkies.
Say, didſt thou give the mighty ſeas their bars,
Fill air with fowl, or light up heaven with ſtars,

Whoſe

Whoſe thouſand times ten thouſand lamps diſplay
A friendly radiance, mingling ray with ray?
Say, canſt thou rule the courſers of the ſun,
Or laſh the lazy ſign, Boötes, on?
Doſt thou inſtruct the eagle how to fly,
To mount the viewleſs winds, and tower the ſky?
On ſounding pinions borne, he ſoars, and ſhrouds
His proud aſpiring head among the clouds;
Strong-pounc'd, and fierce, he darts upon his prey,
He ſails in triumph through the ethereal way,
Bears on the ſun, and baſks in open day.
Does the dread King, and terror of the wood,
The lion, from thy hand expect his food?
Stung with keen hunger from his den he comes,
Ranges the plains, and o'er the foreſt roams;
* He ſnuffs the track of beaſts, he fiercely roars,
Doubling the horrors of the midnight hours;
With ſullen majeſty he ſtalks away,
And the rocks tremble while he ſeeks his prey:
Dreadful he grins, he rends the ſavage brood
With unſheath'd paws, and churns the ſpouting blood.
Doſt thou with thunder arm the generous horſe,
Add nervous limbs, or ſwiftneſs for the courſe?
Fleet as the wind, he ſhoots along the plain,
And knows no check, nor hears the curbing rein;

VARIATION.

* He mocks the beating ſtorms and wintery ſhowers,
Making night hideous, as he ſternly roars.

His fiery eye-balls formidably bright,
Dart a fierce glory, and a dreadful light,
Pleas'd with the clank of arms, and trumpets ſound,
He bounds, and prancing paws the trembling ground;
He ſnuffs the promis'd battle from afar,
Neighs at the captains, ſhouts, and thunder of the war:
Rouz'd with the noble din and martial fight,
He pants with tumults of ſevere delight:
His ſprightly blood an even courſe diſdains,
Pours from his heart, and charges in his veins;
He braves the ſpear, and mocks the twanging bow,
Demands the fight, and ruſhes on the foe.

MELANCHOLY: AN ODE,

Occaſioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter, 1723.

ADIEU vain mirth, and noiſy joys!
Ye gay deſires, deluding toys!
Thou, thoughtful Melancholy, deign
To hide me in thy penſive train!

If by the fall of murmuring floods,
Where awful ſhades embrown the woods,
Or if where winds in caverns groan,
Thou wandereſt ſilent and alone;

Come, bliſsful mourner, wiſely ſad,
In ſorrow's garb, in ſable clad,
Henceforth, thou Care, my hours employ!
Sorrow, be thou henceforth my joy!

By

By tombs where ſullen ſpirits ſtalk,
Familiar with the dead I walk;
While to my ſighs and groans by turns,
From graves the midnight echo mourns.

Open thy marble jaws, O tomb,
Though earth conceal me in thy womb!
And you, ye worms, this frame confound,
Ye brother reptiles of the ground.

O life, frail offspring of a day!
'Tis puff'd with one ſhort gaſp away!
Swift as the ſhort-liv'd flower it flies,
It ſprings, it blooms, it fades, it dies.

With cries we uſher in our birth,
With groans reſign our tranſient breath:
While round, ſtern miniſters of fate,
Pain, and diſeaſe, and ſorrow wait.

While childhood reigns, the ſportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy;
And while he roves from play to play,
The wanton trifles life away.

When to the noon of life we riſe,
The man grows elegant in vice;
To glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
Vilely judicious in his crimes.

When youth and ſtrength in age are loſt,
Man ſeems already half a ghoſt;
Wither'd, and wan, to earth he bows,
A walking hoſpital of woes.

O!

O! happineſs, thou empty name!
Say, art thou bought by gold or fame?
What art thou, gold, but ſhining earth?
Thou common, fame, but common breath?

If virtue contradict the voice
Of public fame, applauſe is noiſe;
Ev'n victors are by conqueſt curſt,
The braveſt warrior is the worſt.

Look round on all that man below
Idly calls great, and all is ſhow!
All, to the coffin from our birth,
In this vaſt toy-ſhop of the earth.

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
With ſolemn pace, demure, and ſlow:
Lo! ſad and ſerious, I purſue
Thy ſteps---adieu, vain world, adieu!

DAPHNIS AND LYCIDAS.

A PASTORAL.

They ſing the different Succeſs and Abſence of their Loves.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount TOWNSHEND, of Rainham in Norfolk.

—— "Sylvæ ſunt Conſule dignæ." VIRG.

DAPHNIS.

HOW calm the evening! ſee the falling day
Gilds every mountain with a ruddy ray!
In gentle ſighs the ſoftly whiſpering breeze
Salutes the flowers, and waves the trembling trees;
Hark! the night-warbler, from yon vocal boughs,
Glads every valley with melodious woes!
Swift through the air her rounds the ſwallow takes,
Or ſportive ſkims the level of the lakes.
The timorous deer, ſwift-ſtarting as they graze,
Bound off in crouds, then turn again, and gaze.
See! how yon ſwans, with ſnowy pride elate,
Arch their high necks, and ſail along in ſtate!
Thy friſking flocks ſafe-wandering crop the plain,
And the glad ſeaſon claims a gladſome ſtrain.
Begin——Ye echoes liſten to the ſong,
And, with its ſweetneſs pleas'd, each note prolong!

LYCIDAS

LYCIDAS.

ſing, Muſe—and O! may Townſhend deign to view
What the Muſe ſings, to Townſhend this is due!
Who, carrying with him all the world admires,
From all the world illuſtriouſly retires:
And calmly wandering in his Rainham roves
By lake, or ſpring, by thicket, lawn, or groves;
Where verdant hills, or vales, where fountains ſtray,
Charm every thought of idle pomp away:
Unenvy'd views the ſplendid toils of ſtate,
In private happy, as in public great.

Thus godlike Scipio, on whoſe cares reclin'd
The burthen and repoſe of half mankind,
Left to the vain their pomp, and calmly ſtray'd,
The world forgot, beneath the laurel ſhade;
Nor longer would be great, but, void of ſtrife,
Clos'd in ſoft peace his eve of glorious life.

Feed round, my goats; ye ſheep, in ſafety graze;
Ye winds, breathe gently while I tune my lays.

The joyous ſpring draws nigh! amhroſial ſhowers
Unbind the earth, the earth unbinds the flowers,
The flowers blow ſweet, the daffodils unfold
The ſpreading glories of their blooming gold.

DAPHNIS.

As the gay hours advance, the bloſſoms ſhoot,
The knitting bloſſoms harden into fruit,
And as the autumn by degrees enſues,
The mellowing fruits diſplay their ſtreaky hues.

LYCIDAS.

When the winds whiſtle, and the tempeſt roars,
When foaming billows laſh the ſounding ſhores,
The bloomy beauties of the paſtures die,
And in gay heaps of fragrant ruin lie.

DAPHNIS.

Severe the ſtorms! when ſhuddering winter binds
The earth! but winter yields to vernal winds.
O! Love, thy rigour my whole life deforms,
More cold than winter, more ſevere than ſtorms!

LYCIDAS.

Sweet is the ſpring, and gay the ſummer hours,
When balmy odours breathe from painted flowers;
But neither ſweet the ſpring, nor ſummer gay,
When ſhe I love, my charmer, is away.

DAPHNIS.

To ſavage rocks, through bleak inclement ſkies,
Deaf as thoſe rocks, from me my fair-one flies:
O! virgin, ceaſe to fly! th' inclement air
May hurt thy charms!---but thou haſt charms to ſpare!

LYCIDAS.

I love, and ever ſhall my love remain,
The faireſt, kindeſt virgin of the plain;
With equal paſſion her ſoft boſom glows,
Feels the ſweet pains, and ſhares the heavenly woes.

DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

With a feign'd paſſion, ſhe I love, beguiles,
And gayly falſe the dear diſſembler ſmiles;
But let her ſtill thoſe bleſt deceits employ,
Still may ſhe feign, and cheat me into joy!

LYCIDAS.

On yonder bank the yielding nymph reclin'd,
Gods! how tranſported I, and ſhe how kind!
There riſe, ye flowers, and there your pride diſplay,
There ſhed your odours where the fair-one lay!

DAPHNIS.

Once, as my fair-one in the roſy bower
In gentle ſlumbers paſs'd the noon-tide hour,
Soft I approach'd, and raptur'd with the bliſs
At leiſure gaz'd, then ſtole a ſilent kiſs;
She wak'd; when conſcious ſmiles, but ill repreſt,
Spoke no diſdain!——Was ever ſwain ſo bleſt?

LYCIDAS.

With fragrant apples from the bending bough
In ſport my charmer gave her ſwain a blow;
The fair offender, of my wrath afraid,
Fled, till I ſeiz'd and kiſs'd the blooming maid;
She ſmil'd, and vow'd if thus her crimes I pay,
She would offend a thouſand times a day!

DAPHNIS.

O'er the ſteep mountain, and the pathleſs mead,
From my embrace the lovely ſcorner fled;

But ſtumbling in the flight, by chance ſhe fell;
I ſaw---but what---her lover will not tell!

LYCIDAS.

From me, my fair-one fled, diſſembling play,
And in the dark conceal'd the wanton lay;
But laugh'd, and ſhew'd by the directing ſound
She only hid, in ſecret to be found.

DAPHNIS.

Far hence to happier climes Belinda ſtrays,
But in my breaſt her lovely image ſtays;
O! to theſe plains again, bright nymph, repair,
Or from my breaſt far hence thy image bear!

LYCIDAS.

Come, Delia, come, till Delia bleſs theſe ſeats,
Hide me, ye groves, within your dark retreats!
In hollow groans, ye winds, around me blow!
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to my woe!

DAPHNIS.

Where'er Belinda roves, ye Zephyrs, play!
Where'er ſhe treads, ye flowers, adorn the way!
From ſultry ſuns, ye groves, my charmer keep!
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to her ſleep!

LYCIDAS.

If ſtreams ſmooth-wandering, Delia, yield delight,
If the gay roſe, or lily, pleaſe thy ſight;

Smooth

Smooth ſtreams here wander, here the roſes glow,
Here the proud lilies riſe to ſhade thy brow!

DAPHNIS.

Aid me, ye Muſes, while I loud proclaim
What love inſpires, and ſing Belinda's name:
Waft it, ye breezes, to the hills around,
And ſport, ye echoes, with the favourite ſound.

LYCIDAS.

Thy name, my Delia, ſhall improve my ſong,
The pleaſing labour of my raviſh'd tongue:
Her name to heaven propitious Zephyrs bear,
And breathe it to her kindred angels there!

DAPHNIS.

But ſee! the night diſplays her ſtarry train,
Soft ſilver dews impearl the glittering plain;
An awful horror fills the gloomy woods,
And bluiſh miſts riſe from the ſmoaking floods;
* Haſte, Daphnis, haſte to fold thy woolly care,
The deepening ſhades imbrown th' unwholeſome air.

VARIATION.

* Haſte, Lycidas, to fold &c.

THE FIRST ODE OF HORACE,

TRANSLATED.

MÆCENAS, whose high lineage springs
From a long race of ancient kings,
Patron, and friend! thy honour'd name
At once is my defence, and fame.

There are, who with fond transport praise
The chariot thundering in the race;
Where conquest won, and palms bestow'd,
Lift the proud mortal to a God.

The man, who courts the people's voice,
And doats on offices and noise;
Or they, who till the peaceful fields,
And reap what bounteous nature yields,
Unmov'd, the merchant's wealth behold,
Nor hazard happiness for gold;
Untempted by whole worlds of gain
To stem the billows of the main.

The merchant, when the storm invades,
Envies the quiet of the shades;
But soon relaunches from the shore,
Dreading the crime of being poor!

Some careless waste the mirthful day
[illegible]enerous wines, and wanton play,
[illegible]t of the genial hour,
[illegible]; or rill, or shade, or bower.

Some

Some hear with joy the clanging jar
Of trumpets, that alarm to war,
While matrons tremble at the breath
That calls their ſons to arms and death.

The ſportſman, train'd in ſtorms, defies
The chilling blaſt, and freezing ſkies;
Unmindful of his bride, in vain
Soft beauty pleads! along the plain
The ſtag he chaces, or beguiles
The furious boar into his toils.

For * you the blooming ivy grows,
Proud to adorn your learned brows;
Patron of letters you ariſe,
Grow to a God, and mount the ſkies.

Humbly in breezy ſhades I ſtray
Where Sylvans dance, and Satyrs play;
Contented to advance my claim,
Only o'er men without a name;
Tranſcribing what the Muſes ſing
Harmonious to the pipe or ſtring.

But if indulgently you deign
To rank me with the Lyric train,
Aloft the towering Muſe ſhall riſe
On bolder wings, and gain the ſkies.

* Te Doctarum Hederæ, &c.

An Epiſtle to my Friend Mr. ELIJAH FENTON, Author of Mariamne, a Tragedy, 1726.

WHY art thou ſlow to ſtrike th' harmonious ſhell,
Averſe to ſing, who know'ſt to ſing ſo well?
If thy proud Muſe the tragic buſkin wears,
Great Sophocles revives and re-appears;
While regularly bold, ſhe nobly ſings
Strains, worthy to detain the ears of kings;
If by thy hand th' * Homeric lyre be ſtrung,
The lyre returns ſuch ſounds as Homer ſung.
The kind compulſion of a friend obey,
And though reluctant, ſwell the lofty lay;
Then liſtening groves once more ſhall catch the ſound,
While Grecian Muſes ſing on Britiſh ground.

Thus calm and ſilent thy own † Proteus roves
Through pearly mazes, and through coral groves;
But when, emerging from the azure main,
Coercive bands th' unwilling God conſtrain,
Then heaves his boſom with prophetic fires,
And his tongue ſpeaks ſublime, what heaven inſpires.

Envy, 'tis true, with barbarous rage, invades
What ev'n fierce lightning ſpares, the laurel ſhades;

* Mr. Fenton tranſlated four books of the Odyſſey.
† See the ſtory of Proteus, Odyſſey, lib. 4. tranſlated by Mr. Fenton.

And critics, bias'd by miſtaken rules,
Like Turkiſh zealots, reverence none but fools.
But praiſe from ſuch injurious tongues is ſhame,
They rail the happy author into fame;
Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
And riſes amid monſters into day:
O! vileneſs of mankind! when writing well
Becomes a crime, and danger to excel!
While noble ſcorn, my friend, ſuch inſults ſees,
And flies from towns to wilds, from men to trees.

Free from the luſt of wealth, and glittering ſnares,
That make th' unhappy Great in love with cares,
Me humble joys in calm retirement pleaſe,
A ſilent happineſs, and learned eaſe,
Deny me grandeur, heaven, but goodneſs grant!
A king is leſs illuſtrious than a ſaint:
Hail, holy virtue! come, thou heavenly gueſt,
Come, fix thy pleaſing empire in my breaſt!
* Thou know'ſt her influence, friend! thy chearful mein
Proclaims the innocence and peace within;
Such joys as none but ſons of virtue know,
Shine in thy face, and in thy boſom glow.

So when the holy mount the prophet trod,
And talk'd familiar as a Friend with God;

VARIATION.

* Thou feel'ſt her power, my friend, &c.

Celeſtial

Celeſtial radiance every feature ſhed,
And ambient glories dawn'd around his head.

Sure what th' unthinking Great miſtaken call
Their happineſs, is folly, folly all!
Like lofty mountains in the clouds they hide
Their haughty heads, but ſwell with barren pride;
And while low vales in uſeful beauty lie,
Heave their proud naked ſummits to the ſky:
In honour, as in place, ye great, tranſcend!
An angel fal'n, degenerates to a fiend:
Th' all-chearing ſun is honour'd with his ſhrines,
Not, that he moves aloft, but that he ſhines:
Why flames the ſtar on Walpole's generous breaſt?
Not that he 's higheſt, but becauſe he 's beſt,
Fond to oblige, in bleſſing others, bleſt.

How wondrous few, by avarice uncontrol'd,
Have virtue to ſubdue the thirſt of gold!
The ſhining dirt the ſordid wretch enſnares
To buy, with mighty treaſures, mighty cares:
Blindly he courts, miſguided by the will,
A ſpecious good, and meets a real ill;
So when Ulyſſes plough'd the ſurgy main;
When now in view appear'd his native reign,
His wayward mates th' Æolian bag unbind,
Expecting treaſures, but out ruſh'd a wind;
The ſudden hurricane in thunder roars,
Buffets the bark, and whirls it from the ſhores.

O heaven! by what vain paſſions man is ſway'd,
Proud of his reaſon, by his will betray'd!

Blindly

Blindly he wanders in purſuit of vice,
And hates confinement, though in paradiſe;
Doom'd, when enlarg'd, inſtead of Eden's bowers,
To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flowers;
Between th' extremes, direct he ſees the way,
Yet wilful ſwerves, perverſely fond to ſtray!

Whilſt niggard ſouls indulge their craving thirſt,
Rich without bounty, with abundance curſt;
The Prodigal purſues expenſive vice,
And buys diſhonour at a mighty price;
On beds of ſtate the ſplendid glutton ſleeps,
While ſtarving merit unregarded weeps:
His ill-plac'd bounty, while ſcorn'd virtue grieves,
A dog, a fawning ſycophant, receives;
And cringing knaves, or haughty ſtrumpets, ſhare
What would make ſorrow ſmile, and chear deſpair.

Then would'ſt thou ſteer where fortune ſpreads the ſails?
Go, flatter vice! for ſeldom flattery fails:
Soft through the ear the pleaſing bane diſtills:
Delicious poiſon! in perfumes it kills!
Be all, but virtuous: O! unwiſe to live
Unfaſhionably good, and hope to thrive!
Trees that aloft with proudeſt honours riſe,
Root hell-ward, and thence flouriſh to the ſkies.

O happier thou, my friend, with eaſe content,
Bleſt with the conſcience of a life well ſpent!

Nor

Falſe thing! thy malice I defy!
Beaux vow I 'm fair—who never lye;
More brittle far than brittle thou,
Would every grace of woman grow,
If charms ſo great ſo ſoon decay,
The bright poſſeſſion of a day!
But this I know, and this declare,
That thou art falſe, and I am fair.

The glaſs was vex'd to be bely'd,
And thus with angry tone reply'd:

No more to me of falſehood talk,
But leave your oatmeal and your chalk!
'Tis true, you 're meagre, pale, and wan,
The reaſon is, you 're ſick for man.—

While yet it ſpoke, Ophelia frown'd,
And daſh'd th' offender to the ground;
With fury from her arm it fled,
And round a glittering ruin ſpread;
When lo! the parts pale looks diſcloſe,
Pale looks in every fragment roſe;
Around the room inſtead of one,
An hundred pale Ophelia's ſhone;
Away the frighted virgin flew,
And humbled, from herſelf withdrew.

The MORAL.

Ye beaux, who tempt the fair and young,
With ſnuff, and nonſenſe, dance, and ſong;

Ye

'e men of compliment and lace!
ehold this image in the glaſs:
he wondrous force of flattery prove,
o cheat fond virgins into love:
hough pale the cheek, yet ſwear it glows
ith the vermilion of the roſe:
raiſe them—for praiſe is always true,
hough with both eyes the cheat they view;
rom hateful truths the virgin flies;
ut the falſe ſex is caught with lyes.

A Poem on the Seat of War in FLANDERS, chiefly with relation to the Sieges: With the Praiſe of Peace and Retirement. Written in 1710.

" Seceſſus mei non deſidiæ nomen, ſed tranquillitatis
" accipiant." PLIN.

HAPPY, thou Flandria, on whoſe fertile plains,
In wanton pride luxurious plenty reigns;
Happy! had heaven beſtow'd one bleſſing more,
And plac'd thee diſtant from the Gallic power!
But now in vain thy lawns attract the view,
They but invite the victor to ſubdue:
War, horrid war, the ſylvan ſcene invades,
And angry trumpets pierce the woodland ſhades;
Here ſhatter'd towers, proud works of many an age,
Lie dreadful monuments of human rage;

There palaces and hallow'd domes diſplay
Majeſtic ruins, awful in decay!
Thy very duſt, though undiſtinguiſh'd trod,
Compos'd, perhaps, ſome hero, great and good,
Who nobly for his country loſt his blood!
Ev'n with the grave, the haughty ſpoilers war,
And death's dark manſions wide diſcloſe to air:
O'er kings and ſaints inſulting ſtalk, nor dread
To ſpurn the aſhes of the glorious dead.

See! the Britannic lions wave in air!
See! mighty Marlbrough breathing death and war!
From Albion's ſhores, at Anna's high commands,
The dauntleſs hero pours his martial bands:
As when in wrath ſtern Mars the thunderer ſends
To ſcourge his foes; in pomp the God deſcends,
He mounts his iron car: with fury burns:
The car fierce-rattling thunders as it turns.
Gloomy he graſps his adamantine ſhield,
And ſcatters armies o'er th' enſanguin'd field:
With delegated wrath thus Marlborough glows,
In vengeance ruſhing on his country's foes.
See! round the hoſtile towers embattled ſtands
His banner'd hoſt, embodied bands by bands!
Hark! the ſhrill trumpet ſends a mortal ſound,
And prancing horſes ſhake the ſolid ground;
The ſurly drums beat terrible afar,
With all the dreadful muſic of the war;
From the drawn ſwords effulgent flames ariſe,
Flaſh o'er the plains, and lighten to the ſkies;

The

The heavens above, the fields and floods beneath,
Glare formidably bright, and ſhine with death;
In fiery ſtorms deſcends a murderous ſhower,
Thick flaſh the lightnings, fierce the thunders roar;
As when in wrathful mood Almighty Jove
Aims his dire bolts red-hiſſing from above;
Through the ſing'd air, with unreſiſted ſway,
The forky vengeance rends its flaming way;
And while the firmament with thunder roars,
From their foundations hurls imperial towers;
So ruſh the globes with many a fiery round,
Tear up the rock, or rend the ſtedfaſt mound:
Death ſhakes aloft her dart, and o'er her prey
Stalks with dire joy, and marks in blood her way;
Mountains of heroes ſlain deform the ground,
The ſhape of man half bury'd in the wound;
And lo! while in the ſhock of war they cloſe,
While ſwords meet ſwords, and foes encounter foes,
The treacherous earth beneath their footſteps cleaves,
Her entrails tremble, and her boſom heaves;
Sudden in burſts of fire eruptions riſe,
And whirl the torn battalions to the ſkies.

Thus earthquakes, rumbling with a thundering ſound,
Shake the firm world, and rend the cleaving ground;
Rocks, hills, and groves, are toſt into the ſky,
And in one mighty ruin nations die.

See! through th' encumber'd air the ponderous bomb
Bears magazines of death within its womb,

The glowing orb displays a blazing train;
And darts bright horror through th' ethereal plain;
* It mounts tempestuous, and with hideous sound
Wheels down the heavens, and thunders o'er the ground.
Th' imprison'd deaths rush dreadful in a blaze,
And mow a thousand lives, a thousand ways;
† Earth floats with blood, while spreading flames arise
From palaces, and domes, and kindle half the skies.

Thus terribly in air the comets roll,
And shoot malignant gleams from pole to pole;
'Tween worlds and worlds they move, and from their hair
Shake the blue plague, the pestilence, and war.

'But who is he, who stern bestrides the plain,
Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills of slain?
Serene, while engines from the hostile tower
Rain from their brazen mouths an iron shower?
While turbid fiery smoke obscures the day,
Hews through the dearthful breach his desperate way?
Sure Jove descending joins the martial toil,
Or is it Marlborough, or the great Argyle?

VARIATIONS.

* Ev'n the stern souls of heroes feel dismay;
Proud temples nod, aspiring towers give way,
Dreadful it mounts, tempestuous in its flight,
It sinks, it falls, earth groans beneath its weight.
Th' imprison'd deaths rush out in smoke and fire,
The mighty bleed, heaps crush'd on heaps expire.

† The barriers burst, wide-spreading flames arise.

Thus

Thus when the Grecians, furious to deſtroy,
Level'd the ſtructures of imperial Troy;
Here angry Neptune hurl'd his vengeful mace,
There Jove o'erturn'd it from its inmoſt baſe;
Though brave, yet vanquiſh'd, ſhe confeſs'd the odds,
Her ſons were heroes, but they fought with Gods.

Ah! what new horrors riſe? in deep array
The ſquadrons form! aloft the ſtandards play!
The captains draw the ſword! on every brow
Determin'd valour lours! the trumpets blow!
See! the brave Briton delves the cavern'd ground
Through the hard entrails of the ſtubborn mound!
And, undiſmay'd by death, the foe invades
Through dreadful horrors of infernal ſhades!
In vain the wall's broad baſe deep-rooted lies,
In vain an hundred turrets threat the ſkies!
Lo! while at eaſe the bands immur'd repoſe,
Nor careleſs dream of ſubterranean foes,
Like the Cadmæan hoſt, embattled ſwarms
Start from the earth, and claſh their ſounding arms,
And, pouring war and ſlaughter from beneath,
Wrap towers, walls, men, in fire, in blood, in death.

So ſome fam'd torrent dives within the caves
Of opening earth, ingulph'd with all his waves;
High o'er the latent ſtream the ſhepherd feeds
His wandering flock, and tunes the ſprightly reed:
Till from ſome rifted chaſm the billows riſe,
And foaming burſt tumultuous to the ſkies;

Then roaring dreadful o'er the delug'd plain,
Sweep herds and hinds in thunder to the main.

Bear me, ye friendly powers, to gentler ſcenes,
To ſhady bowers, and never-fading greens!
Where the ſhrill trumpet never ſounds alarms,
Nor martial din is heard, nor claſh of arms;
Hail ye ſoft ſeats! ye limpid ſprings and floods!
Ye flowery meads, ye vales, and woods!
Ye limpid floods, that ever murmuring flow!
Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow!
Ye ſhady vales, where zephyrs ever play!
Ye woods, where little warblers tune their lay!

Here grant me, heaven, to end my peaceful days,
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays;
Draw health from food the temperate garden yields,
From fruit, or herb, the bounty of the fields;
Nor let the loaded table groan beneath
lain animals, the horrid feaſt of death:
Vith age unknown to pain or ſorrow bleſt,
o the dark grave retiring as to reſt;
While gently with one ſigh this mortal frame
Diſſolving turns to aſhes whence it came,
While my freed ſoul departs without a groan,
And, joyful, wings her flight to worlds unknown.

Ye gloomy grots! ye awful ſolemn cells,
Where holy thoughtful Contemplation dwells,
Guard me from ſplendid cares and tireſome ſtate,
That pompous miſery of being great!
Happy! if by the wiſe and learn'd belov'd;
But happieſt above all if ſelf-approv'd!

Con-

Content with eaſe, ambitious to deſpiſe
Illuſtrious vanity, and glorious vice!
Come thou chaſte maid, here ever let me ſtray,
While the calm hours ſteal unperceiv'd away;
Here court the Muſes, while the ſun on high
Flames in the vault of heaven, and fires the ſky;
Or while the night's dark wings this globe ſurround,
And the pale moon begins her ſolemn round;
Bid my free ſoul to ſtarry orbs repair,
Thoſe radiant worlds that float in ambient air,
And with a regular confuſion ſtray
Oblique, direct, along th' aërial way:
Or when Aurora, from her golden bowers,
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flowers,
Reclin'd in ſilence on a moſſy bed,
Conſult the learned volumes of the dead:
Fall'n realms and empires in deſcription view,
Live o'er paſt times, and build whole worlds anew,
Or from the burſting tombs in fancy raiſe
The ſons of fame, who liv'd in ancient days:
And lo! with haughty ſtalk the warrior treads!
Stern legiſlators frowning lift their heads!
I ſee proud victors in triumphal cars,
Chiefs, kings, and heroes, ſeam'd with glorious ſcars!
Or liſten till the raptur'd ſoul takes wings,
While Plato reaſons, or while Homer ſings.

Charm me, ye ſacred leaves *, with loftier themes,
With opening heavens, and angels robe'd in flames:

* The Holy Scriptures.

Ye reſtleſs paſſions, while I read, be aw'd:
Hail ye myſterious oracles of God!
Here I behold how infant time began,
How the duſt mov'd and quicken'd into man;
Here through the flowery walks of Eden rove,
Court the ſoft breeze, or range the ſpicy grove;
There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
And reverend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God;
Or hear the voice to ſlumbering prophets given,
Or gaze on viſions from the throne of heaven.

But nobler yet, far nobler ſcenes advance!
Why leap the mountains? why the foreſts dance?
Why flaſhes glory from the golden ſpheres?
Rejoice, O earth, a God, a God appears!
A God, a God, deſcending angels ſing,
And mighty Seraphs ſhout, Behold your King!
Hail virgin-born! lift, lift ye blind your eyes!
Sing O! ye dumb! and O! ye dead ariſe!
Tremble ye gates of hell! in nobleſt ſtrains
Tell it aloud, ye heavens! the Saviour reigns!

Thus lonely, thoughtful, may I run the race
Of tranſient life, in no unuſeful eaſe!
Enjoy each hour, nor, as it fleets away,
Think life too ſhort, and yet too long the day;
Of right obſervant, while the ſoul attends
Each duty, and makes heaven and angels friends.
And thou, fair peace, from the wild floods of war
Come dove-like, and thy blooming olive bear;

Tell

Tell me, ye victors, what ſtrange charms ye find
In conqueſt, that deſtruction of mankind!
Unenvy'd may your laurels ever grow,
That never flouriſh but in human woe,
If never earth the wreath triumphal bears,
Till drench'd in heroes blood, or orphans tears.

Let Ganges from afar to ſlaughter train
His ſable warriors on th' embattled plain;
Let Volga's ſons in iron ſquadrons riſe,
And pour in millions from her frozen ſkies;
Thou, gentle Thames, flow thou in peaceful ſtreams,
Bid thy bold ſons reſtrain their martial flames;
In thy own laurel's ſhade great Marlborough ſtay;
There charm the thoughts of conquer'd worlds away;
Guardian of England! born to ſcourge her foes,
Speak, and thy word gives half the world repoſe;
Sink down, ye hills, eternal rocks ſubſide,
Vaniſh ye forts, thou ocean drain thy tide;
We ſafety boaſt, defended by thy fame,
And armies—in the terror of thy name!
Now fix o'er Anna's throne thy victor blade,
War be thou chain'd! ye ſtreams of blood be ſtay'd!
Though wild ambition her juſt vengeance feels,
She wars to ſave, and where ſhe ſtrikes, ſhe heals.

So Pallas with her javelin ſmote the ground,
And peaceful olives flouriſh'd from the wound.

To the Right Honourable CHARLES Lord CORNWALLIS, Baron of Eye, Warden, Chief Juſtice, and Juſtice in Eyre of all His Majeſty's Foreſts, Chaſes, Parks and Warrens on the South Side of Trent.

——————Δῶρόν τοι τῦτο δίδωμι
Μνῆμα—————— Odyſſey, Lib. 15.

O Thou whoſe virtues ſanctify thy ſtate,
O great, without the vices of the great!
Form'd by a dignity of mind to pleaſe,
To think, to act with elegance and eaſe! *
Say, wilt thou liſten while I tune the ſtring,
And ſing to thee, who gav'ſt me eaſe to ſing?
Unſkill'd in verſe, I haunt the ſilent grove,
Yet lowly ſhepherds ſing to mighty Jove;
And mighty Jove attends the ſhepherds vows,
And gracious what his ſuppliants aſk beſtows:
So by thy favour may the Muſe be crown'd,
And plant her laurels in more fruitful ground;
The grateful Muſe ſhall in return beſtow
Her ſpreading laurels to adorn thy brow.

ADDITION.

* Firm to thy king, and to thy country brave;
Loyal, yet free; a ſubject, not a ſlave;
Say, &c.

Thus

Thus, guarded by the tree of Jove, a flower
Shoots from the earth, nor fears th' inclement ſhower;
And, when the fury of the ſtorm is laid,
Repays with ſweets the hoſpitable ſhade.

Severe their lot, who when they long endure
The wounds of fortune, late receive a cure!
Like ſhips in ſtorms o'er liquid mountains toſt,
Ere they are ſav'd muſt almoſt firſt be loſt;
But you with ſpeed forbid diſtreſs to grieve:
He gives by halves *, who heſitates to give.

Thus when an angel views mankind diſtreſt,
He feels compaſſion pleading in his breaſt;
Inſtant the heavenly guardian cleaves the ſkies,
And, pleas'd to ſave, on wings of lightning flies. †

ADDITION.

† Few know to aſk, or decently receive;
And fewer ſtill with dignity to give:
If earn'd by flattery, gifts of higheſt price
Are not a bounty, but the pay of vice,
Some wildly laviſh, yet no friend obtain;
Nor are they generous, but abſurd and vain.
Some give with ſurly pride and boiſterous hands,
As Jove pours rain in thunder o'er the lands.
When merit pleads, you meet it and embrace,
And give the favour luſtre by the grace;
So Phœbus to his warmth a glory joins,
Bleſſing the world, and while he bleſſes ſhines.

* The Lord Cornwallis, in a moſt obliging manner, recommended the author to the rectory of Fulham.

Some

Some the vain promiſes of courts betray,
And gayly ſtraying, they are pleas'd to ſtray;
The flattering nothing ſtill deludes their eyes,
Seems ever near, yet ever diſtant flies:
As perſpectives preſent the object nigh,
Though far remov'd from the miſtaking eye;
Againſt our reaſon fondly we believe,
Aſſiſt the fraud, and teach it to deceive;
As the faint traveller, when night invades,
Sees a falſe light relieve the ambient ſhades,
Pleas'd he beholds the bright deluſion play,
But the falſe guide ſhines only to betray:
Swift he purſues, yet ſtill the path miſtakes,
O'er dangerous marſhes, or through thorny brakes;
Yet obſtinate in wrong he toils to ſtray,
With many a weary ſtride, o'er many a painful way.
So man purſues the phantom of his brain,
And buys his diſappointment with his pain:
At length when years invidiouſly deſtroy
The power to taſte the long-expected joy,
Then fortune envious ſheds her golden ſhowers,
Malignly ſmiles, and curſes him with ſtores.

Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep;
Ambroſial ointments o'er their aſhes ſhed,
And ſcatter uſeleſs roſes on the dead;
And when no more avail the world's delights,
The ſpicy odours, and the ſolemn rites;

The

With fruitleſs pomp they deck the ſenſeleſs tombs,
And waſte profuſely floods of vain perfumes.

THE ROSE-BUD:

To the Right Honourable the Lady JANE WHARTON.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Roſe,
The beauties of thy leaves diſcloſe!
The winter's paſt, the tempeſts fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the ſky;
The lark ſweet warbling on the wing
Salutes the gay return of ſpring:
The ſilver dews, the vernal ſhowers,
Call forth a bloomy waſte of flowers;
The joyous fields, the ſhady woods,
Are cloath'd with green, or ſwell with buds;
Then haſte thy beauties to diſcloſe,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Roſe!

Thou, beauteous flower, a welcome gueſt,
Shalt flouriſh on the fair-one's breaſt,
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flower moſt ſweet, the nymph moſt fair;
Breathe ſoft, ye winds! be calm, ye ſkies!
Ariſe ye flowery race, ariſe!

And

And haſte thy beauties to diſcloſe,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Roſe!

But thou, fair nymph, thyſelf ſurvey
In this ſweet offspring of a day;
That miracle of face muſt fail,
Thy charms are ſweet, but charms are frail:
Swift as the ſhort-liv'd flower they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die:
Though ſickneſs yet a while forbears,
Yet time deſtroys what ſickneſs ſpares;
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra 's but a name;
Time muſt indent that heavenly brow,
And thou muſt be, what they are now.

This moral to the fair diſcloſe,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Roſe.

BELINDA at the BATH.

WHILE in theſe fountains bright Belinda laves,
She adds new virtues to the healing waves;
Thus in Bethesda's pool an angel ſtood,
Bad the ſoft waters heal, and bleſt the flood;
But from her eye ſuch bright deſtruction flies,
In vain they flow! for her, the lover dies.

No more let Tagus boaſt, whoſe beds unfold
A ſhining treaſure of all-conquering gold!

No

No more the * Po! whoſe wandring waters ſtray
In mazy errors, through the ſtarry way;
Henceforth theſe ſprings ſuperior honours ſhare,
There Venus laves, but my Belinda here.

THE COY.

An ODE.

LOVE is a noble rich repaſt,
But ſeldom ſhould the lover taſte;
When the kind fair no more reſtrains,
The glutton ſurfeits, and diſdains.

To move the nymph, he tears beſtows,
He vainly ſighs, he falſely vows;
The tears deceive, the vows betray,
He conquers, and contemns the prey.

Thus Ammon's ſon with fierce delight
Smil'd at the terrors of the fight;
The thoughts of conqueſt charm'd his eyes,
He conquer'd, and he wept the prize.

Love, like a proſpect, with delight
Sweetly deceives the diſtant ſight,
Where the tir'd travellers ſurvey,
O'er hanging rocks, a dangerous way.

Ye

* "——Eridanum cernes in parte locatum
cœli." Tull. in Arateis.
"Gurgite ſidereo ſubterluit Oriona." Claud.

Charms, ſuch as hers, inimitably great,
He only can expreſs, that can create.
Could'ſt thou extract the whiteneſs of the ſnow,
Or of its colours rob the heavenly bow,
Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy ſkill,
Lovely in thee, herſelf more lovely ſtill!

Thus in the limpid fountain we deſcry
The faint reſemblance of the glittering ſky;
Another ſun diſplays his leſſen'd beams,
Another heaven adorns th' enlightned ſtreams;
But though the ſcene be fair, yet high above
Th' exalted ſkies in nobler beauties move;
There the true heaven's eternal lamps diſplay
A deluge of inimitable day.

To Mr. POPE, on his Works, 1726.

LET vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
And ſpeaking marble to record their praiſe;
Or carve with fruitleſs toil, to fame unknown,
The mimic feature on the breathing ſtone;
Mere mortals, ſubject to death's fatal ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on every heart to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which worth alone can raiſe;
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt,
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt;
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt Thou and Homer die;

When ſink together in the world's laſt fires
What heaven created, and what heaven inſpires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead;
Shakeſpeare rejoice! his hand thy page refines,
Now every ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought,
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael, time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvas fades;
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While the fair image ſtarts again to life.

How long untun'd had Homer's ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire?
This you beheld; and, taught by heaven to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring;
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the hero burns;
His plume nods horrible, his helm on high
With cheeks of iron glares againſt the ſky;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, he meets the Gods in fight;

Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning flores,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores;
Tremble the towers of heaven; earth rocks her coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To every theme reſponds thy various lay,
Here pours a torrent, there mæanders play;
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away, and die.
How twangs the bow, when with a jarring ſpring
The whizzing arrows vaniſh from the ſtring!
When giants ſtrain ſome rock's vaſt weight to ſhove,
The ſlow verſe heaves, and the clogg'd words ſcarce move;
But when from high it rolls, with many a bound,
Jumping it thundering whirls, and ruſhes to the ground:
Swift flows the verſe when winged lightnings fly,
Dart from the dazzled view, and flaſh along the ſky:
Thus, like the radiant God who ſheds the day,
The vale you paint, or gild the azure way;
And, while with every theme the verſe complies,
Sink, without groveling; without raſhneſs, riſe.

Proceed, great bard, awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all Homer, ſtill Ulyſſes ſing!
Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſes train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Adventurous waken the * Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire;

* The author tranſlated eight books of the Odyſſey.

So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' might;
Like theirs our friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united, for thy friendſhip's fame.

How long Ulyſſes, by unſkilful hands
Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands,
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the * wand, and all the hero loſt;
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread,
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine forth-beaming from the mind:
But you, like Pallas, every limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With air divine, and like a God he moves.

This labour paſt, of heavenly ſubjects ſing,
While hovering angels liſten on the wing;
To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies:
Or, nobly riſing in fair virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws;
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend,
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men more fierce! When Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

* See the 16th Odyſſey, ver. 186, and 476.

Part of the TENTH BOOK of the ILIADS of HOMER.

In the Stile of MILTON.

NOW high advanc'd the night, o'er all the hoſt
Sleep ſhed his ſofteſt balm; reſtleſs alone
Atrides lay, and cares revolv'd on cares.

As when with riſing vengeance gloomy Jove
Pours down a watery deluge, or in ſtorms
Of hail or ſnow commands the goary jaws
Of war to roar; through all the kindling ſkies,
With flaming wings on lightnings lightnings play:
So while Atrides meditates the war,
Sighs after ſighs burſt from his manly breaſt,
And ſhake his inmoſt ſoul: round o'er the fields
To Troy he turns his eyes, and round beholds
A thouſand fires blaze dreadful; through his ears
Paſſes the direful ſymphony of war,
Of fife, or pipe, and the loud hum of hoſts
Strikes him diſmay'd: Now o'er the Grecian tents
His eyes he rolls; now from his royal head
Rends the fair curl in ſacrifice to Jove,
And his brave heart heaves with imperial woes.

Thus groans the thoughtful king, at length reſolves
To ſeek the Pylian ſage, in wiſe debate
To ripen high deſigns, and from the ſword
Preſerve his banded legions: Pale and ſad
Uproſe the monarch: inſtant o'er his breaſt
A robe he threw, and on his royal feet

Glitter'd th' embroider'd ſandals; o'er his back
A dreadful ornament, a lion's ſpoils,
With hideous grace down to his ankles hung,
Fierce in his hand he graſp'd a glittering ſpear.

With equal care was Menelaus toſs'd,
Sleep from his temples fled, his generous heart
Felt all his people's woes, who in his cauſe
Stem'd the proud main, and nobly ſtood in arms
Confronting death: A leopard's ſpotted ſpoils
Terrific clad his limbs, a brazen helm
Beam'd on his head, and in his hand a ſpear.
Forth from his tent the royal Spartan ſtrode
To wake the king of men; him wak'd he found
Claſping his poliſh'd arms; with riſing joy
The heroes meet, the Spartan thus began:

Why thus in arms, my prince? ſend'ſt thou ſome ſpy
To view the Trojan hoſt? alas! I fear
Leſt the moſt dauntleſs ſons of glorious war
Shrink at the bold deſign! this taſk demands
A ſoul reſolv'd, to paſs the gloom of night,
And 'midſt her legions ſearch the powers of Troy.
O prince, he cries, in this diſaſtrous hour
Greece all our counſel claims, now, now demands
Our deepeſt cares! the power omnipotent
Frowns on our arms, but ſmiles with aſpect mild
On Hector's incenſe: Heavens! what ſon of fame,
Renown'd in ſtory, e'er ſuch deeds atchiev'd
In a whole life, as in one glorious day
This favourite of the ſkies? and yet a man!

A mortal! born to die! but ſuch his deeds
As future Grecians ſhall repeat with tears
To children yet unborn.—But haſte, repair
To Ajax and Idomeneus; we wake
Ourſelf the Pylian ſage; to keep the guards
On duty, be his care; for o'er the guards
His ſon preſides nocturnal, and in arms
His great compeer, Meriones the bold.

But ſay, rejoins the prince, theſe orders borne,
There ſhall I ſtay, or, meaſuring back the ſhores,
To thee return?——No more return, replies
The king of hoſts, left treading different ways
We meet no more: for through the camp the ways
Lie intricate and various, but aloud
Wake every Greek to martial fame and arms,
Teach them to emulate their godlike ſires;
And thou awhile forget thy royal birth,
And ſhare a ſoldier's cares: the proudeſt king
Is but exalted duſt; and when great Jove
Call'd us to life, and gave us royal power,
He gave a ſad preheminence of woes.

He ſpoke, and to the tent of Neſtor turns
His ſtep majeſtic: on his couch he found
The hoary warrior; all around him lay
His arms, the ſhield, the ſpears, the radiant helm,
And ſcarf of various dye; with theſe array'd,
The reverend father to the field of fame
Led his bold files; for, with a brave diſdain,
Old as he was, he ſcorn'd the eaſe of age.

Sudden

Sudden the monarch ſtarts, and half uprais'd,
Thus to the king aloud; What art thou, ſay?
Why in the camp alone? while others ſleep,
Why wandereſt thou obſcure the midnight hours?
Seek'ſt thou ſome centinel, or abſent friend?
Speak inſtant!——Silent to advance, is death!

O pride of Greece, the plaintive king returns,
Here in thy tent thou Agamemnon view'ſt,
A prince, the moſt unhappy of mankind;
Woes I endure, which none but kings can feel,
Which ne'er will ceaſe until forgot in death:
Penſive I wander through the damp of night,
Through the cold damp of night; diſtreſs'd! alone!
And ſleep is grown a ſtranger to my eyes:
The weight of all the war, the load of woes
That preſſes every Greek, united falls
On me——the cares of all the hoſt are mine!
Grief diſcompoſes, and diſtracts my thoughts;
My reſtleſs panting heart, as if it ſtrove
To force its priſon, beats againſt my ſides!
My ſtrength is fail'd, and even my feet refuſe
To bear ſo great a load of wretchedneſs!

But if thy wakeful cares (for o'er thy head
Wakeful the hours glide on) have aught matur'd
Uſeful, the thought unfold; but riſe, my friend,
Viſit with me the watches of the night;
Left tir'd they ſleep, while Troy with all her war
Hangs o'er our tents, and now, perhaps ev'n now
Arms her proud bands. Ariſe, my friend, ariſe!

To whom the Pylian: Think not, mighty king,
Jove ratifies vain Hector's haughty views;
A ſudden, ſad reverſe of mighty woes
Waits that audacious victor, when in arms
Dreadful Achilles ſhines. But now thy ſteps
Neſtor attends: Be it our care to wake
Sage Ithacus, and Diomed the brave,
Meges the bold, and in the race renown'd
Oïlean Ajax; To the ſhips that guard
Outmoſt the camp, ſome other ſpeed his way
To raiſe ſtern Ajax and the Cretan king.
But love, nor reverence to the mighty name
Of Menelaus, nor thy wrath, O king,
Shall ſtop my free rebuke: Sleep is a crime
When Agamemnon wakes, on him it lies
To ſhare thy martial toils, to court the peers
To act the men: this hour claims all our cares.

Reſerve, rejoins the king, for future hours
Thy generous anger: Seems the royal youth
Remiſs? 'tis not through indolence of ſoul,
But deference to our power; for our commands
He waits, and follows when we lead the way.
This night, diſdaining reſt, his ſteps he bent
To our pavilion; now th' illuſtrious peers
Rais'd at his call, a choſen ſynod ſtand
Before the gates; haſte, Neſtor, haſte away.

To whom the ſage well pleas'd: In ſuch brave hands
No Greek will envy power: with loyal joy
Subjects obey, when men of worth command.

He

He added not, but o'er his manly breaſt
Flung a rich robe; beneath his royal feet
The glittering ſandals ſhone: a ſoft, large veſt,
Florid with purple wool, his aged limbs
Graceful adorn'd: tipt with a ſtar of braſs
A ponderous lance he graſp'd, and ſtrode away
To wake ſage Ithacus: aloud his voice
He rais'd; his voice was heard, and from his tent
Inſtant Ulyſſes ſprung; and why, he cry'd,
Why thus abroad in the chill hours of night?
What new diſtreſs invades?——Forgive my cares,
Reply'd the hoary ſage; for Greece I wake,
Greece and her dangers bring me to thy tent;
But haſte, our wakeful peers in council meet,
This, this one night determines flight or war.

Swift at the word he ſeiz'd his ample ſhield,
And ſtrode along; and now they bend their way
To wake the brave Tydides: him they found
Stretch'd on the earth, array'd in ſhining arms,
And round, his brave companions of the war:
Their ſhields ſuſtain'd their heads, erect their ſpears
Shot through th' illumin'd air a ſtreaming ray,
Keen as Jove's lightning wing'd athwart the ſkies.
Thus ſlept the chief: beneath him on the ground
A ſavage bull's black hide was roll'd, his head
A ſplendid carpet bore: the ſlumbering king
The Pylian gently with theſe words awakes:

Riſe, ſon of Tydeus! ill, a whole night's reſt
Suits with the brave! and ſleep'ſt thou, while proud Troy
Hangs

Hangs o'er our tents, and from yon joining hill
Prepares her war? Awake, my friend, awake!

Sudden the chief avoke, and mildly gave
This ſoft reply: O! cruel to thy age,
Thou good old man! ne'er wilt thou, wilt thou ceaſe
To burthen age with cares? Has Greece no youths
To wake the peers? unweary'd man, to bear
At once the double load of toils, and years!

'Tis true, he cry'd, my ſubjects and my ſons
Might eaſe a ſire, and King; but reſt 's a crime
When on the edge of fate our country ſtands:
Ere yet a few hours more have run their courſe,
Important ſpace! Greece triumphs, or Greece falls!
But, ſince an old man's care thy pity moves,
Haſte generous youth, with ſpeed to council call,
Meges the brave, and in the race renown'd
Oïlean Ajax:——Strait the chief obey'd,
Strait o'er his ſhoulders flung the ſhaggy ſpoils
Of a huge tawny lion; with dire grace
Down to his feet they hung: fierce in his hand
He graſp'd a glittering ſpear, and join'd the guards.
Wakeful in arms they ſate, a faithful band,
As watchful dogs protect the fleecy train,
When the ſtern lion, furious for his prey,
Ruſhes through craſhing woods, and on the fold
Springs from ſome mountain's brow, while mingled cries
Of men and hounds alarm; to every ſound
Faithful they turn: ſo through the gloom of night
They caſt their view, and caught each noiſe of Troy.

Now

Now met th' illuſtrious ſynod, down they ſate,
Down on a ſpot of ground unſtain'd with blood
Where vengeful Hector from the ſlaughter ſtay'd
His murderous arm, when the dark veil of night
Sabled the pole: To whom thus Neſtor ſpoke:

Lives there a ſon of fame ſo nobly brave,
That Troy-ward dares to trace the dangerous way,
To ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe? or learn what Troy
Now meditates? to pour the flood of war
Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
Lead her proud legions? O! what fame would crown
The hero thus triumphant, prais'd o'er earth
Above the ſons of men! And what rewards
Should he receive! From every grateful peer
A ſable ewe, and lamb, of higheſt worth
Memorial, to a brave, heroic heart
The nobleſt prize! and at the ſocial feaſt
Amongſt the great, be his the ſeat of fame.

Abaſh'd they ſate, and ev'n the brave knew fear.
Not ſo Tydides: unappall'd he roſe,
And nobly ſpoke! My ſoul! O! reverend ſage,
Fires at the bold deſign; through yon black hoſt
Venturous I bend my way; but, if his aid
Some warrior lend, my courage might ariſe
To nobler heights: the wife by mutual aid
Inſtruct the wife, and brave men fire the brave.

Fierce at the word upſtarted from the ground
The ſtern Ajaces, fierce bold Merion roſe,
And Thraſymedes, ſons of war: nor ſate

The

The royal Spartan, nor great Neſtor's heir,
Nor greater Ithacus; his manly heart
Swell'd at the view of fame.——Elate with joy
Atrides ſaw, and O! thou beſt of friends,
Brave Diomed, he cries, of all the peers
Chuſe thou the valianteſt; when merit pleads,
Titles no deference claim; high birth and ſtate
To valour yield, and worth is more than power.

Thus, fearing for his brother, ſpoke the king,
Not long! for Diomed diſpels his fears.

Since free my choice, can I forget my friend,
The man, for wiſdom's various arts renown'd;
The man, whoſe dauntleſs ſoul no toils diſmay,
Ulyſſes, lov'd by Pallas? through his aid
Though thouſand fires oppoſe, a thouſand fires
Oppoſe in vain; his wiſdom points the way.

Nor praiſe, nor blame, the hero ſtrait replies;
You ſpeak to Greeks, and they Ulyſſes know;
But haſte, ſwift roll the hours of night, the morn
Already haſtens to diſplay her beams,
And in the vault of heaven the ſtars decay.

Swift at the word they ſheath their manly limbs
Horrid in arms, a two-edg'd ſword and ſhield
Neſtor's bold ſon to ſtern Tydides gave;
A tough bull's hide his ample helmet form'd,
No cone adorn'd it, and no plumy creſt
Wav'd in the air; a quiver and a bow,
And a huge faulchion great Ulyſſes bears,

The

The gift of Merion: on his head an helm
Of leather nodded, firm within, and bound
With many a thong; without, in dreadful rows
The ſnowy tuſks of a huge ſavage boar
Grinn'd horrible; thus arm'd, away they ſtalk
Undaunted: o'er their heads the martial maid
Sends on the right an her'n; the ambient gloom
Conceals him from the view, but loud in air
They hear the clangor of his ſounding wings.
Joyful the proſperous ſign Ulyſſes hail'd,
And thus to Pallas: Offspring of dread Jove,
Who hurls the burning bolts: O guardian power
Preſent in all my toils, who vieweſt my way
Where'er I move, now thy cœleſtial aid,
Now, goddeſs, lend! may deeds this night adorn,
Deeds that all Troy may weep; may we return
In ſafety by thy guidance, heavenly maid!

Tydides caught the word, and O! he cries,
Virgin armipotent, now grant thy aid,
As to my ſire! He by the gulphy flood
Of deep Æſopus left th' embattled bands
Of Greece in arms, and to imperial Thebes
Bore terms of peace; but as from haughty Thebes
Alone he journey'd, deeds, heroic deeds,
His arm atchiev'd, for Tydeus was thy care:
Thus guard his offspring, O! ſtern queen of arms,
So ſhall an heifer on thy altars bleed
Young and untam'd, to thee her blood I pour,
And point her lunar horns with burniſh'd gold.

Thus pray the chiefs, and Pallas bears their prayer;
Then, like two lions through the ſhades of night,
Dauntleſs they ſtride along; and hold their way
Through blood, and mangled limbs, o'er arms and death.

* Nor paſs they far, e'er the ſagacious eye
Of Ithacus diſcerns a diſtant foe
Coaſting from Troy, and thus to Diomed:

See! o'er the plain ſome Trojan bends this way
Perhaps to ſpoil the ſlain! or to our hoſt
Comes he a ſpy? Beyond us o'er the field
'Tis beſt he paſs, then ſudden from behind
Ruſh we precipitant: but if in flight
His active feet prevail, thy ſpear employ
To force him on our lines, leſt hid in ſhades,
Through the duſk air he re-eſcape to Troy.

Then couching to the ground, ambuſh'd they lay
Behind a hill of ſlain: onward the ſpy
Inceſſant mov'd: He paſs'd, and now aroſe
The fierce purſuers. Dolon heard the ſound
Of trampling feet, and panting, liſtening ſtood;
Now reach'd the chiefs within a javelin's throw,
Stern foes of Dolon! ſwift along the ſhores
He wing'd his flight, and ſwift along the ſhores
They ſtill purſued: as when two ſkilful hounds
Chace o'er the lawn the hare or bounding roe,
Still from the ſheltering brake the game they turn,
Stretch every nerve, and bear upon the prey!

* V. 339.

So

So ran the chiefs, and from the hoſt of Troy
Turn'd the ſwift foe: now nigh the fleet they flew,
Now almoſt mingled with the guards, when lo!
The martial goddeſs breath'd heroic flames
Fierce on Tydides' ſoul: the hero fear'd
Leſt ſome bold Greek ſhould interpoſe a wound,
And raviſh half the glories of the night.
Furious he ſhook his lance, and, Stand, he cry'd,
Stand, or thou dyeſt: then ſternly from his arm
Launch'd the wild ſpear; wilful the javelin err'd,
But whizzing o'er his ſhoulder, deep in earth
Stood quivering, and he quaking ſtop'd aghaſt;
His teeth all chatter'd, and his ſlack knees knock'd;
He ſeem'd the bloodleſs image of pale fear.
Panting the ſpy they ſeize: who thus with tears
Abject intreats: Spare me, O! ſpare, he cries,
My hoary ſire your mercy ſhall repay,
Soon as he hears I draw the vital air,
With ample wealth, with ſteel, with braſs, with gold.

To whom Ulyſſes artfully: Be bold:
Far hence the thought of death! but inſtant ſay
Why thus alone in the ſtill hours of night
While every eye is cloſ'd? to ſpoil the ſlain
Com'ſt thou rapacious? or ſome nightly ſpy
By Hector ſent? or has thy venturous mind
Impell'd thee to explore our martial bands?

By Hector ſent, and by rewards undone,
Returns the ſpy, (ſtill as he ſpoke he ſhook)
I come unwilling: the refulgent car

He

He promis'd, and immortal ſteeds that bear
To fight, the great Achilles: thus betray'd,
Through the dun ſhades of night I bend my way
Unproſperous, to explore the tented hoſt
Of adverſe Greece, and learn if now they ſtand
Wakeful on guard, or vanquiſh'd by our arms
Precipitant deſert the ſhores of Troy.

To whom with ſmiles of ſcorn the ſage returns:
Bold were thy aims, O youth! But thoſe proud ſteeds,
Reſtive, diſdain the rule of vulgar hands;
Scarce ev'n the goddeſs-born, when the loud din
Of battle roars, ſubdues them to the rein
Reluctant: But this night where Hector ſleeps
Faithful diſcloſe: Where ſtand the warrior's ſteeds?
Where lie his arms and implements of war?
What guards are kept nocturnal? Say, what Troy
Now meditates? to pour the tide of fight
Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
Tranſfer the war?——To theſe demands, he cries,
Faithful my tongue ſhall ſpeak: The peers of Troy
Hector in council meets: round Ilus' tomb
Apart from noiſe they ſtand: no guards ſurround
The ſpacious hoſt: where through the gloom yon fires
Blaze frequent, Trojans wake to guard their Troy;
Secure th' auxiliars ſleep, no tender cares
Of wife or ſon diſturb their calm repoſe,
Safe ſleep their wives and ſons on foreign ſhores.

But

But ſay, apart encamp th' auxiliar bands,
Replies the ſage, or join the powers of Troy?

Along the ſea-beat ſhores, returns the ſpy,
The Leleges and Carians ſtretch their files;
Near theſe the Caucons, and Pelaſgian train,
And Pœons, dreadful with the battle-bow,
Extended lie; on the Thymbrœan plain
The Lycians and the Myſians in array
Spread their deep ranks: There the Mæonian bands,
And Phrygians, range the fiery ſteeds of war.
But why this nice enquiry? If your way
Venturous you bend to ſearch the hoſt of Troy,
There in yon outmoſt lines, a recent aid,
The Thracians lie, by Rheſus led, whoſe ſteeds
Outſhine the ſnow, outfly the winged winds.
With glittering ſilver plates, and radiant gold
His chariot flames, gold forms his dazzling arms,
Arms that may grace a God!—but to your tents
Unhappy me convey; or bound with chains,
Faſt bound with cruel chains, ſad on the ſhores
Here leave me captive, till you ſafe return,
And witneſs to the truth my tongue unfolds.

To whom ſtern-frowning Diomed replies,
Though every ſyllable be ſtamp'd with truth,
Dolon, thou dy'ſt: would'ſt thou once more return
Darkling a ſpy, or wage, a nobler foe,
New war on Greece? Traytor, thou dy'ſt, nor more
New war thou wageſt, nor return'ſt a ſpy.

He ſpoke terrific: and as Dolon rais'd
Suppliant his humble hands, the trenchant blade
Sheer through his neck deſcends; the furious blow
Cleaves the tough nerves in twain, down drops the head,
And mutters unintelligible ſounds.
Strait they deſpoil the dead, the wolf's grey hide
They ſeize, the helm, the ſpear, and battle-bow:
Theſe as they drop'd with gore, on high in air
Ulyſſes rais'd, and to the Martial Maid
Thus lowly conſecrates: Stern power of war,
Virgin armipotent, receive theſe arms,
Propitious to my vows, thee, goddeſs, thee
Chiefly I call: Direct our proſperous way
To pierce the Thracian tents, to ſeize the ſteeds
Of Rheſus, and the car that flames with gold.

Then fierce o'er broken arms, through ſtreams of blood
They move along: now reach the Thracian bands
All huſh'd in ſleep profound; their ſhining arms
Rang'd in three ranks along the plain, around
Illumin'd the dun air: Chariot and horſe
By every Thracian ſtood: Rheſus their king
Slept in the center of the circling bands,
And his proud ſteeds were rein'd behind his car.
With joy Ulyſſes through the gloom deſcry'd
The ſleeping king, and lo! he cries, the ſteeds,
Lo! Diomed, the chief of Thrace, this night
Deſcrib'd by Dolon: Now, O! now, thy ſtrength

Dauntleſs

Dauntleſs exert! looſe thou the furious ſteeds,
Or while the ſteeds I looſe, with ſlaughtering hands
Invade the ſoldiery: He ſpoke, and now
The Queen of Arms inflam'd Tydides' ſoul
With all her martial fires: his reeking blade
On every ſide dealt fate; low, hollow groans
Murmur'd around, blood o'er the crimſon field
Well'd from the ſlain: As in his nightly haunts
The ſurly lion ruſhes on the fold
Of ſheep, or goat, and rends th' unguarded prey;
So he the Thracian bands: Twelve by his ſword
Lay breathleſs on the ground: behind him ſtood
Sage Ithacus, and, as the warrior flew,
Swift he remov'd the ſlain, leſt the fierce ſteeds,
Not yet inur'd to blood, ſhould trembling ſtart,
Impatient of the dead: Now o'er the king
He whirls his wrathful blade, now furious gores
His heaving cheſt: he wak'd not, but a dream
By Pallas ſent, roſe in his anxious thoughts;
A viſionary warrior frowning ſtood
Faſt by his head, and his aërial ſword
Plung'd through his labouring breaſt: Mean while the ſteeds
The ſage unbinds, and inſtant with his bow
Drives through the ſleeping ranks: Then to his friend
Gave ſignals of retreat; but nobler deeds
He meditates, to drag the radiant car,
Or lift it through the threefold ranks, up-born
High on his ſhoulders, or with ſlaughter ſtain
Th' enſanguin'd field; when lo! the Martial Maid

Down ruſhes from the battlements of heaven,
And ſudden cries, Return, brave chief, return,
Leſt from the ſkies ſome guardian power of Troy
Wrathful deſcend, and rouze the hoſtile bands.

Thus ſpeaks the Warrior Queen: the heavenly voice
Tydides owns, and mounts the fiery ſteeds,
Obſervant of the high command; the bow
Sage Ithacus apply'd, and tow'rd the tents
Scourg'd the proud ſteeds, the ſteeds flew o'er the plain.

A PASTORAL, to a young LADY upon her leaving, and return to, the Country.

DAMON.

SAY, while each ſcene ſo beautiful appears,
Why heaves thy boſom, and why flow thy tears?
See! from the clouds the ſpring deſcends in ſhowers,
The painted vallies laugh with riſing flowers:
Smooth flow the floods, ſoft breathe the vernal airs,
The ſpring, flowers, floods, conſpire to charm our cares.

FLORUS.

But vain the pleaſure which the ſeaſon yields,
The laughing vallies, or the painted fields.
No more, ye floods, in ſilver mazes flow,
Smile not, ye flowers, no more ſoft breezes blow;
Far, Damon, far from theſe unhappy groves,
The cruel, lovely Roſalinda roves.

DAMON.

Ah! now I know why late the opening buds
Clos'd up their gems, and ſicken'd in the woods;
Why droop'd the lily in her ſnowy pride,
And why the roſe withdrew her ſweets, and dy'd;
For thee, fair Roſalind, the opening buds
Clos'd up their gems, and ſicken'd in the woods;
For thee the lily ſhed her ſnowy pride,
For thee the roſe withdrew her ſweets, and dy'd.

FLORUS.

See! where yon' vine in ſoft embraces weaves
Her wanton ringlets with the myrtle's leaves,
There tun'd ſweet Philomel her ſpirightly lay,
Both to the riſing and the falling day;
But ſince fair Roſalind forſook the plains,
Sweet Philomel no more renews her ſtrains;
With ſorrow dumb, ſhe diſregards her lay,
Nor greets the riſing nor the falling day.

DAMON.

Say, O! ye winds, that range the diſtant ſkies,
Now ſwell'd to tempeſts by my riſing ſighs;
Say, while my Roſalind deſerts theſe ſhores,
How Damon dies for whom his ſoul adores.

FLORUS.

Ye murmuring fountains, and ye wandering floods,
That viſit various lands through various roads;

Say, when ye find where Roſalind reſides,
Say, how my tears increaſe your ſwelling tides.

DAMON.

Tell me, I charge you, O! ye ſylvan ſwains,
Who range the mazy grove, or flowery plains,
Beſide what fountain, in what breezy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour!

FLORUS.

Soft, I adjure you, by the ſkipping fawns,
By the fleet roes, that bound along the lawns;
Soft tread, ye virgin daughters of the grove,
Nor with your dances wake my ſleeping love!

DAMON.

Return, O! virgin, and if proud diſdain
Arm thy fierce ſoul, return, enjoy my pain;
If pleas'd thou view'ſt a faithful lover's cares,
Thick riſe, ye ſighs; in floods deſcend, ye tears!

FLORUS.

Return, O! virgin! while in verdant meads
By ſprings we ſport, or dream on flowery beds;
She weary wanders through the deſert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions prey.

DAMON.

Ah! ſhield her, heaven! your rage, ye beaſts, forbear!
Thoſe are not limbs for ſavages to tear!

Adieu, ye meads! with her through wilds I go
O'er burning ſands, or everlaſting ſnow;
With her I wander through the deſert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions prey.

FLORUS.

Come, Roſalind, before the wintery clouds
Frown o'er th' aërial vault, and ruſh in floods;
Ere raging ſtorms howl o'er the frozen plains;
Thy charms may ſuffer by the ſtorms or rains.

DAMON.

Come, Roſalind, O come; then infant flowers
Shall bloom and ſmile, and form their charms by yours;
By you, the lily ſhall her white compoſe,
Your bluſh ſhall add new bluſhes to the roſe;
Each flowery mead, and every tree ſhall bud,
And fuller honours cloath the youthful wood.

FLORUS.

Yet, ah! forbear to urge thy homeward way,
While ſultry ſuns infeſt the glowing day:
The ſultry ſuns thy beauties may impair!——
Yet haſte away! for thou art now too fair.

DAMON.

Hark! from yon' bower what airs ſoft warbled play!
My ſoul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay:
Silence, ye nightingales! attend the voice!
While thus it warbles, all your ſongs are noiſe.

FLORUS.

See! from the bower a form majeſtic moves,
And ſmoothly gliding ſhines along the groves;
Say, comes a goddeſs from the golden ſpheres?
A goddeſs comes, or Roſalind appears!

DAMON.

Shine forth, thou ſun, bright ruler of the day,
And where ſhe treads, ye flowers, adorn the way!
Rejoice, ye groves, my heart diſmiſs thy cares!
My Goddeſs comes, my Roſalind appears.

POVERTY AND POETRY.

'TWAS ſung of old how one Amphion,
Could by his verſes tame a lion;
And by his ſtrange enchanting tunes,
Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons:
His ſongs could call the timber down,
And form it into houſe or town;
But it is plain that in theſe times
No houſe is rais'd by poets rhymes;
They for themſelves can only rear
A few wild caſtles in the air;
Poor are the brethren of the bays,
Down from high ſtrains, to ekes and ayes.
The Muſes too are virgins yet,
And may be—till they portions get.

Yet

Yet ſtill the doating rhymer dreams,
And ſings of Helicon's bright ſtreams,
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only unſpiring water;
Yet ev'n athirſt he ſweetly ſings,
Of Nectar, and Elyſian ſprings.

What dire malignant planet ſheds,
Ye bards, his influence on your heads?
Lawyers, by endleſs controverſies,
Conſume unthinking clients purſes,
As Pharoah's kine, which ſtrange and odd is,
Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.

The grave phyſician, who by phyſic,
Like death, diſpatches him that is ſick,
Purſues a ſure and thriving trade,
Though patients die, the doctor's paid;
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
For what another mounts the gallows.

In ſhady groves the Muſes ſtray,
And love in flowery meads to play;
An idle crew! whoſe only trade is
To ſhine in trifles, like our ladies;
In dreſſing, dancing, toying, ſinging,
While wiſer Pallas thrives by ſpinning;
Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
Their votaries, but a laurel wreath.

But love rewards the bard! the fair
Attend his ſong, and eaſe his care:

Alas!

Alas! fond youth, your plea you urge ill
Without a jointure, though a Virgil;
Could you like Phœbus ſing, in vain
You nobly ſwell the lofty ſtrain,
Coy Daphne flies, and you will find as
Hard hearts as hers in your Belindas.

But then ſome ſay you purchaſe fame,
And gain that envy'd prize, a name;
Great recompence! like his who ſells
A diamond, for beads and bells;
Will fame be thought ſufficient bail
To keep the poet from the jail?

Thus the brave ſoldier, in the wars,
Gets empty praiſe, and aking ſcars;
Is paid with fame and wooden legs,
And ſtarv'd, the glorious vagrant begs.

To a LADY, playing with a SNAKE.

IT is a pleaſing, direful ſight!
At once you charm us, and affright!
So heaven deſtroying angels arms
With terror, dreadful in their charms!

Such, ſuch was Cleopatra's air,
Lovely, but formidably fair,
When the griev'd world impoveriſh'd loſt
By the dire aſp, its nobleſt boaſt.

Aw'd

Aw'd by your guardian's dangerous power,
At diſtance trembling we adore;
At diſtance, once again behold
A ſerpent guard the blooming gold.

Well pleas'd, and harmleſs, lo! he lies,
Baſks in the ſunſhine of your eyes;
Now twiſts his ſpires, and now unfurls
The gay confuſion of his curls.

Oh! happy on your breaſt to lie,
As that bright * ſtar that gilds the ſky,
Who ceaſing in the ſpheres to ſhine,
Would, for your breaſt, his heaven reſign.

Yet oh! fair virgin, caution take,
Leſt ſome bold cheat aſſume the ſnake;
When Jove compreſt the † Grecian dame,
Aloof he threw the lightning's flame;
On radiant ſpires the lover rode,
And in the ſnake conceal'd the God.

To a LADY of THIRTY.

NO more let youth its beauty boaſt,
S——n at Thirty reigns a toaſt:
And like the ſun as he declines,
More mildly, but more ſweetly ſhines.

* The ſcorpion.
† Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great.

The

The hand of time alone diſarms
Her face, of its ſuperfluous charms:
But adds, for every grace reſign'd,
A thouſand to adorn her mind.

Youth was her too inflaming time;
This, her more habitable clime;
How muſt ſhe then each heart engage,
Who blooms like youth, is wiſe like age!

Thus the rich orange-trees produce
At once both ornament, and uſe:
Here opening bloſſoms we behold,
There fragrant orbs of ripen'd gold.

On the Birth-Day of a Gentleman when three Years old.

AWake, ſweet babe! the ſun's emerging ray
That gave you birth, renews the happy day!
Calmly ſerene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and ſtrives to look like you.

Fair beauty's bud! when time ſhall ſtretch thy ſpan,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
What plenteous fruits thy bloſſoms ſhall produce,
And yield not barren ornament, but uſe?
Ev'n now thy ſpring a rich increaſe prepares
To crown thy riper growth, and manly years.

Thus in the kernel's intricate diſguiſe,
In miniature a little orchard lies,

The

The fibrous labyrinths by juſt degrees
Stretch their ſwoln cells, replete with future trees,
By time evolv'd, the ſpreading branches riſe,
Yield their rich fruits, and ſhoot into the ſkies.

O! lovely babe, what luſtre ſhall adorn
Thy noon of beauty, when ſo bright thy morn?
Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
And may no vice o'ercloud thy future day!
With nobler aims inſtruct thy ſoul to glow,
Than thoſe gay trifles, titles, wealth, and ſhow:
May valour, wiſdom, learning crown thy days!
Thoſe fools admire---theſe heaven and angels praiſe! *

With riches bleſt, to heaven thoſe riches lend,
The poor man's guardian, and the good man's friend:

ADDITION.

* To brace the mind to dignity of thought,
To emulate what godlike Tully wrote,
Be this thy early wiſh! The garden breeds,
If unimprov'd, at leaſt but gaudy weeds:
And ſtubborn youth, by culture unſubdued,
Lies wildly barren, or but gayly rude.
Yet, as ſome Phidias gives the marble life,
While Art with Nature holds a dubious ſtrife,
Adorns a rock with graces not its own,
And calls a Venus from the rugged ſtone;
So culture aids the human ſoul to riſe,
To ſcorn the ſordid earth, and mount the ſkies,
Till by degrees the noble gueſt refines,
Claims her high birthright, and divinely ſhines.

Bid

Bid virtuous ſorrow ſmile, ſcorn'd merit chear,
And o'er affliction pour the generous tear.
Some, wildly liberal, ſquander, not beſtow,
And give unprais'd, becauſe they give for ſhow:
To ſanctify thy wealth, on worth employ
Thy gold, and to a bleſſing turn the toy:
Thus offerings from th' unjuſt pollute the ſkies,
The good, turn ſmoke into a ſacrifice.

As when an artiſt plans a favourite draught,
The ſtructures riſe reſponſive to the thought;
A palace grows beneath his forming hands,
Or worthy of a God a temple ſtands:
Such is thy riſing frame! by heaven deſign'd
A temple, worthy of a godlike mind;
Nobly adorn'd, and finiſh'd to diſplay
A fuller beam of heaven's æthereal ray.

May all thy charms increaſe, O lovely boy!
Spare them, ye pains, and age alone deſtroy!
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, the God might boaſt to look like thee!
When young Iülus' form he deign'd to wear,
Such were his ſmiles, and ſuch his winning air:
Ev'n Venus might miſtake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her ſon;
Thence all the lightning of thy mother's flies,
A Cupid, grac'd with Cytheræa's eyes!

Yet ah! how ſhort a date the powers decree
To that bright frame of beauties and to thee!

Paſs

Paſs a few days, and all thoſe beauties fly!
Paſs a few years, and thou alas! ſhalt die!
Then all thy kindred, all thy friends ſhall ſee
With tears, what now thou art, and they muſt be;
A pale, cold, lifeleſs lump of earth deplore!
Such ſhalt thou be, and kings ſhall be no more!

But oh! when, ripe for death, fate calls thee hence,
Sure lot of every mortal excellence!
When, pregnant as the womb, the teeming earth
Reſigns thee quicken'd to thy ſecond birth,
Riſe, cloath'd with beauties that ſhall never die!
A ſaint on earth! an angel in the ſky!

The Forty-third Chapter of Eccleſiaſticus.

A PARAPHRASE.

THE ſun that rolls his beamy orb on high,
Pride of the world and glory of the ſky,
Illuſtrious in his courſe, in bright array
Marches along the heavens, and ſcatters day
O'er earth, and o'er the main, and through th' ethereal way.
He in the morn renews his radiant round,
And warms the fragrant boſom of the ground;
But ere the noon of day, in fiery gleams
He darts the glory of his blazing beams;
Beneath the burnings of his ſultry ray,
Earth to her centre pierc'd admits the day;

Huge

Huge vales expand, where rivers roll'd before,
And leſſen'd ſeas contract within their ſhore.

O! Power ſupreme! O! high above all height!
Thou gav'ſt the ſun to ſhine, and thou art light:
Whether he falls or riſes in the ſkies,
He by thy voice is taught to fall or riſe;
Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his ſphere,
And meaſures out the day, the month, and year;
He drives the hours along with ſlower pace,
The minutes ruſh away impetuous in their race:
He wakes the flowers that ſleep within the earth,
And calls the fragrant infants out to birth;
The fragrant infants paint th' enamel'd vales,
And native incenſe loads the balmy gales,
The balmy gales the fragrancy convey
To heaven, and to their God an offering pay.

By thy command the moon, as day-light fades,
Lifts her broad circle in the deepening ſhades;
Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,
She breaks the ſolemn terrors of the night;
Sweetly inconſtant in her varying flame,
She changes ſtill, another, yet the ſame!
Now in decreaſe by ſlow degrees ſhe ſhrouds
Her fading luſtre in a veil of clouds;
Now at increaſe, her gathering beams diſplay
A blaze of light, and give a paler day;
Ten thouſand ſtars adorn her glittering train,
Fall when ſhe falls, and riſe with her again;

And

And o'er the deſerts of the ſky unfold
Their burning ſpangles of ſidereal gold;
Through the wide heavens ſhe moves ſerenely bright,
Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
Orb above orb in ſweet confuſion lies,
And with a bright diſorder paints the ſkies.

The Lord of Nature fram'd the ſhowery bow,
Turn'd its gay arch, and bade its colours glow;
Its radiant circle compaſſes the ſkies,
And ſweetly the rich tinctures faint, and riſe;
It bids the horrors of the ſtorm to ceaſe,
Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempeſt pleaſe.

He, when deep-rolling clouds blot out the day,
And thunderous ſtorms a ſolemn gloom diſplay;
Pours down a watery deluge from on high,
And opens all the ſluices of the ſky;
High o'er the ſhores the ruſhing ſurge prevails,
Burſts o'er the plain, and roars along the vales:
Daſhing abruptly, dreadful down it comes,
Tumbling through rocks, and toſſes, whirls and foams:
Mean time, from every region of the ſky,
Red burning bolts in forky vengeance fly;
Dreadfully bright o'er ſeas and earth they glare,
And burſts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air;
At once the thunders of th' Almighty ſound,
Heaven lours, deſcend the floods, and rocks the ground.

He gives the furious whirlwind wings to fly,
To rend the earth, and wheel along the ſky;

In circling eddies whirl'd, it roars aloud,
Drives wave on wave, and daſhes cloud on cloud;
Where'er it moves, it lays whole foreſts low,
And at the blaſt, eternal mountains bow;
While, tearing up the ſands, in drifts they riſe,
And half the deſerts mount the burthen'd ſkies.

He from aërial treaſures downward pours
Sheets of unſully'd ſnow in lucid ſhowers,
Flake after flake, through air thick-wavering flies,
Till one vaſt ſhining waſte all nature lies;
Then the proud hills a virgin whiteneſs ſhed,
A dazzling brightneſs glitters from the mead:
The hoary trees reflect a ſilver ſhow,
And groves beneath the lovely burden bow.

He from looſe vapours with an icy chain
Binds the round hail, and moulds the harden'd rain:
The ſtony tempeſt with a ruſhing ſound,
Beats the firm glebe, reſulting from the ground;
Swiftly it falls, and as it falls invades
The riſing herb, or breaks the ſpreading blades:
While infant flowers that raiſ'd their bloomy heads,
Cruſh'd by its fury, ſink into their beds.

When ſtormy Winter from the frozen North
Borne on his icy chariot iſſues forth;
The blaſted groves their verdant pride reſign,
And billows harden'd into cryſtal ſhine:
Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
And the proud floods as with a breaſt-plate binds;

Ev'n the proud ſeas forget in tides to roll
Beneath the freezings of the Northern pole;
There waves on waves in ſolid mountains riſe,
And Alps of ice invade the wondering ſkies;
While gulphs below, and ſlippery vallies lie,
And with a dreadful brightneſs pain the eye;
But if warm winds a warmer air reſtore,
And ſofter breezes bring a genial ſhower,
The genial ſhower revives the chearful plain,
And the huge hills flow down into the main.

When the ſeas rage, and loud the ocean roars,
When foaming billows laſh the ſounding ſhores;
If he in thunder bid the waves ſubſide,
The waves obedient ſink upon the tide,
A ſudden peace controls the limpid deep,
And the ſtill waters in ſoft ſilence ſleep.
Then heaven lets down a golden-ſtreaming ray,
And all the broad expanſion flames with day:
In the clear glaſs the mariners deſcry
A ſun inverted, and a downward ſky.

They who adventurous plow the watery way,
The dreadful wonders of the deep ſurvey;
Familiar with the ſtorms their ſails unbind,
Tempt the rough blaſt, and bound before the wind:
Now high they mount, now ſhoot into a vale,
Now ſmooth their courſe, and ſcud before the gale;
There rolling monſters, arm'd in ſcaly pride,
Flounce in the billows, and daſh round the tide;

There huge Leviathan unwieldy moves,
And through the waves, a living iſland, roves;
In dreadful paſtime terribly he ſports,
And the vaſt ocean ſcarce his weight ſupports;
Where'er he turns the hoary deeps divide,
He breathes a tempeſt, and he ſpouts a tide.

Thus, Lord, the wonders of earth, ſea, and air,
Thy boundleſs wiſdom and thy power declare;
Thou high in glory, and in might ſerene,
See'ſt and mov'ſt all, thyſelf unmov'd, unſeen:
Should men and angels join in ſongs to raiſe
A grateful tribute equal to thy praiſe,
Yet far thy glory would their praiſe outſhine,
Though men and angels in the ſong ſhould join;
For though this earth with ſkill divine is wrought,
Above the gueſs of man, or angel's thought,
Yet in the ſpacious regions of the ſkies
New ſcenes unfold, and worlds on worlds ariſe,
There other orbs, round other ſuns advance,
Float on the air, and run their myſtic dance;
And yet the power of thy Almighty hand,
Can build another world from every ſand:
And though vain man arraign thy high decree,
Till this juſt! what is, that ought to be.

The Concluſion of an Epilogue to Mr. Southern's laſt Play, call'd Money the Miſtreſs.

THERE was a time, when in his younger years,
Our author's ſcenes commanded ſmiles or tears;
And though beneath the weight of days he bends,
Yet, like the ſun, he ſhines as he deſcends:
Then with applauſe, in honour to his age,
Diſmiſs your veteran ſoldier * off the ſtage;
Crown his laſt exit with diſtinguiſh'd praiſe,
And kindly hide his † baldneſs with the bays.

The PARTING, a Song, ſet by Dr. Tudway, Profeſſor of Muſic in Cambridge.

WHEN from the plains Belinda fled,
The ſad Amintor ſigh'd,
And thus while ſtreams of tears he ſhed,
The mournful ſhepherd cry'd.

"Move ſlow, ye hours! thou time delay!
"Prolong the bright Belinda's ſtay:
"But you, like her, my prayer deny,
"And cruelly away ye fly.

* From the ſtage.

† Alluding to a vote of the Roman ſenate, by which they decreed Cæſar a crown of laurel to cover his baldneſs.

" Yet though she flies, she leaves behind
" Her lovely image in my mind;
" O! fair Belinda, with me stay,
" Or take thy image too away!

" See! how the fields are gay around,
" How painted flowers adorn the ground!
" As if the fields, as well as I,
" Were proud to please my fair one's eye.

" But now, ye fields, no more be gay,
" No more, ye flowers, your charms display!
" 'Tis desert all, now you are fled,
" And paradise is where you tread.

Unmov'd the virgin flies his cares,
To shine at court and play,
To lonely shades the youth repairs,
To weep his life away.

On a FLOWER which Belinda gave me from her Bosom.

O! lovely offspring of the May,
Whence flow thy balmy odours, say!
Such odours—not the orient boasts!
Though Paradise adorn'd the coasts!
O! sweeter than each flower that bloome,
This fragrance from thy bosom comes!
Thence, thence such sweets are spread abroad,
As might be incense for a God!

When

When Venus ſtood conceal'd from view,
Her ſon, the latent * Goddeſs knew,
Such ſweets breath'd round! and thus we know
Our other Venus here below.

But ſee! my faireſt, ſee this flower,
This ſhort-liv'd beauty of an hour!—
Such are thy charms!—yet Zephyrs bring
The flower to bloom again in ſpring:
But beauty, when it once declines,
No more to warm the lover ſhines:
Alas! inceſſant ſpeeds the day,
When thou ſhalt be but common clay!
When I, who now adore, may ſee,
And ev'n with horror ſtart from Thee!

But ere, ſweet gift, thy grace conſumes,
Show thou my fair-one how ſhe blooms!
Put forth thy charms:—and then declare
Thyſelf leſs ſweet, thyſelf leſs fair!
Then ſudden, by a ſwift decay,
Let all thy beauties fade away:
And let her in thy glaſs deſcry,
How youth and how frail beauty die.

Ah! turn, my charmer, turn thy eyes!
See! how at once it fades, it dies!

* Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravêre. VIRG.

While thine—it gaily pleas'd the view
Unfaded, as before it grew!
Now, from thy boſom doom'd to ſtray,
'Tis only beauteous in decay:
So the ſweet-ſmelling Indian flowers,
Griev'd when they leave thoſe happier ſhores,
Sicken, and die away in ours.
So flowers, in Eden fond to blow,
In Paradiſe would only grow.

Nor wonder, faireſt, to ſurvey
The flower ſo ſuddenly decay!
Too cold thy breaſt! * nor can it grow
Between ſuch little hills of ſnow.

I now, vain infidel, no more
Deride th' Ægyptians, who adore
The riſing hero, and blooming flower;
Now, now their convert I will be,
O lovely flower, to worſhip thee.

But if thou 'rt one of their ſad train
Who dy'd for love, and cold diſdain,
Who, chang'd by ſome kind pitying power,
A † lover once, art now a flower;
O pity me, O weep my care,
A thouſand, thouſand pains I bear,
I love, I die through deep deſpair!

VARIATION.

* ——how could it grow.

† See Ovid's Metamorph.

The

The Story of Talus, from the Fourth Book of Apollonius Rhodius. V. 1629.

Ἦμος δ' ἠέλιος μὲν ἔδυ, ἀνὰ δ' ἤλυθεν ἀστὴρ
Αὔλιος, &c.

THE evening ſtar now lifts, as day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening ſhades,
Stretch'd at his eaſe, the weary labourer ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human cares;
At once in ſilence ſink the ſleeping gales,
The maſt * they drop, and furl the flagging ſails,
All night, all day, they ply the bending oars,
Tow'rd Carpathus, and reach the rocky ſhores;
Thence Crete they view, emerging from the main,
The queen of iſles, but Crete they view in vain,
There Talus, whirling with reſiſtleſs ſway,
Rocks ſheer uprent, repels them from the bay:
A giant, ſprung from giant-race, who took
Their births from entrails of the ſtubborn oak;
Fierce guard of Crete! by Jove aſſiſtant given
To † legiſlators, ſtyl'd the ſons of heaven:
To mercy deaf, he thrice each year explores
The trembling iſle, and ſtrides from ſhores to ſhores:
A form of living braſs! one part beneath
Alone he bears, a path to let in death,
Where o'er the ankle ſwells the turgid vein,
Soft to the ſtroke, and ſenſible of pain.

* Argonauts.
† Minos and Rhadamanthus.

And

And now her magic ſpells * Medea tries,
Bids the red fiends, the dogs of Orcus riſe,
That, ſtarting dreadful from th' infernal ſhade,
Ride heaven in ſtorms, and all that breathes, invade;
Thrice ſhe applies the power of magic prayer,
Thrice, hellward bending, mutters charms in air;
Then, turning tow'rd the foe, bids miſchief fly,
And looks deſtruction, as ſhe points her eye;
Then ſpectres, riſing from Tartarean bowers,
Howl round in air, or grin along the ſhores;
While, † tearing up whole hills, the giant throws
Outrageous, rocks on rocks, to cruſh the foes:
But, frantic as he ſtrides, a ſudden wound
Burſts the life-vein, and blood o'erſpreads the ground.
As from the furnace, in a burning flood,
Pours molten lead, ſo pours in ſtreams his blood;
And now he ſtaggers, as the ſpirit flies,
He faints, he ſinks, he tumbles, and he dies.
As ſome huge cedar on a mountain's brow,
Pierc'd by the ſteel, expects the final blow,
A while it totters with alternate ſway,
Till freſhening breezes through the branches play;
Then, tumbling downward with a thundering ſound,
Falls headlong, and o'erſpreads a breadth of ground:
So as the giant falls, the ocean roars,
Out-ſtretch'd he lies, and covers half the ſhores.

* V. 1665. † V. 1679.

From

From the ELEVENTH BOOK of the ILIADS of HOMER.

In the Style of MILTON.

NOW gay Aurora from Tithonus' bed
Rose in the orient, to proclaim the day
To Gods and men: down to the Grecian tents
Saturnian Jove sends discord, red with blood;
War in her hand she grasps, ensigne of war;
On brave Ulysses' ship she took her stand,
The centre of the hosts; that all might hear
Her dreadful voice: her dreadful voice she rais'd,
Jarring along the rattling shores it ran
To the fleet's wide extremes; Achilles heard,
And Ajax heard the sound; with martial fires
Now every bosom burns, arms, glorious arms,
Fierce they demand; the noble Orthian song
Swells every heart, no coward thoughts of flight
Rise in their souls, but blood they breathe and war.
Now by the * trench profound, the charioteers
Range their proud steeds, now car by car displays
A direful front; now o'er the trembling field
Rushes th' embattled foot; noise rends the skies,
Noise unextinguish'd: ere the beamy day
Flam'd in th' aerial vault, stretch'd in the van
Stood the bold infantry: The rushing cars
Form'd the deep rear in battalious array.

* V. 48.

Now

Now from his heavens Jove hurls his burning bolts,
Hoarſe muttering thunders grumble in the ſky,
While from the clouds, inſtead of morning-dews,
Huge drops of blood diſtain the crimſon ground;
Fatal preſage! that in that dreadful day
The great ſhould bleed, imperial heads lie low!

Mean time the bands of Troy in proud array
Stand to their arms, and from a riſing ground
Breathe furious war: Here gathering hoſts attend
The towering Hector: there refulgent bands
Surround Polydamas, Æneas there
Marſhals his dauntleſs files; nor unemploy'd
Stand Polybus, Agenor great in arms,
And Acamas, whoſe frame the Gods endow'd
With more than mortal charms: fierce in the van
Stern Hector ſhines, and ſhakes his blazing ſhield,
As the fierce dog-ſtar with maligpant fires
Flames in the front of heaven, then, loſt in clouds,
Veils his pernicious beams; from rank to rank
So Hector ſtrode; now dreadful in the van
Advanc'd his ſun-broad ſhield, now to the rear
Swift ruſhing diſappear'd: His radiant arms
Blaz'd on his limbs, and bright as Jove's dire bolts
Flaſh'd o'er the field, and lighten'd to the ſkies.

As toiling reapers in ſome ſpacious field,
Rang'd in two bands, move adverſe, rank on rank
Where o'er the tilth the grain in ears of gold
Waves nodding to the breeze; at once they bend,
At once the copious harveſt ſwells the ground:
So ruſh to battle o'er the dreadful field

Hoſt

Hoſt againſt hoſt; they meet, they cloſe, and ranks
Tumble on ranks; no thoughts appear of flight,
None of diſmay: dubious in even ſcales
The battle hangs; not fiercer, ravenous wolves
Diſpute the prey; the deathful ſcene with joy
Diſcord, dire parent of tremendous woes,
Surveys exultant: of th' immortal train
Diſcord alone deſcends, aſſiſts alone
The horrors of the field; in peace the Gods
High in Olympian bowers on radiant thrones
Lament the woes of man; but loud complaints
From every God aroſe; Jove favour'd Troy,
At partial Jove they murmur'd: he unmov'd
All heaven in murmurs heard, apart he ſate
Enthron'd in glory: down to earth he turn'd
His ſtedfaſt eye, and from his throne ſurvey'd
The riſing towers of Troy, the tented ſhores,
The blaze of arms, the ſlayer and the ſlain.
While, with his morning wheels, the God of day
Climb'd up the ſteep of heaven, with equal rage
In murderous ſtorms the ſhafts from hoſt to hoſt
Flew adverſe, and in equal numbers fell
Promiſcuous Greek and Trojan, till the hour
When the tir'd woodman in the ſhady vale
Spreads his penurious meal, when high the ſun
Flames in the zenith, and his ſinewy arms
Scarce wield the ponderous ax, while hunger keen
Admoniſhes, and nature ſpent with toil
Craves due repaſt—Then Greece the ranks of Troy
With horrid inroad goar'd; fierce from the van

Sprung

Sprung the ſtern * king of men; and breathing death
Where in firm battle, Trojans band by band
Embody'd ſtood, purſued his dreadful way;
His hoſt his ſtep attends; now glows the war,
Horſe treads on horſe, and man encountering man;
Swells the dire field with death, the plunging ſteeds
Beat the firm glebes; thick duſt in riſing clouds
Darkens the ſky; Indignant o'er the plain
Atrides ſtalks; death every ſtep attends.
As when, in ſome huge foreſt, ſudden flames
Rage dreadful, when rough winds aſſiſt the blaze,
From tree to tree the fiery torrent rolls,
And the vaſt foreſt ſinks with all its groves
Beneath the burning deluge; ſo whole hoſts
Yield to Atrides' arm: car againſt car
Ruſh'd rattling o'er the field, and through the ranks
Unguided broke; while breathleſs on the ground
Lay the pale charioteers: In death deform'd;
To their chaſte brides ſad ſpectacles of woe,
Now only grateful to the fowls of air.

Mean time, the care of Jove, great Hector ſtood
Secure in ſcenes of death, in ſtorms of darts,
In ſlaughter and alarms, in duſt and blood.

Still Agamemnon ruſhing o'er the field
Leads his bold bands: whole hoſts before him fly,
Now Ilus' tomb they paſs, now urge their way
Cloſe by the fig-tree ſhade: with ſhouts the king

* Agamemnon, v. 148.

Purſues

Purſues the foe inceſſant, duſt and blood,
Blood mixed with duſt, diſtains his murderous hands.
As when a lion in the gloom of night
Invades an herd of beeves, o'er all the plains
Trembling they ſcatter: furious on the prey
The generous ſavage flies, and with fierce joy
Seizes the laſt: his hungry foaming jaws
Churn the black blood, and rend the panting prey.
Thus fled the foe, Atrides thus purſued,
And ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew: they from their cars
Fell headlong, for his javelin, wild for blood,
Rag'd terribly; and now proud Troy had fal'n,
But the dread Sire of men and Gods deſcends
Terrific from his heavens, his vengeful hand
Ten thouſand thunders graſps: on Ida's heights
He takes his ſtand, it ſhakes with all its groves
Beneath the God; the God ſuſpends the war.

To Mrs. ELIZ. M———T, on her Picture, 1716.

O! wondrous art, that grace to ſhadows gives!
By whoſe command the lovely phantom lives?
Smiles with her ſmiles! the mimic eye inſtills
A real flame! the fancy'd lightning kills!
Thus mirrors catch the love-inſpiring face,
And the new charmer grace returns for grace.
Hence ſhall thy beauties, when no more appears
Their fair poſſeſſor, ſhine a thouſand years;

By

By age uninjur'd, future times adorn,
And warm the hearts of millions yet unborn,
Who, gazing on the portrait with a ſigh,
Shall grieve ſuch perfect charms could ever die:
How would they grieve, if to ſuch beauties join'd
The paint could ſhew the wonders of thy mind?
O! virgin, born th' admiring world to grace!
Tranſmit thy excellence to lateſt days;
Yield to thy lover's vows! and then ſhall riſe
A race of beauties conquering with thine eyes:
Who reigning in thy charms from death ſhall ſave
That lovely form, and triumph o'er the grave.
Thus when through age the roſe-tree's charms decay,
When all her fading beauties die away;
A blooming offspring fills the parent's place
With equal fragrance, and with equal grace.
But ah! how ſhort a date on earth is given
To the moſt lovely workmanſhip of heaven?
Too ſoon that cheek muſt every charm reſign,
And thoſe love-darting eyes forget to ſhine!
While thouſands, weeping round, with ſighs ſurvey
What once was you——now only beauteous clay!
Ev'n from the canvas ſhall thy image fade,
And thou re-periſh in thy periſh'd ſhade:
Then may this verſe to future ages ſhow
One perfect beauty——ſuch as thou art now!
May it the graces of thy ſoul diſplay,
Till this world ſinks, and ſuns themſelves decay;

Fantaſtic power! * What rage thy darts inſpire,
When too much beauty kindles too much fire?
Thoſe darts, to jealous rage ſtern Herod drove,
It was a crime, but crime of too much love!
Yet if condemn'd he falls---with pitying eyes
Behold his injur'd Mariamne riſe!
No fancy'd tale! our opening ſcenes diſcloſe
Hiſtoric truth, and ſwell with real woes.
Awful in virtuous grief the queen appears,
And ſtrong the eloquence of royal tears;
By woes ennobled, with majeſtic pace,
She meets misfortune, glorious in diſgrace!
Small is the praiſe of beauty, when it flies
Fair honour's laws, at beſt but lovely vice;
Charms it like Venus with celeſtial air?
Ev'n Venus is but ſcandalouſly fair;
But when ſtrict honour with fair features joins,
Like heat and light, at once it warms and ſhines.
† Then let her fate your kind attention raiſe,
Whoſe perfect charms were but her ſecond praiſe;
Beauty and virtue your protection claim,
Give tears to beauty, give to virtue fame.

VARIATIONS.

* What pangs &c.

† Then let her fate your juſt attention raiſe,
Whoſe perfect graces were but ſecond praiſe.

To Mr. A. POPE, who corrected my Verſes.

IF e'er my humble Muſe melodious ſings,
'Tis when you animate and tune her ſtrings;
If e'er ſhe mounts, 'tis when you prune her wings.
You, like the ſun, your glorious beams diſplay,
Deal to the darkeſt orb a friendly ray,
And cloathe it with the luſtre of the day.
Mean was the piece, unelegantly wrought,
The colours faint, irregular the draught;
But your commanding touch, your nicer art,
Rais'd every ſtroke, and brighten'd every part.
So, when Luke drew the rudiments of man,
An angel finiſh'd what the ſaint began;
His wondrous pencil, dipt in heavenly dyes,
Gave beauty to the face, and lightning to the eyes.
Confus'd it lay, a rough unpoliſh'd maſs,
You gave the royal ſtamp, and made it paſs;
Hence ev'n deformity a beauty grew,
She pleas'd, ſhe charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd by you;
Though like Prometheus I the image frame,
You give the life, and bring the heavenly flame.
Thus when the Nile diffus'd his watery train
In ſtreams of plenty o'er the fruitful plain;
Unſhapen forms, the refuſe of the flood,
Iſſued imperfect from the teeming mud;

But the great ſource and parent of the day,
Faſhion'd the creature, and inform'd the clay.*
Weak of herſelf, my Muſe forbears her flight,
Views her own lowneſs, and Parnaſſus' height;
But when you aid her ſong, and deign to nod,
She ſpreads a bolder wing, and feels the preſent God.
So the Cumæan propheteſs was dumb,
Blind to the knowledge of events to come;

ADDITION.

To nobler themes thy Muſe triumphant ſoars,
Mounts through the tracts of air, and heaven explores.
Say, has ſome ſeraph tun'd thy ſacred lyre?
Or deign'd to touch thy hallow'd lips with fire?
For ſure ſuch ſounds exalt th' immortal ſtring,
As heaven approves, and raptur'd angels ſing.
Ah! how I liſten, while the mortal lay
Lifts me from earth above the ſolar way!
Ah! how I look with ſcorn on pompous crowns,
And pity monarchs on their ſplendid thrones;
While, thou my guide, I trace all nature's laws,
By juſt gradations, to the ſovereign cauſe!
Pleas'd I ſurvey how varying ſchemes unite,
Worlds with the atoms, angels with the mite,
And end in God, high thron'd above all height,
Who ſees, as Lord of all, with equal eye,
Now a proud tyrant periſh, then a fly.
Methinks I view the patriarch's ladder riſe,
Its baſe on earth, its ſummit in the ſkies:
Each wondrous ſtep by glorious angels trod,
And heaven unfolding to the throne of God,
Be this thy praiſe! I haunt the lovely bower,
Sport by the ſpring, or paint the blooming flower,
Nor dares the Muſe attempt an arduous height, &c.

But

But when Apollo in her breaſt abode,
She heav'd, ſhe ſwell'd, ſhe felt the ruſhing God;
Then accents more than mortal from her broke,
And what the God inſpir'd, the prieſteſs ſpoke.

MONSIEUR MAYNARD IMITATED.

To the Right Honourable the Lord CORNWALLIS.

WHILE paſt its noon the lamp of life declines,
And age my vital flame invades;
Faint, and more faint, as it deſcends, it ſhines,
And haſtes, alas! to ſet in ſhades.

Then ſome kind power ſhall guide my ghoſt to glades,
Where, ſeated by Elyſian ſprings,
Fam'd Addiſon attunes to patriot ſhades
His lyre, and Albion's glory ſings.

There round, majeſtic ſhades, and heroes forms,
Will throng, to learn what pilot guides,
Watchful, Britannia's helm through factious ſtorms,
And curbs the murmuring rebel tides.

I tell how Townſhend treads the glorious path
That leads the great to deathleſs fame,
And dwell at large on ſpotleſs Engliſh faith,
While Walpole is the favourite theme.

How, nobly riſing in their country's cauſe,
The ſtedfaſt arbiters of right
Exalt the juſt and good, to guard her laws,
And call forth merit into light.

A loud applauſe around the echoing coaſt
Of all the pleas'd Elyſium flies.—
But, friend, what place had you, replies ſome ghoſt,
When merit was the way to riſe?

What deanery, or prebend, thine, declare?
Good heavens! unable to reply,
How like a ſtupid idiot I ſhould ſtare?
An anſwer, good my lord, ſupply.

ON A MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

FROM peace, and ſocial joy, Meduſa flies,
And loves to hear the ſtorm of anger riſe;
Thus hags and witches hate the ſmiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempeſts play.

THE COQUETTE.

SILLIA, with unconteſted ſway,
Like Rome's fam'd tyrant reigns;
Beholds adoring crouds obey,
And heroes proud to wear her chains:
Yet ſtoops, like him, to every prize,
Buſy to murder beaux and flies.

She aims at every trifling heart,
Attends each flatterer's vows;
And, like a picture drawn with art,
A look on all that gaze beſtows:

O! may

O! may the power, who lovers rules,
Grant rather scorn, than hope with fools!

Mistaken nymph! the crouds that gaze
Adore thee into shame:
Unguarded beauty is disgrace,
And coxcombs, when they praise, defame:
O! fly such brutes in human shapes,
Nor, like th' Ægyptians, worship apes.

THE WIDOW AND VIRGIN SISTERS.

Being a Letter to the WIDOW, in LONDON.

WHILE Delia shines at Hurlothrumbo,
And darts her sprightly eyes at some beau;
Then, close behind her fan retiring,
Sees through the sticks whole crouds admiring;
You sip your melancholy co-ffy,
And at the name of man, cry, O! pay!
Or, when the holly rapper thunders,
Say coldly--- sure the fellow plunders!
Unseen! though peer on peer appearances
James, I'm abroad!---but learn the cosmes.
As some young pleader, when his purse is
Unfill'd, through want of controversies,
Attends, until the chinks are fill'd all,
The assizes, Westminster, and Guildhall;
While grater lawyers keep their house, and
Collect the guineas by the thousand.

Or as ſome tradeſmen, through ſhow-glaſſes,
Expoſe their wares to each that paſſes,
Toys of no uſe! high-priz'd commodities
Bought to no end! Eſtates in oddities!
Others, with like advantage drive at
Their gain, from ſtore-houſes in private:
Thus Delia ſhines in places general,
Is never miſſing where the men are all;
Goes ev'n to church with godly airs,
To meet good company at prayers:
Where ſhe devoutly plays her fan,
Looks up to heaven, but thinks on man:
You ſit at home: enjoy your * couſin,
While hearts are offer'd by the dozen:
O! born above your ſex to riſe,
With youth, wealth, beauty, titles---wiſe!
O! Lady bright, did ne'er you mark yet,
In country fair, or country market,
A beau, whoſe eloquence might charm ye,
Enliſting ſoldiers for the army:
He flatters every well-built youth,
And tells him every thing but---truth.
He cries, Good friend, I'm glad I hap'd in
Your company, you'll make a captain!
He liſts---but finds theſe gaudy ſhows
Soon chang'd, to ſurly looks, and blows:
'Tis now, March, raſcal! what d'ye grumble?
Thwack goes the cane! I'll make you humble.

* Mrs. S——th.

Such

Such weddings are: and I reſemble 'em,
Almoſt in all points to this emblem.
While courtſhip laſts, 'tis, dear 'tis, madam!
The ſweeteſt creature ſure ſince Adam.
Had I the years of a Methuſalem,
How in my charmer's praiſe I'd uſe all 'em!
O! take me to thy arms, my beauty!
I doat, adore the very ſhoe-tye!
They wed---but, fancy grows leſs warming,
Next morn, he thinks the bride leſs charming;
He ſays, nay ſwears, My wife grows old in
One ſingle month; then falls to ſcolding,
What, madam, gadding every day!
Up to your room! there ſtitch, or pray!
Such proves the marriage-ſtate! but for all
Theſe truths, you'll wed, and ſcorn the moral.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND, MR. ELIJAH FENTON, 1730.

"Calentem
"Debitâ ſparges lacryma favillam
"Vatis amici." HOR.

AS when the King of Peace, and Lord of Love,
Sends down ſome brighter angel from above,
Pleas'd with the beauties of the heavenly Gueſt,
Awhile we view him in full glory dreſt,
But he, impatient from his heaven to ſtay,
Soon diſappears, and wings his airy way;

So

So did'ſt thou vaniſh, eager to appear,
And ſhine triumphant in thy native ſphere.
Yet had'ſt thou all that virtue can beſtow,
All, the Good practiſe, and the learned know;
Such holy rapture, as not warms, but fires,
While the ſoul ſeems retiring, or retires:
Such tranſports, as thoſe ſaints in viſion ſhare,
Who know not whether they are rapt through air,
Or bring down heaven to meet them in a prayer.
O! early loſt! yet ſtedfaſt to ſurvey
Envy, diſeaſe, and death, without diſmay;
Serene, the ſting of * pain thy thoughts beguile,
And make afflictions, objects of a ſmile.
So the fam'd Patriarch, on his couch of ſtone,
Enjoy'd bright viſions from th' eternal throne.
Thus wean'd from earth, where pleaſure ſcarce can pleaſe,
Thy woes but haſten'd thee to heaven and peace:
As angry winds, when loud the tempeſt roars,
More ſwiftly ſpeed the veſſel to the ſhores.
O! may theſe lays a laſting luſtre ſhed
O'er thy dark urn, like lamps that grace the dead!
Strong were thy thoughts, yet reaſon bore the ſway,
Humble, yet learn'd; though innocent, yet gay:
So pure of heart, that thou might'ſt fafely ſhow
Thy inmoſt boſom to thy baſeſt foe:
Careleſs of wealth, thy bliſs a calm retreat,
Far from the inſults of the ſcornful great;

* The gout.

Thence

Thence looking with diſdain on proudeſt things,
Thou deemed'ſt mean the pageantry of kings;
Who build their pride on trappings of a throne,
A painted ribband, or a glittering ſtone,
Uſeleſsly bright! 'twas thine the ſoul to raiſe
To nobler objects, ſuch as angels praiſe!
To live, to mortals' empty fame, a foe;
And pity human joy, and human woe!
To view ev'n ſplendid vice with generous hate,
In life unblemiſh'd, and in death ſedate!
Then conſcience, ſhining with a lenient ray,
Dawn'd o'er thy ſoul, and promis'd endleſs day.
So from the ſetting orb of Phœbus fly
Beams of calm light, and glitter to the ſky.
Where now, O! where ſhall I true friendſhip find
Among the treacherous race of baſe mankind?
Whom, whom conſult in all th' uncertain ways
Of various life, ſincere to blame, or praiſe?
O! friend! O! falling in thy ſtrength of years,
Warm from the melting ſoul receive theſe tears!
O! woods! O! wilds! O! every bowery ſhade!
So often vocal by his muſic made,
Now other ſounds---far other ſounds return,
And o'er his herſe with all your echoes mourn!---
Yet dare we grieve that ſoon the paths he trod
To heaven, and left vain man for Saints and God?
Thus in the theatre the ſcenes unfold
A thouſand wonders glorious to behold;
And here, or there, as the machine extends,
A hero riſes, or a God deſcends:

But

But ſoon the momentary pleaſure flies,
Swift vaniſhes the God, or hero dies.
Where were ye, Muſes, by what fountain ſide,
What river ſporting, when your favorite dy'd?
He knew by verſe to chain the headlong floods,
Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods.
Nor deign'd but to high * themes to tune the firing,
To ſuch as heaven might hear, and angels ſing:
Unlike thoſe bards, who, uninform'd to play,
Grate on their jarring pipes a flaſhy lay:
Each line diſplay'd united ſtrength and eaſe,
Form'd like his manners to inſtruct and pleaſe.
So herbs of balmy excellence produce
A blooming flower and ſalutary juice:
And while each plant a ſmiling grace reveals,
Uſefully gay! at once it charms, and heals.
Tranſcend ev'n after death, ye great, in ſhow,
Lend pomp to aſhes, and be vain in woe;
Hire ſubſtitutes to mourn with formal cries,
And bribe unwilling drops from venal eyes,
While here ſincerity of grief appears,
Silence that ſpeaks, and eloquence in tears!
While tir'd of life, we but conſent to live
To ſhow the world how really we grieve!
As ſome fond ſire, whoſe only ſon lies dead,
All loſt to comfort makes the duſt his bed:
Hangs o'er his urn, with frantic grief deplores,
And bathes his clay-cold cheek with copious ſhowers,

* Mr. Fenton intended to write upon moral ſubjects.

Such

Such heart-felt pangs on thy ſad bier attend;
Companion! Brother! all in one---my friend!
Unleſs the ſoul a wound eternal bears,
Sighs are but air, but common water, tears;
The proud, relentleſs, weep in ſtate, and ſhow
Not ſorrow, but magnificence of woe.

Thus in the fountain, from the ſculptor's hands,
With imitated life, an image ſtands;
From rocky entrails, through his ſtony eyes,
The mimic tears in ſtreams inceſſant riſe;
Unconſcious! while aloft the waters flow,
The gazers wonder, and a public ſhow.

Ye hallow'd domes, his frequent viſits tell,
Thou court, where God himſelf delights to dwell;
Thou myſtic table, and thou holy feaſt,
How often have ye ſeen the ſacred gueſt!
How oft his ſoul with heavenly manna fed!
His faith enliven'd, while his ſin lay dead!
While liſtening angels heard ſuch raptures riſe,
As, when they hymn th' Almighty, charm the ſkies?
But where, now where, without the body's aid,
New to the heavens, ſubſiſts thy gentle ſhade?
Glides it beyond our groſs imperfect ſky,
Pleas'd high o'er ſtars, from world to world, to fly?
And fearleſs marks the comet's dreadful blaze,
While monarchs quake, and trembling nations gaze?
Or holds deeps converſe with the mighty dead,
Champions of virtue, who for virtue bled?
Or joins in conſort with angelic choirs,
Where hymning ſeraphs ſound their golden lyres,

Where raptur'd ſaints unfading crowns inwreath,
Triumphant o'er the world, o'er ſin, and death?
O! may the thought his friend's devotion raiſe!
O! may he imitate, as well as praiſe!
Awake, my heavy ſoul! and upward fly,
Speak to the ſaint, and meet him in the ſky,
And aſk the certain way to riſe as high.

To THOMAS MARRIOT, Eſq;

I Prefix your name to the following poem, as a monument of the long and ſincere friendſhip I have borne you: I am ſenſible you are too good a judge of poetry to approve it; however, it will be a teſtimony of my reſpect: You conferred obligations upon me very early in life, almoſt as ſoon as I was capable of receiving them: May theſe verſes on Death long ſurvive my own! and remain a memorial of our friendſhip, and my gratitude when I am no more.

WILLIAM BROOME.

A POEM ON DEATH.

Τὶς οἶδ' εἰ τὸ ζῆν μέν ἐστι καθανεῖν,
Τὸ καθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν; EURIP.

O! for Elijah's car, to wing my way
O'er the dark gulph of death to endleſs day!
A thouſand ways, alas! frail mortals lead
To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread!

See! in the horrors of yon houſe of woes,
Troops of all maladies the fiend encloſe!
High on a trophy rais'd of human bones,
Swords, ſpears, and arrows, and ſepulchral ſtones,
In horrid ſtate ſhe reigns! attendant ills
Beſiege her throne, and when ſhe frowns, ſhe kills:
Through the thick gloom the torch red-gleaming burns
O'er ſhrouds, and ſable palls, and mouldering urns:
While flowing ſtoles, black plumes, and ſcutcheons ſpread
An idle pomp around the ſilent dead:
Unaw'd by power, in common heap ſhe flings
The ſcrips of beggars, and the crowns of kings:
Here gales of ſighs, inſtead of breezes, blow,
And ſtreams of tears for ever-murmuring flow:
The mournful yew with ſolemn horror waves
His baleful branches, ſaddening even the graves;
Around all birds obſcene loud-ſcreaming fly,
Clang their black wings, and ſhriek along the ſky:
The ground perverſe, though bare and barren, breeds
All poiſons, foes to life, and noxious weeds:
But, blaſted frequent by th' unwholſome ſky,
Dead fall the birds, the very poiſons die.
Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors,
Old age, half vaniſh'd to a ghoſt, deplores:
Prop'd on his crutch, he drags with many a groan
The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down.
There, downward driving an unnumber'd band,
Intemperance and Diſeaſe, walk hand in hand;
Theſe, Torment, whirling with remorſeleſs ſway
A ſcourge of iron, laſhes on the way.

There frantic Anger, prone to wild extremes,
Graſps an enſanguin'd ſword, and heaven blaſphemes.
There heart-ſick Agony diſtorted ſtands,
Writhes his convulſive limbs, and wrings his hands.
There Sorrow droops his ever-penſive head,
And Care ſtill toſſes on his iron bed:
Or, muſing, faſtens on the ground his eye,
With folded arms; with every breath, a ſigh.
Hydrops unwieldy wallows in a flood,
And Murther rages, red with human blood,
With Fever, Famine, and afflictive Pain,
Plague, Peſtilence, and War, a diſmal train!
Theſe, and a thouſand more, the fiend ſurround,
Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans reſound.
O! Heavens! is this the paſſage to the ſkies
That man muſt tread, when man your favourite dies?
Oh! for Elijah's car, to wing my way
O'er the dark gulph of death to endleſs day!
Confounded at the ſight, my ſpirits fled,
My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead!
I wail'd the lot of man, that all would ſhun,
And all muſt bear that breathe beneath the ſun.
When lo! an heavenly form, divinely fair,
Shoots from the ſtarry vault through fields of air;
And, ſwifter than on wings of lightning driven,
At once ſeems here and there, in earth and heaven!
A dazzling brightneſs in refulgent ſtreams
Flows from his locks inwreath'd with ſunny beams;
His roſeate cheeks the bloom of heaven diſplay,
And from his eyes dart glories, more than day:

A robe,

A robe, of light condens'd, around him ſhone,
And his loins glitter'd with a ſtarry zone:
And while the liſtening winds lay huſh'd to hear,
Thus ſpoke the viſion, amiably ſevere!
Vain man! would'ſt thou eſcape the common lot,
To live, to ſuffer, die, and be forgot?
Look back on ancient times, primæval years,
All, all are paſt! a mighty void appears!
Heroes, and kings, thoſe Gods of earth, whoſe fame
Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name!
The great in arts, or arms; the wiſe, the juſt,
Mix with the meaneſt in congenial duſt!
Ev'n Saints and Prophets the ſame paths have trod,
Ambaſſadors of heaven, and friends of God!
And thou, would'ſt thou the general ſentence fly?
Moſes is dead! thy Saviour deign'd to die!
Mortal, in all thy acts regard thy end;
Live well, the time thou liv'ſt, and death 's thy friend:
Then curb each rebel thought againſt the ſky,
And die reſign'd, O! Man ordain'd to die!
He added not, but ſpread his wings in flight,
And vaniſh'd inſtant in a blaze of light.
Abaſh'd, aſham'd, I cry, Eternal Power,
I yield! I wait reſign'd the appointed hour!
Man, fooliſh man, no more thy ſoul deceive!
To die, is but the ſureſt way to live:
When age we aſk, we aſk it in our wrong,
And pray our time of ſuffering may be long;
The nauſeous draught, and dregs of life to drain,
And feel infirmity, and length of pain!

What art thou life, that we ſhould court thy ſtay?
A breath, one ſingle gaſp muſt puff away!
A ſhort-liv'd flower, that with the day muſt fade!
A fleeting vapour, and an empty ſhade!
A ſtream, that ſilently but ſwiftly glides
To meet eternity's immeaſur'd tides!
A being, loſt alike by pain or joy!
A fly can kill it, or a worm deſtroy!
Impair'd by labour, and by eaſe undone,
Commenc'd in tears, and ended in a groan!
Ev'n while I write, the tranſient NOW is paſt,
And death more near this ſentence, than the laſt!
As ſome weak Iſthmus ſeas from ſeas divides,
Beat by rude waves, and ſap'd by ruſhing tides,
Torn from its baſe, no more their fury bears,
At once they cloſe, at once it diſappears:
Such, ſuch is life! the mark of miſery plac'd
Between two worlds, the future and the paſt;
To time, to ſickneſs, and to death a prey,
It ſinks, the frail poſſeſſion of a day!

As ſome fond boy, in ſport, along the ſhore
Builds from the ſands a fabric of an hour;
Proud of his ſpacious walls, and ſtately rooms,
He ſtyles the mimic cells imperial domes:
The little monarch ſwells with fancy'd ſway:
Till ſome wind riſing puffs the dome away;
So the poor reptile, man! an heir of woe,
The lord of earth and ocean, ſwells in ſhow;
He plants, he builds, aloft the walls ariſe!
The noble plan he finiſhes, and——dies.

Swept from the earth, he ſhares the common fate,
His ſole diſtinction now, to rot in ſtate!
Thus buſy to no end till out of breath,
Tir'd we lie down, and cloſe up all in death.
  Then bleſt the man whom gracious heaven has led
Through life's blind mazes to th' immortal dead!
Who ſafely landed on the bliſsful ſhore,
Nor human folly feels nor frailty more!
O! Death, thou cure of all our idle ſtrife!
End of the gay, or ſerious farce of life!
Wiſh of the juſt, and refuge of th' oppreſt!
Where poverty, and where ev'n kings find reſt!
Safe, from the frowns of power! calm, thoughtful hate!
And the rude inſults of the ſcornful great!
The grave is ſacred! wrath and malice dread
To violate its peace, and wrong the dead:
But, life, thy name is woe! to death we fly
To grow immortal!——into life we die!
Then wiſely heaven in ſilence has confin'd
The happier dead, leſt none ſhould ſtay behind.
What though the path be dark that muſt be trod,
Though man be blotted from the works of God,
Though the four winds his ſcatter'd atoms bear
To earth's extremes through all th' expanſe of air;
Yet burſting glorious from the ſilent clay,
He mounts triumphant to eternal day.
  So when the ſun rolls down th' ethereal plain,
Extinct his ſplendors in the whelming main:

A tranſient night earth, air, and heaven invades,
Eclips'd in horrors of ſurrounding ſhades:
But ſoon, emerging with a freſher ray,
He ſtarts exultant, and renews the day.

COURAGE IN LOVE.

MY eyes with floods of tears o'erflow,
My boſom heaves with conſtant woe;
Thoſe eyes, which thy unkindneſs ſwells,
That boſom, where thy image dwells!
How could I hope ſo weak a flame
Could ever warm that matchleſs dame,
When none Elyſium muſt behold,
Without a radiant bough of gold?
'Tis hers, in ſpheres to ſhine,
At diſtance to admire, is mine:
Doom'd, like th' enamour'd * youth, to groan
For a new goddeſs form'd of ſtone.
While thus I ſpoke, Love's gentle power
Deſcended from th' æthereal bower;
A quiver at his ſhoulder hung,
A ſhaft he graſp'd, and bow unſtrung.
All nature own'd the genial God,
And the ſpring flouriſh'd where he trod:
My heart, no ſtranger to the gueſt,
Flutter'd, and labour'd in my breaſt;

* Polydorus, who pined to death for the love of a beautiful ſtatue.

When, with a ſmile that kindles joy
Ev'n in the Gods, began the boy:
How vain theſe tears! is man decreed,
By being abject, to ſucceed?
Hop'ſt thou by meagre looks to move?
Are women frighten'd into love?
He moſt prevails who nobly dares;
In love an hero, as in wars:
Ev'n Venus may be known to yield,
But 'tis when Mars diſputes the field:
Sent from a daring hand my dart
Strikes deep into the fair-one's heart:
To winds and waves thy cares bequeath,
A ſigh is but a waſte of breath:
What though gay youth, and every grace
That beauty boaſts, adorn her face,
Yet Goddeſſes have deign'd to wed,
And take a mortal to their bed:
And heaven, when gifts of incenſe riſe,
Accepts it, though it cloud their ſkies.
Mark! how this marygold conceals
Her beauty, and her boſom veils,
How from the dull embrace ſhe flies
Of Phœbus, when his beams ariſe;
But when his glory he diſplays,
And darts around his fiercer rays,
Her charms ſhe opens, and receives
The vigorous God into her leaves.

THE COMPLAINT.

CÆLIA to DAMON.

I Who was once the glory of the plain,
The faireſt virgin of the virgin train,
Am now (by thee, O! faithleſs man, betray'd!)
A fall'n, a loſt, a miſerable maid.
Ye winds, that witneſs to my deep deſpair,
Receive my ſighs, and waft them through the air,
And gently breathe them to my Damon's ear!
Curſt, ever curſt be that unlucky day,
When trembling, ſighing, at my feet he lay,
I trembled, ſigh'd, and look'd my heart away!
Why was he form'd, ye powers, his ſex's pride,
Too falſe to love, too fair to be deny'd?
Ye heedleſs virgins, gaze not on his eyes;
Lovely they are, but ſhe that gazes dies!
O! fly his voice, be deaf to all he ſays,
Charms has his voice, but charming it betrays!
At every word, each motion of his eye,
A thouſand loves are born, a thouſand lovers die.
Say, gentle youths, ye bleſt Arcadian ſwains,
Inhabitants of theſe delightful plains,
Say, by what fountain, in what roſy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour!
To you, dear fugitive, where'er you ſtray,
Wild with deſpair, impatient of delay,

Swift

Swift on the wings of eager love I fly,
Or ſend my ſoul ſtill ſwifter in a ſigh!
I 'd then inform you of your Cælia's cares,
And try the eloquence of female tears;
Fearleſs I 'd paſs where deſolation reigns,
Tread the wild waſte, or burning Libyan plains:
Or where the North his furious pinions tries,
And howling hurricanes embroil the ſkies!
Should all the monſters in Getulia bred
Oppoſe the paſſage of a tender maid,
Dauntleſs, if Damon calls, his Cælia ſpeeds
Through all the monſters that Getulia breeds!
Bold was Bonduca, and her arrows flew
Swift and unerring from the twanging yew:
By love inſpir'd, I 'll teach the ſhaft to fly,
For thee I 'd conquer, or at leaſt would die!
If o'er the dreary Caucaſus you go,
Or mountains crown'd with everlaſting ſnow,
Where through the freezing ſkies in ſtorms it pours,
And brightens the dull air with ſhining ſhowers,
Ev'n there with you I could ſecurely reſt,
And dare all cold, but in my Damon's breaſt;
Or ſhould you dwell beneath the ſultry ray,
Where riſing Phœbus uſhers in the day,
There, there I dwell! Thou ſun, exert thy fires,
Love, mighty love, a fiercer flame inſpires:
Or if a pilgrim you would pay your vows,
Where Jordan's ſtreams in ſoft mæanders flows;
I 'll be a pilgrim, and my vows I 'll pay
Where Jordan's ſtreams in ſoft mæanders play;

Joy of my ſoul! my every wiſh in one!
Why muſt I love, when loving I'm undone?
Sweet are the whiſpers of the waving trees,
And murmuring waters, curling to the breeze;
Sweet are ſoft ſlumbers in the ſhady bowers
When glowing ſuns infeſt the ſultry hours;
But not the whiſpers of the waving trees,
Nor murmuring waters, curling to the breeze,
Not ſweet ſoft ſlumbers in the ſhady bowers,
When thou art abſent whom my ſoul adores!
Come, let us ſeek ſome flowery, fragrant bed!
Come, on thy boſom reſt my love-ſick head!
Come, drive thy flocks beneath the ſhady hills,
Or ſoftly ſlumber by the murmuring rills!
Ah no! he flies! that dear enchanting he!
Whoſe beauty ſteals my very ſelf from me!
Yet wert thou wont the garland to prepare,
To crown with fragrant wreaths thy Cælia's hair;
When to the lyre ſhe tun'd the vocal lays,
Thy tongue would flatter, and thine eyes ſpeak praiſe;
And when ſmooth-gliding in the dance ſhe mov'd,
Aſk thy falſe boſom if it never lov'd?
And ſtill her eye ſome little luſtre bears
If ſwains ſpeak truth!---though dim'd for thee with tears!
But fade each grace! ſince he no longer ſees
Thoſe charms, for whom alone I wiſh to pleaſe!
But whence theſe ſudden, ſad preſaging fears,
Theſe riſing ſighs, and whence theſe flowing tears?
Ah! leſt the trumpet's terrible alarms,
Have drawn the lover from his Cælia's charms,
To try the doubtful field, and ſhine in azure arms!

Ah!

Ah! canſt thou bear the labours of the war,
Bend the tough bow, or dart the pointed ſpear?
Deſiſt, fond youth! let others glory gain,
Seek empty honour o'er the ſurgy main,
Or ſheath'd in horrid arms ruſh dreadful to the plain!
Thee, ſhepherd, thee the pleaſurable woods,
The painted meadows, and the cryſtal floods,
Claim and invite to bleſs their ſweet abodes.
There ſhady bowers and ſylvan ſcenes ariſe,
There fountains murmur, and the ſpring ſupplies
Flowers to delight the ſmell, or charm the eyes:
But mourn, ye ſylvan ſcenes and ſhady bowers,
Weep all ye fountains, languiſh all ye flowers!
If in a deſert Damon but appear,
To Cælia's eyes a deſert is more fair
Than all your charms, when Damon is not there!
Gods! what ſoft words, what ſweet deluſive wiles
He boaſts! and oh! thoſe dear undoing ſmiles!
Pleas'd with our ruin, to his arms we run:
To be undone by him, who would not be undone?
Alas! I rave! ye ſwelling torrents, roll
Your watery tribute o'er my love-ſick ſoul!
To cool my heart, your waves, ye oceans, bear!
Oh! vain are all your waves, for Love is there!
But ah! what ſudden thought to frenzy moves
My tortur'd ſoul?---perhaps, my Damon loves!
Some fatal beauty, yielding all her charms,
Detains the lovely traitor from my arms!
Blaſt her, ye ſkies! let inſtant vengeance ſeize
Thoſe guilty charms, whoſe crime it is to pleaſe!

Damon is mine!---fond maid, thy fears ſubdue!
Am I not jealous? and my charmer true?
O! heaven! from jealouſy my boſom ſave!
Cruel as death, inſatiate as the grave!
Ye powers! of all the ills that ever curſt
Our ſex, ſure man, diſſembling man, is worſt!
Like froward boys, awhile in wanton play,
He ſports with hearts, then throws the toys away:
With ſpecious wiles weak woman he aſſails,
He ſwears, weeps, ſmiles, he flatters, and prevails:
Then in the moment when the maid believes,
The perjur'd traitor triumphs, ſcorns, and leaves:
How oft my Damon ſwore, th' all-ſeeing ſun
Should change his courſe, and rivers backward run,
Ere his fond heart ſhould range, or faithleſs prove
To the bright object of his ſtedfaſt love?
O! inſtant change thy courſe, all-ſeeing ſun!
Damon is falſe! ye rivers, backward run!
But die, O! wretched Cælia, die! in vain
Thus to the fields and floods you breathe your pain!
The tear is fruitleſs, and the tender ſigh,
And life a load!---forſaken Cælia die!
Fly ſwifter, time! O! ſpeed the joyful hour!
Receive me, grave!---then I ſhall love no more!
Ah! wretched maid, ſo ſad a cure to prove!
Ah! wretched maid, to fly to death from love!
Yet oh! when this poor frame no more ſhall live,
Be happy, Damon! may not Damon grieve!
Ah me! I 'm vain! my death can not appear
Worth the vaſt price of but a ſingle tear.

Forlorn,

Forlorn, abandon'd to the rocks I go
But they have learn'd new cruelties of you!
Alone, relenting Echo with me mourns,
And faint with grief ſhe ſcarce my ſighs returns!
Then ſighs adieu! ye nobler paſſions riſe!
Be wiſe, fond maid!---but who in love is wiſe?
I rage, I rail, th' extremes of anger prove,
Nay, almoſt hate!---then love thee beyond love!
Pity, kind heaven, and right an injur'd maid!
Yet, oh! yet, ſpare the dear deceiver's head!
If from the ſultry ſuns at noontide hours
He ſeeks the covert of the breezy bowers,
Awake, O South, and where my charmer lies,
Bid roſes bloom, and beds of fragrance riſe:
Gently, O gently round in whiſpers fly,
Sigh to his ſighs, and fan the glowing ſky!
If o'er the waves he cuts the liquid way,
Be ſtill, ye waves, or round his veſſel play!
And you, ye winds, confine each ruder breath,
Lie huſh'd in ſilence, and be calm as death!
But if he ſtay detain'd by adverſe gales,
My ſighs ſhall drive the ſhip, and fill the flagging ſails.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HESIOD

AND

APPOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

" —— Vos exemplaria Græca
" Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ." HOR.

The BATTLE of the GODS and TITANS

From the Theogony of HESIOD; with a Deſcription of Tartarus, &c.

——μάχην δ' ἀμέγαρτον ἔγειραν
Πάντες, &c. Θεογ. 666.

NOW ſounds the vault of heaven with loud alarms,
And Gods by Gods embattling ruſh to arms;
Here ſtalk the Titans of portentous ſize,
Burſt from their dungeons, and aſſault the ſkies;
And there, unchain'd from Erebus and Night,
Auxiliar * giants aid the Gods in fight:
An hundred arms each tower-like warrior rears,
And ſtares from fifty heads amid the ſtars;
The dreadful brotherhood ſtern-frowning ſtands,
And hurls an hundred rocks from hundred hands:
The Titans ruſh'd with fury uncontrol'd,
Gods ſunk on Gods, o'er giant giant roll'd;
Then roar'd the ocean with a dreadful ſound,
Heaven ſhook with all its thrones, and groan'd the ground,
Trembled th' eternal poles at every ſtroke,
And frighted hell from its foundations ſhook;
Noiſe, horrid noiſe, th' aerial region fills,
Rocks daſh on rocks, and hills encounter hills;

* Ægeon, Cottus, Gyges.

Throw

Through earth, air, heaven, tumultuous clamours riſe,
And ſhouts of battle thunder in the ſkies:
Then Jove omnipotent diſplay'd the God,
And all Olympus trembled as he trod:
He graſps ten thouſand thunders in his hand,
Bares his red arm, and wields the forky brand;
Then aims the bolts, and bids his lightnings play,
They flaſh, and rend through heaven their flaming way:
Redoubling blow on blow, in wrath he moves,
The ſing'd earth groans, and burns with all her groves;
The floods, the billows, boiling hiſs with fires,
And bickering flame, and ſmouldering ſmoke aſpires:
A night of clouds blots out the golden day;
Full in their eyes the writhen lightnings play,
Ev'n chaos burns: again earth groans, heaven roars,
As tumbling downward with its ſhining towers;
Or burſt this earth, torn from her central place,
With dire diſruption from her deepeſt baſe:
Nor ſlept the wind: the wind new horror forms,
Clouds daſh on clouds before th' outrageous ſtorms;
While tearing up the ſands, in drifts they riſe,
And half the deſerts mount th' encumber'd ſkies:
At once the tempeſt bellows, lightnings fly,
The thunders roar, and clouds involve the ſky;
Stupendous were the deeds of heavenly might;
What leſs, when Gods conflicting cope in fight?
Now heaven its foes with horrid inroad gores,
And ſlow and ſower recede the giant powers;
Here ſtalks Ægeon, here fierce Gyges moves,
There Cottus rends up hills with all their groves;

Theſe

Theſe hurl'd at once againſt the Titan bands
Three hundred mountains from three hundred hands:
And overſhadowing, overwhelming bound
With chains infrangible beneath the ground;
Below this earth, far as earth's confines lie
Through ſpace unmeaſur'd, from the ſtarry ſky;
Nine days an anvil of enormous weight,
Down ruſhing headlong from th' aerial height,
Scarce reaches earth: Thence toſt in giddy rounds
Scarce reaches in nine days th' infernal bounds;
A wall of iron of ſtupendous height
Guards the dire dungeons black with threefold ſhight;
High o'er the horrors of th' eternal ſhade
The ſtedfaſt baſe of earth and ſeas is laid;
There in coercive durance Jove detains
The groaning Titans in afflictive chains.
A ſeat of woe! remote from chearful day,
Through gulphs impaſſable, a boundleſs way.
Above theſe realms, a brazen ſtructure ſtands
With brazen portals, fram'd by Neptune's hands;
Through chaos to the ocean's baſe it ſwells,
There ſtern Ægeon with his giants dwells;
Fierce guards of Jove! from hence the fountains riſe
That waſh the earth, or wander through the ſkies,
That groaning murmur through the realm of woes,
Or feed the channels where the ocean flows;
Collected horrors throng the dire abodes,
Horrid and fell! deteſted ev'n by Gods?
Enormous gulph! immenſe the bounds appear,
Waſteful and void, the journey of a year;

Where beating ſtorms, as in wild whirls they fight,
Toſs the pale wanderer, and retoſs through night:
The powers immortal with affright ſurvey
The hideous chaſm, and ſeal it up from day.
Hence through the vault of heaven huge Atlas rears
His giant limbs, and props the golden ſpheres:
Here ſable Night, and here the beamy Day,
Lodge and diſlodge, alternate in their ſway.
A brazen port the varying powers divides,
When Day forth iſſues, here the Night reſides;
And when Night veils the ſkies, obſequious Day,
Re-entering, plunges from the ſtarry way.
She from her lamp, with beaming radiance bright,
Pours o'er th' expanded earth a flood of light:
But Night, by Sleep attended, rides in ſhades,
Brother of Death, and all that breathes invades:
From * her foul womb they ſprung, reſiſtleſs powers,
Nurs'd in the horrors of Tartarean bowers,
Remote from day, when with her flaming wheels
She mounts the ſkies, or paints the weſtern hills:
With downy footſteps ſleep in ſilence glides
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the ſpacious tides;
The friend of life! Death unrelenting bears
An iron heart, and laughs at human cares;
She makes the mouldering race of man her prey,
And ev'n th' immortal powers deteſt her ſway.
Thus fell the † Titans from the realms above,
Beneath the thunders of Almighty Jove;

* Of night. † 820.

Then

Then earth impregnate felt maternal woes,
And ſhook through all her frame with teeming throes;
Hence roſe Typhoeus, a gigantic birth,
A monſter ſprung from Tartarus and Earth,
A match for Gods in might! on high he ſpreads
From his huge trunk an hundred dragons heads,
And from an hundred mouths in vengeance flings
Envenom'd foam, and darts an hundred ſtings;
Horror, terrific, frowns from every brow,
And like a furnace his red eye-balls glow;
Fires dart from every creſt, and as he turns
Keen ſplendors flaſh, and all the giant burns:
Whene'er he ſpeaks, in echoing thunders riſe
An hundred voices, and affright the ſkies,
Unutterably fierce! the bright abodes
Frequent they ſhake, and terrify the Gods;
Now bellowing like a ſavage bull, they roar,
Or angry lions in the midnight hour;
Now yell like furious whelps, or hiſs like ſnakes,
The rocks rebound, and every mountain ſhakes;
He hurl'd defiance 'gainſt th' immortal powers,
And heaven had ſeiz'd with all its ſhining towers,
But, at the voice of Jove, from pole to pole
Red lightnings flaſh, and raging thunders roll,
Rattling o'er all th' expanſion of the ſkies,
Bolt after bolt o'er earth and ocean flies.
Stern frowns the God amidſt the lightnings blaze,
Olympus ſhakes from his eternal baſe;
Trembles the earth: fierce flame involves the poles,
Devours the ground, and o'er the billows rolls,

Fires from Typhoeus flaſh: with dreadful ſound
Storms rattle, thunder rolls, and groans the ground;
Above, below, the conflagration roars,
Ev'n the ſeas kindled burn through all their ſhores,
Deluge of fire! Earth rocks her tottering coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts;
Ev'n the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores;
Then, in full wrath, Jove all the God applies,
And all his thunders burſt at once the ſkies,
And ruſhing gloomy from th' Olympian brow,
He blaſts the giant with th' almighty blow;
The giant tumbling ſinks beneath the wound,
And with enormous ruin rocks the ground:
Nor yet the lightnings of th' Almighty ſtay,
Through the ſing'd earth they burſt their burning way;
Earth kindling inward, melts in all her caves,
And hiſſing floats with fierce metallic waves;
As iron fuſile from the furnace flows,
Or molten ore with keen effulgence glows,
When the dire bolts of Jove ſtern Vulcan frames,
In burning channels roll the liquid flames:
Thus melted earth, and Jove from realms on high,
Plung'd the huge giant to the nether ſky.
Then from Typhoeus ſprung the winds that bear
Storms on their wings, and thunder in the air:
But from the Gods deſcend of milder kind,
The Eaſt, the Weſt, the South and Boreal wind;
Theſe in ſoft whiſpers breathe a friendly breeze,
Play through the groves, or ſport upon the ſeas:

They

They fan the [illegible]
And waft from [illegible]
The reſt in ſtorms [illegible]
Toſs the wild waves, [illegible]
Fatal to man! [illegible]
And ſcatter'd [illegible]
Then thundering [illegible]
Graſs, herb, and [illegible]
While towers, [illegible]
Torn from [illegible]
  Thus heaven [illegible]
O'er the proud [illegible]
And now in peace [illegible]
And all the [illegible]

The LOVE of JASON and MEDEA.

From the Third Book, Verſe 743, of Apollonius Rhodius.

Νὺ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγε κνέφας, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tranſlator has taken the liberty in the following verſion from the Argonautics of Apollonius, as well as in the ſtory of Talus, to omit whatever has not an immediate relation to the ſubject; yet hopes that a due connection is not wanting; and that the reader will not be diſpleaſed with theſe ſhort ſketches from a Poet, who is affirmed to be every where ſublime, by no leſs a critic than Longinus; and from whom many verſes are borrowed by ſo great a Poet as Virgil.

NOW riſing ſhades a ſolemn gloom diſplay,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er th' ethereal way:
All night the ſailor marks the northern team,
And golden circlet of Orion's beam:
A deep repoſe the weary wanderer ſhares,
And the faint watchman ſleeps away his cares;
Ev'n the fond mother, while all breathleſs lies
Her child of love, in ſlumber ſeals her eyes;

No

No ſound of village-dog, no noiſe invades
The death-like ſilence of the midnight ſhades;
Alone Medea wakes: To love a prey,
Reſtleſs ſhe rolls, and groans the night away:
Now the fire-breathing bulls command her cares,
She thinks on Jaſon, and for Jaſon fears:
In ſad review, on horrors horrors riſe,
Quick beats her heart, from thought to thought ſhe flies;
As from repleniſh'd urns, with dubious ray,
The ſun-beams dancing from the ſurface play,
Now here, now there, the trembling radiance falls,
Alternate flaſhing round th' illumin'd walls;
Thus fluttering bounds the trembling virgin's blood,
And from her ſhining eyes deſcends a flood:
Now raving with reſiſtleſs flames ſhe glows,
Now ſick with love ſhe melts with ſofter woes:
The tyrant God, of every thought poſſeſt,
Beats in each pulſe, and ſtings and racks her breaſt:
Now ſhe reſolves the magic to betray
To tame the bulls, now yield him up a prey:
Again the drugs diſdaining to ſupply,
She loaths the light, and meditates to die:
Anon, repelling with a brave diſdain
The coward thought, ſhe nouriſhes the pain:
Thus toſt, retoſt with furious ſtorms of cares,
On the cold ground ſhe rolls, and thus with tears:
Ah me! where'er I turn, before my eyes
A dreadful view, on ſorrows ſorrows riſe!
Toſt in a giddy whirl of ſtrong deſire,
I glow, I burn, yet bleſs the pleaſing fire;

O had this ſpirit from its priſon fled,
By Dian ſent to wander with the dead,
Ere the proud Grecians view'd the Cholchian ſkies,
Ere Jaſon, lovely Jaſon, met theſe eyes!
Hell gave the ſhining miſchief to our coaſt,
Medea ſaw him, and Medea's loſt——
But why theſe ſorrows? if the powers on high
His death decree, die, wretched Jaſon die!
Shall I elude my fire? my art betray?
Ah me! what words ſhall purge the guilt away?
But could I yield——O whither muſt I run
To find the man——whom virtue bids me ſhun?
Shall I, all loſt to ſhame, to Jaſon fly?
And yet I muſt---If Jaſon bleeds, I die!
Then, ſhame, farewell! Adieu for ever, fame!
Hail black diſgrace! be fam'd for guilt my name!
Live! Jaſon, live! enjoy the vital air!
Live through my aid! and fly where winds can bear!
But when he flies, ye poiſons, lend your powers,
That day, Medea treads th' infernal ſhores!
Then, wretched maid, thy lot is endleſs ſhame,
Then the proud dames of Cholchos blaſt thy name:
I hear them cry---'The falſe Medea's dead,
'Through guilty paſſion for a ſtranger's bed,
'Medea, careleſs of her virgin fame,
'Prefer'd a ſtranger to a father's name!'
O may I rather yield this vital breath,
Than bear that baſe diſhonour, worſe than death!
Thus wail'd the fair, and ſeiz'd with horrid joy
Drugs foes to life, and potent to deſtroy,

A magazine of death! again ſhe pours
From her ſwoln eye-balls tears in ſhining ſhowers;
With grief inſatiate, and with trembling hands,
All comfortleſs the caſk of death expands:
A ſudden fear her labouring ſoul invades,
Struck with the horrors of th' infernal ſhades:
She ſtands deep-muſing with a faded brow,
Abſorpt in thought, a monument of woe!
While all the comforts that on life attend,
The chearful converſe, and the faithful friend,
By thought deep-imag'd in her boſom play,
Endearing life, and charm deſpair away:
Th' all-chearing ſuns with ſweeter light ariſe,
And every object brightens to her eyes:
Then from her hand the baneful drugs ſhe throws,
Conſents to live, recover'd from her woes;
Reſolv'd the magic virtue to betray,
She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day:
Time ſeems to ſtand, or backward drive his wheels:
The hours ſhe chides, and eyes the eaſtern hills.
At length the dawn with orient beams appears,
The ſhades diſperſe, and man awakes to cares.
Studious to pleaſe, her graceful length of hair
With art ſhe binds, that wanton'd with the air;
From her ſoft cheek ſhe wipes the tear away,
And bids keen lightnings from her eyes to play;
From limb to limb refreſhing unguents pours,
Unguents, that breathe of heaven, in copious ſhowers;
Her robe ſhe next aſſumes; bright claſps of gold
Cloſe to the leſſening waiſt the robe infold;

Down

Down from her ſwelling loins, the reſt unbound
Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground:
Laſt, with a ſhining veil her cheeks ſhe ſhades,
Then ſwimming ſmooth along magnificently treads.
Thus forward moves the faireſt of her kind,
Blind to the future, to the preſent blind;
Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bower,
Alike unconſcious of the bridal hour,
Join to the car the mules; dire rites to pay,
To Hecate's black fane ſhe bends her way;
A juice ſhe bears, whoſe magic virtue tames
(Through fell Perſephone) the rage of flames;
It gives the hero, ſtrong in matchleſs might,
To ſtand ſecure of harms in mortal fight;
It mocks the ſword: the ſword without a wound,
Leaps as from marble ſhiver'd to the ground:
She mounts the car *, nor rode the nymph alone,
On either ſide two lovely damſels ſhone:
Her hand with ſkill th' embroider'd rein controls,
Back fly the ſtreets, as ſwift the chariot rolls.
Along the wheel-worn road they hold their way,
The domes retreat, the ſinking towers decay:
Bare to the knee ſuccinct a damſel train
Behind attends, and glitters tow'rd the plain.
As when her limbs divine, Diana laves
In fair Parthenius, or th' Amneſian waves,
Sublime in royal ſtate the bounding roes
Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows;
Swift to her fane in pomp the goddeſs moves,
The nymphs attend that haunt the ſhady groves,

* 869.

Th'

Th' Amneſian fount, or ſilver-ſtreaming rills;
Nymphs of the vales, or Oreads of the hills!
The fawning beaſts before the goddeſs play,
Or, trembling, ſavage adoration pay.
Thus on her car ſublime the nymph appears,
The croud falls back, and as ſhe moves reveres:
Swift to the fane aloft her courſe ſhe bends;
The fane ſhe reaches, and to earth deſcends:
Then to her train---Ah me! I fear we ſtray,
Miſled by folly to this lonely way!
Alas! ſhould Jaſon with his Greeks appear,
Where ſhould we fly? I fear, alas, I fear!
No more the Cholchian youths, and virgin train,
Haunt the cool ſhade, or tread in dance the plain:
But ſince alone;---with ſports beguile the hours,
Come chaunt the ſong, or pluck the blooming flowers,
Pluck every ſweet, to deck your virgin bowers!
Then warbling ſoft*, ſhe lifts her heavenly voice,
But ſick with mighty love, the ſong is noiſe;
She hears from every note a diſcord riſe,
Till, pauſing, on her tongue the muſic dies;
She hates each object, every face offends,
In every wiſh, her ſoul to Jaſon ſends;
With ſharpen'd eyes the diſtant lawn explores,
To find the object whom her ſoul adores;
At every whiſper of the paſſing air,
She ſtarts, ſhe turns, and hopes her Jaſon there;
Again ſhe fondly looks, nor looks in vain,
He comes, her Jaſon ſhines along the plain:

* 947.

As

As when, emerging from the watery way,
Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,
He ſhines terrific! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death;
Such to the nymph approaching Jaſon ſhows,
Bright author of unutterable woes;
Before her eyes a ſwimming darkneſs ſpread,
Her fluſh'd cheek glow'd, her very heart was dead;
No more her knees their wonted office knew,
Fix'd, without motion, as to earth ſhe grew;
Her train recedes: the meeting lovers gaze
In ſilent wonder, and in ſtill amaze:
As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow,
Pride of the groves! with roots adjoining grow;
Erect and motionleſs the ſtately trees
Awhile remain, while ſleeps each fanning breeze,
'Till from th' Æolian caves a blaſt unbound
Bends their proud tops, and bids their boughs reſound;
Thus gazing they: till by the breath of love
Strongly at length inſpir'd, they ſpeak, they move:
With ſmiles the love-ſick virgin he ſurvey'd,
And fondly thus addreſt the blooming maid.
Diſmiſs, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear;
'Tis Jaſon ſpeaks, no enemy is here!
Man, haughty man, is of obdurate kind,
But Jaſon bears no proud, inhuman mind,
By gentleſt manners, ſofteſt arts refin'd.
Whom would'ſt thou fly? Stay, lovely virgin, ſtay!
Speak every thought! far hence be fears away!

Speak!

Speak! and be truth in every accent found!
Dread to deceive! we tread on * hallow'd ground.
By the ſtern power who guards this ſacred place,
By the illuſtrious authors of thy race;
By Jove, to whom the ſtranger's cauſe belongs,
To whom the ſuppliant, and who feels their wrongs;
O guard me, ſave me, in the needful hour!
Without thy aid, thy Jaſon is no more;
To thee a ſuppliant, in diſtreſs I bend,
To thee a ſtranger, and who wants a friend!
Then, when between us ſeas and mountains riſe,
Medea's name ſhall ſound in diſtant ſkies;
All Greece to thee ſhall owe her heroes fates,
And bleſs Medea through her hundred ſtates.
The mother and the wife, who now in vain
Roll their ſad eyes faſt-ſtreaming o'er the main,
Shall ſtay their tears: The mother, and the wife,
Shall bleſs thee for a ſon's or huſband's life!
Fair Ariadne, ſprung from Minos' bed,
Sav'd the brave Theſeus, and with Theſeus fled,
Forſook her father, and her native plain,
And ſtem'd the tumults of the ſurging main;
Yet the ſtern ſire relented, and forgave
The maid, whoſe only crime it was to ſave:
Ev'n the juſt Gods forgave: and now on high
A ſtar ſhe ſhines, and beautifies the ſky:
What bleſſings then ſhall righteous heaven decree
For all our heroes ſav'd, and ſav'd by thee?
Heaven gave thee not to kill, ſo ſoft an air,
And cruelty ſure never look'd ſo fair!

* Temple of Hecate.

He

He ceas'd, but left ſo charming on her ear
His voice, that liſtening ſtill ſhe ſeem'd to hear;
Her eye to earth ſhe bends with modeſt grace,
And heaven in ſmiles is open'd in her face.
A glance ſhe ſteals; but roſy bluſhes ſpread
O'er her fair cheek, and then ſhe drops her head;
A thouſand words at once to ſpeak ſhe tries;
In vain---but ſpeaks a thouſand with her eyes;
Trembling the ſhining caſket ſhe expands,
Then gives the magic virtue to his hands;
And had the power been granted to convey
Her heart---had given her very heart away.

EPISTOLA AD AMICUM RUSTICANTEM,

Scripta Vere ineunte Cantab. 1709.

ECQUID abſenti tibi cura Grantæ?
Ecquid antiqui memor es ſodalis!
Chare permultis, mihi præter omnes
Chare, Georgî.

Cernis! ut mulcet levis aura campos!
Ut roſâ dulci, violiſque terram
Flora depingit, Zephyruſque blandis
Ventilat alis!

Tarde, quid ceſſas? Age Rozinantis
Terga conſcendas eques * ingementis,
Tenè ruralis Galatæa duris
Detinet Ulnis?

* Obeſo fuit corpore.

Digne

Digne ſuccendi meliore flammâ!---
Sive * Clariſſam, Juvenumvè curam
Philliden mavis, placentvè, quondam
Pulchra, Lycoris.

Tarde, quid ceſſas? tibi multa virgo
Splendidos lædit lacrymis ocellos,
Et tibi fruſtrà ad ſpeculum comarum
Circinat orbes!

Te frequens votis revocat ſophiſtes,
Dum Johannenſi madidus lyæo,
De tubis haurit, revomitque dulcem
Undique nubem.

Quin velis ſcribam quid habet novorum
Granta? Marlburus ſpoliis onuſtus,
Gallicas fudit propè † Scaldis undam
Strage Phalangas.

O! triumphalen gladium recondas!
Ite vos laurus ſanie rubentes!
Sis memor pacis, viridique cingas
Tempora Myrto!

Huc ades divûm atque hominum voluptas
Mollè ſubridens, Venus! huc ſorores
Gratiæ! longùm vale O! Minerva
Aſpera Virgo!

* Tres elegantes apud Cantabrigiam Puellæ.

† Juxtà Aldenardum.

Barbaro

Barbaro tandèm ſatiata, ludo
Ægidem ponas, gladiumque; caſtam
Virginem dirus gladius, feroxque
Dedecet Ægis.

Flagitas noſtræ quid agunt camœnæ?
Uror infelix! mihi me Belinda
Surripit! Collum O! niveum, O! Puellæ
Suave labellum!

Ah! ut obliquo aſpiciens ocello
Torruit pectus?---neque tu furoris
Inſcius blandi! tibi ſævit imis
Flamma medullis!

Tu tamen felix! cohibere triſtes
Tu potes curas! * Cerealis hauſtus
Eſt tibi, præſens relevare diro
Pectora luctu.

Corticem aſtrictum pice cum reducis,
Audin' ingenti tonat ut boatu
Fumidus! ſummo ruit ut lagenæ
Spumeus ore!

Cernis! ut vitro nitet invidendo
Aureum nectar! comes it facetus
Cui jocus, quocum Venus & Cupido
Spicula tingunt.

Jam memor charæ, cyathum coronas,
Virginis:---plenum video!---ah! caveto
Dextra nè quaſſet malè, dum laborat
Pondere dulci!

* Anglicè *bottled ale*.

Euge!

Euge!---ſiccâſti benè, fortiterque!---
Hinc adeſt curæ medicina! ſuaves
Hinc tibi ſomni, & tibi ſuaviora
Somnia ſomnis!
Hos bibens ſuccos, nihil invidebis
Italis, quamvis cyathi Falerno
Dulcè nigreſcant, neque Gallicanæ
Laudibus uvæ!
Hìc Johannenſi latitans ſuili
Grunnio, ſcribens ſitiente labro,
Aut graves hauſtus, inimica Muſis
Pocula, duco.

SIXTEEN ODES*

OF

ANACREON.

ODE XV. HAPPY LIFE.

THE wealth of Gyges I deſpiſe,
Gems are uſeleſs glittering toys.
Gold I leave, and ſuch vain things,
To the low aim and pride of kings.
Let my hair with unguents flow,
With roſy garlands crown my brow!
The preſent moment I enjoy,
Doom'd in the next, perhaps, to die!
Then, while the hour ſerenely ſhines,
Toſs the gay die, and quaff thy wines:
But ever, in the genial hour,
To Bacchus the libation pour,
Leſt death in wrath approach, and cry,
Man---taſte no more the cup of joy.

* Firſt publiſhed in the Gentleman's Magazine; and afterwards inſerted in the tranſlations of Anacreon, publiſhed by Mr. Fawkes.

ODE

ODE XVI. The Power of BEAUTY.

SOME ſing of Thebes, and ſome deſtroy
In lofty numbers haughty Troy.
I mourn, alas! in plaintive ſtrains,
My own captivity and chains!
No navy, rang'd in proud array,
No foot, no horſeman, arm'd to ſlay,
My peace alarm! Far other foes,
Far other hoſts, create my woes:
Strange, dangerous hoſts, that ambuſh'd lie,
In every bright love-darting eye!
Such as deſtroy, when beauty arms,
To conquer, dreadful in its charms!

ODE XX. To his MISTRESS.

THE gods o'er mortals prove their ſway;
And ſteal them from themſelves away,
Transform'd by their almighty hands,
Sad Niobe an image ſtands;
And Philomel, upborn on wings
Through air, her mournful ſtory ſings.
Would heaven, indulgent to my vow,
The happy change I wiſh allow:
The envy'd mirrour I would be,
That thou might'ſt always gaze on me;
And could my naked heart appear,
Thou'dſt ſee thyſelf---for thou art there!

O! were I made thy folding veſt,
That thou might'ſt claſp me to thy breaſt!
Or turn'd into a fount, to lave
Thy naked beauties in my wave!
Thy boſom-cincture I would grow,
To warm thoſe little hills of ſnow:
Thy ointment in rich fragrant ſtreams
To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs.
Thy chain of ſhining pearl---to deck,
And cloſe embrace thy graceful neck:
A very ſandal I would be
To tread on—if trod on by thee!

ODE XXIV. IMITATED.

ALAS! alas! I ſee each day
Steals me from myſelf away,
And every ſtep of life I tread,
I ſpeed to mingle with the dead.
How many years are paſt, my friends,
I know, and there my knowledge ends.
How many years are ſtill in ſtore,
I neither can, nor would explore.
Then, ſince the hours inceſſant fly,
They all ſhall find me crown'd with joy.
To thoſe, my cares I here bequeath,
Who meanly die for fear of death:
And daily with aſſiduous ſtrife
Contrive to live, accurs'd with life.
Then Care begone! I'd dance and play,
Hence with thy ſerious face away!

I'll

I'll laugh, and whilſt gay wine inflames,
I'll court the laughter-loving dames;
And ſtudy to reſign my breath
In extaſy, and ſmile in death.

ODE XXV. IMITATED.

BRING me, O bring th' enlivening draught,
Lenient of grief, and anxious thought.
Then Care retires, aſham'd to ſhow
His downcaſt eye, and faded brow.
I baniſh buſineſs to the great,
To all that curſe, yet covet ſtate.
Death haſtes amain: then who would run
To meet what moſt he ſtrives to ſhun?
Or antedate the dreadful day
By cares, and aid the fiend to ſlay?
If tears could bribe his dreadful powers,
I'd weep, and bleſs the precious ſhowers;
But let our lot be joy or woe,
Alike he ſpeeds to ſtrike the blow.
Then crown the bowl!---ye ſorrows, fly
To kill ſome wretch who wants to die.

ODE XXXI. The pleaſing FRENZY.

NOW bring, by all the powers divine,
Bring me a bowl of roſy wine;
A mighty bowl of wine I crave:
When wine inſpires, 'tis ſweet to rave.

In frantic rage Alcmæon drew
His faulchion, and his * mother ſlew:
Oreſtes in a furious mood
Raving ſhed his † mother's blood.
Dreadful, ſober madmen, they!---
None, harmleſs drunkard, none I ſlay:
The blood of grapes I only crave:
I quaff it, and 'tis ſweet to rave.

Alcides frantic graſp'd his bow,
His quiver rattled, ſtor'd with woe;
Stern Ajax ſhook his glittering blade,
And broad his ſevenfold ſhield diſplay'd:
Dangerous madman! how he drew
His ſword, and hoſts in fancy ſlew!

I, peaceful I, no faulchion wield,
I bend no bow, I poiſe no ſhield.
The flowery garland crowns my hairs,
My hand the powerful goblet bears,
The powerful goblet, nobly brave,
I drain, and then 'tis ſweet to rave.

ODE XXXVI.

TALK not to me of pedant rules,
I leave debates to learned fools,
Who ſolemnly in form adviſe:
At beſt, impertinently wiſe!
To me more pleaſing precepts give,
And teach the ſcience how to live:

* Eryphile. † Clytæmneſtra.

To

To bury in the friendly draught
Sorrows that ſpring from too much thought;
To learn ſoft leſſons from the fair,
How life may glide exempt from care.
Alas! I'm old! I ſee my head
With hoary locks by time o'erſpread:
Then inſtant be the goblet brought
To make me young---at leaſt in thought.
Alas! inceſſant ſpeeds the day
When I muſt mix with common clay.
When I muſt tread the diſmal ſhore,
And dream of love and wine no more.

ODE XXXVII. The SPRING.

SEE Winter's paſt! the ſeaſons bring
Soft breezes with returning Spring;
At whoſe approach the Graces wear
Freſh honours in their flowing hair:
The raging ſeas forget to roar,
And, ſmiling, gently kiſs the ſhore:
The ſportive duck, in wanton play,
Now dives, now riſes into day;
The cranes from freezing ſkies repair,
And ſailing float to warmer air;
Th' enlivening ſuns in glory riſe,
And gaily dance along the ſkies.
The clouds diſperſe; or if in ſhowers
They fall, it is to wake the flowers:

See verdure cloaths the teeming earth!
The olive ſtruggles into birth:
The ſwelling grapes adorn the vine,
And kindly promiſe future wine:
Bleſt juice! already I in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.

ODE XLVIII. GAY LIFE.

GIVE me Homer's tuneful lyre,
Let the ſound my breaſt inſpire!
But with no troubleſome delight
Of arms, and heroes ſlain in fight:
Let it play no conqueſts here,
Or conqueſts only o'er the fair!
Boy, reach that volume—book divine:
The ſtatutes of the God of Wine!
He, legiſlator, ſtatutes draws,
And I, his judge, inforce his laws:
And, faithful to the weighty truſt,
Compel his votaries to be juſt:
Thus, round the bowl impartial flies,
Till to the ſpirightly dance we riſe;
We friſk it with a lively bound,
Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious ſound:
Then pour forth, with an heat divine,
Rapturous ſongs that breathe of wine.

ODE L. The happy Effects of WINE.

SEE! ſee the jolly god appears,
His hand a mighty goblet bears:
With ſparkling Wine full-charg'd it flows,
The ſovereign cure of human woes.
Wine gives a kind releaſe from care,
And courage to ſubdue the fair;
Inſtructs the chearful to advance
Harmonious in the ſprightly dance:
Hail, goblet! rich with generous wines!
See! round the verge a vine-branch twines.
See! how the mimic clusters roll,
As ready to re-fill the bowl!
Wine keeps its happy patients free
From every painful malady;
Our beſt phyſician all the year,
Thus guarded, no diſeaſe we fear,
No troubleſome diſeaſe of mind,
Until another year grows kind,
And loads again the fruitful vine,
And brings again our health——new wine.

ODE LII. GRAPES, or the VINTAGE.

IO! the vintage now is done!
And black'ned with th' autumnal ſun
The grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
The ſweeteſt product of the year!

In

In vats the heavenly load they lay,
And ſwift the damſels trip away:
The youths alone the wine-preſs tread,
For wine 's by ſkilful drunkards made:
Meantime the mirthful ſong they raiſe,
Io! Bacchus, to thy praiſe!
And, eying the bleſt juice, in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.

Gaily through wine the old advance,
And doubly tremble in the dance:
In fancy'd youth they chant and play,
Forgetful that their locks are grey.

Through wine, the youth compleats his loves;
He haunts the ſilence of the groves:
Where, ſtretch'd beneath th' embowering ſhade,
He ſpies ſome love-inſpiring maid;
On beds of roſy ſweets ſhe lies,
Inviting ſleep to cloſe her eyes:
Faſt by her ſide his limbs he throws,
Her hand he preſſes---breathes his vows;
And cries, My love, my ſoul, comply
This inſtant, or, alas! I die.

In vain the youth perſuaſion tries!
In vain!—her tongue at leaſt denies:
Then ſcorning death through dull deſpair,
He ſtorms th' unwilling willing fair:
Bleſſing the grapes that could diſpenſe
The happy, happy impudence.

ODE

ODE LIII. The Rose.

COME, lyriſt, tune thy harp, and play
Reſponſive to my vocal lay:
Gently touch it, while I ſing
The Roſe, the glory of the ſpring.
To heaven the Roſe in fragrance flies,
The ſweeteſt incenſe of the ſkies,
Thee, joy of earth, when vernal hours
Pour forth a blooming waſte of flowers,
The gaily-ſmiling Graces wear
A trophy in their flowing hair.
Thee Venus queen of beauty loves,
And crown'd with thee more graceful moves.
In fabled ſong, and tuneful lays,
Their favourite Roſe the Muſes praiſe;
To pluck the Roſe, the virgin-train
With blood their pretty fingers ſtain,
Nor dread the pointed terrors round,
That threaten, and inflict a wound:
See! how they wave the charming toy,
Now kiſs, now ſnuff the fragrant joy!
The Roſe the poets ſtrive to praiſe,
And for it would exchange their bays;
O! ever to the ſprightly feaſt
Admitted, welcome, pleaſing gueſt!
But chiefly when the goblet flows,
And Roſy wreathes adorn our brows!
Lovely ſmiling Roſe, how ſweet
The object where thy beauties meet!

Aurora

Aurora with a bluſhing ray,
And Roſy-fingers, ſpreads the day:
The Graces more enchanting ſhow,
When Roſy bluſhes paint their ſnow,
And every pleas'd beholder ſeeks
The Roſe in Cytheræa's cheeks.
When pain afflicts, or ſickneſs grieves,
Its juice the drooping heart relieves,
And, after death, its odours ſhed
A pleaſing fragrance o'er the dead:
And when its withering charms decay,
And ſinking, fading, die away,
Triumphant o'er the rage of time,
It keeps the fragrance of its prime.
Come, lyriſt, join to ſing the birth
Of this ſweet offspring of the earth!
When Venus from the ocean's bed
Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head;
When warlike Pallas ſprung from Jove,
Tremendous to the powers above,
To grace the world the teeming earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth,
And 'This, ſhe cry'd, I this ordain
My favourite, queen of flowers to reign!'
But firſt th' aſſembled gods debate
The future wonder to create:
Agreed at length from heaven they threw
A drop of rich, nectareous dew,
A bramble-ſtem the drop receives,
And ſtrait the Roſe adorns the leaves.

The gods to Bacchus gave the flower,
To grace him in the genial hour.

ODE LIV. Grown YOUNG.

WHEN ſprightly youths my eyes ſurvey,
I too am young, and I am gay:
In dance my active body ſwims,
And ſudden pinions lift my limbs.
Haſte, crown, Cybæba, crown my brows
With garlands of the fragrant roſe!
Hence, hoary age!---I now am ſtrong,
And dance, a youth among the young.
Come then, my friends, the goblet drain!
Bleſt juice!---I feel thee in each vein!
See! how with active bounds I ſpring!
How ſtrong, and yet how ſweet, I ſing!
How bleſt am I! who thus excell
In pleaſing arts of trifling well!

ODE LV. The MARK.

THE ſtately ſteed expreſſive bears
A mark imprinted on his hairs:
The turban that adorns the brows
Of Aſia's ſons, the Parthian ſhows:
And marks betray the lover's heart,
Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart:
I plainly read them in his eyes,
That look too fooliſh or too wiſe,

ODE

ODE LVI.

ALAS! the powers of life decay!
My hairs are fall'n, or changed to grey!
The ſmiling bloom, and youthful grace,
Is baniſh'd from my faded face!
Thus man beholds, with weeping eyes,
Himſelf half-dead before he dies.
For this, and for the grave, I fear,
And pour the never-ceaſing tear!
A dreadful proſpect ſtrikes my eye,
I ſoon muſt ſicken, ſoon muſt die.
For this the mournful groan I ſhed,
I dread—alas! the hour I dread!
What eye can ſtedfaſtly ſurvey
Death, and its dark tremendous way?
For ſoon as fate has clos'd our eyes,
Man dies—for ever, ever dies!
All pale, all ſenſeleſs in the urn!
Never, ah! never to return.

ODE LXIV. To APOLLO.

ONCE more, not uninſpir'd, the ſtring
I waken, and ſpontaneous ſing:
No Pythic laurel-wreath I claim,
That lifts ambition into fame:
My voice unbidden tunes the lay:
Some god impells, and I obey.

Liſten

Liſten, ye groves!---The Muſe prepares
A ſacred ſong in Phrygian airs;
Such as the ſwan expiring ſings,
Melodious by Cäyſter's ſprings,
While liſtening winds in ſilence hear,
And to the gods the muſic bear.
Celeſtial Muſe! attend, and bring
Thy aid, while I thy Phœbus ſing:
To Phœbus and the Muſe belong
The laurel, lyre, and Delphic ſong.
Begin, begin the lofty ſtrain!
How Phœbus lov'd, but lov'd in vain!
How Daphne fled his guilty flame,
And ſcorn'd a god that offer'd ſhame.
With glorious pride his vows ſhe hears,
And heaven, indulgent to her prayers,
To laurel chang'd the nymph, and gave
Her foliage to reward the brave.
Ah! how, on wings of love convey'd,
He flew to claſp the panting maid!
Now, now o'ertakes!---but heaven deceives
His hope---he ſeizes only leaves.
Why fires my raptur'd breaſt? ah! why
Ah! whither ſtrives my ſoul to fly?
I feel the pleaſing frenzy ſtrong,
Impulſive to ſome nobler ſong:
Let, let the wanton fancy play,
But guide it, leſt it devious ſtray.
But oh! in vain, my Muſe denies
Her aid, a ſlave to lovely eyes;

Suffice it to rehearſe the pains
Of bleeding nymphs, and dying ſwains;
Nor dare to wield the ſhafts of Love,
That wound the gods, and conquer Jove.
I yield! adieu the lofty ſtrain!
I am Anacreon once again:
Again the melting ſong I play,
Attemper'd to the vocal lay:
See! ſee! how with attentive ears
The youths imbibe the nectar'd airs!
And quaff, in lowery ſhades reclin'd,
My precepts, to regale the mind.

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THE

POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS

OF

MR. PITT.

To GEORGE PITT, Eſq; of Stratfield Sea, in Hampſhire.

SIR,

SINCE you vouchſafe to be a patron to theſe ſheets, as well as to their author, I will not make an ill uſe of the liberty you give me, to addreſs you in this public manner, by running into the common topics of dedications. Should I venture to engage in ſuch an extenſive theme as your character, the world would judge the attempt to be altogether unneceſſary, becauſe it had long before been thoroughly acquainted with your virtues; beſides, I am ſenſible, that you as earneſtly decline all praiſe and panegyric, as you eminently deſerve them.

I hope, Sir, on another occaſion, to preſent you with the product of my ſeverer ſtudies: In the mean time be pleaſed to accept of this trifle, as one ſmall acknowledgement of the many great favours you have beſtowed on,

(Honoured Sir,)

Your obliged humble ſervant,

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

PREFACE.

MY tranſlation of Vida's Art of Poetry having been more favourably received than I had reaſon to expect, has encouraged me to publiſh this little Miſcellany of Poems and ſelect Tranſlations. I ſhall neither embarraſs myſelf nor my reader with apologies concerning this collection; for whether it is a good or a bad one, all excuſes are unneceſſary in one caſe, and offered in vain in the other.

An author of a Miſcellany has a better chance of pleaſing the world, than he who writes on a ſingle ſubject; and I have ſometimes known a bad, or (which is full as well) an indifferent Poet, meet with tolerable ſucceſs, which has been owing more to the variety of his pieces, than his happineſs in treating them.

I am ſenſible the men of wit and pleaſure will be diſpleaſed to find ſo great a part of this collection conſiſt of ſacred poetry; but I aſſure theſe gentlemen, whatever they ſhall be pleaſed to object, that I ſhall never be aſhamed of employing my talents (ſuch as they are) in the ſervice of my Maker; That it would look very incongruous in one of my profeſſion, not to ſpend as much time on the pſalms of David, as the hymns of Callimachus; and farther, that if thoſe beautiful pieces of divine poetry had been written by Callimachus, or any heathen author, they might have poſſibly vouchſafed them a reading even in my tranſlation.

But

But I will not treſpaſs further on my reader's patience in proſe, ſince I ſhall have occaſion enough for it, as well as for his good-nature, in the following verſes; concerning which I muſt acquaint him, that ſome of them were written ſeveral years ſince, and that I have preciſely obſerved the rule of our great maſter Horace—Nonumque prematur in annum. But I may ſay more juſtly than Mr. Prior ſaid of himſelf in the like caſe, that I have obſerved the Letter, more than the Spirit of the precept.

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1727.

Warm'd as I am with every Muſe's charms,
Since the coy virgins fly my eager arms,
* I 'll quit the work, throw by my ſtrong deſire,
And from thy praiſe, reluctantly retire.

G. RIDLEY.

* See Mr. Pitt's tranſlation of Vida.

POEMS

BY

MR. PITT.

An Epiſtle to Dr. EDWARD YOUNG, at Eaſtbury, in Dorſetſhire, on the Review at Sarum, 1722.

WHILE with your Doddington retir'd you ſit,
Charm'd with his flowing Burgundy and wit;
By turns relieving with the circling draught,
Each pauſe of chat, and interval of thought:
Or through the well-glaz'd tube, from buſineſs freed,
Draw the rich ſpirit of the Indian weed;
Or bid your eyes o'er Vanbrugh's models roam,
And trace in miniature the future dome
(While buſy fancy with imagin'd power
Builds up the work of ages in an hour);
Or, loſt in thought, contemplative you rove,
Through opening viſta's, and the ſhady grove;
Where a new Eden in the wilds is found,
And all the ſeaſons in a ſpot of ground:
There, if you exerciſe your tragic rage,
To bring ſome hero on the Britiſh ſtage;

Whoſe

And Cato, reconcil'd, had ne'er diſdain'd
To live a ſubject, where a Brunſwick reign'd.
But I detain your nobler Muſe too long,
From the great theme, that mocks my humble ſong,
A theme that aſks a Virgil, or a Young.

On the approaching Delivery of Her Royal Highneſs, in the Year 1721.

An ODE.

YE angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.
Deſcend, ye ſpirits of the ſky;
Stand, all ye winged guardians, by;
Your golden pinions kindly ſpread,
And watch round Carolina's bed:
Here fix your reſidence on earth,
To haſten on the glorious birth;
Her fainting ſpirits to ſupply,
Catch all the Zephyrs as they fly.
Oh! ſuccour nature in the ſtrife,
And gently hold her up in life;
Nor let her hence too ſoon remove,
To join your ſacred choirs above:
But live, Britannia to adorn
With kings and princes yet unborn.

Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.

Aſſuage

Aſſuage her pains, and Albion's fears,
For Albion's life depends on her's.
Oh then! to ſave her from deſpair,
Lean down, and liſten to her prayer.
Crown all her tortures with delight,
And call th' auſpicious babe to light.
We hope from your propitious care,
All that is brave, or all that 's fair.
A youth, to match his ſire in arms;
Or nymph, to match her mother's charms:
A youth, who over kings ſhall reign,
Or nymph, whom kings ſhall court in vain.
From far the royal ſlaves ſhall come,
And wait from him or her their doom;
To each their different ſuits ſhall move,
And pay their homage, or their love.

Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.

When the ſoft powers of ſleep ſubdue
Thoſe eyes, that ſhine as bright as you;
With ſcenes of bliſs, tranſporting themes!
Prompt and inſpire her golden dreams:
Let viſionary bleſſings riſe,
And ſwim before her cloſing eyes.
The ſenſe of torture to ſubdue,
Set Britain's happineſs to view;
That ſight her ſpirits will ſuſtain,
And give her pleaſure from her pain.

Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.

Come, and rejoice; th' important hour
Is paſt, and all our fears are o'er:
See! every trace of anguiſh flies,
While in her lap the infant lies,
Her pain by ſudden joy beguil'd,
She hangs in rapture o'er the child,
Her eyes o'er every feature run,
The father's beauties and her own.
There, pleas'd her image to ſurvey,
She melts in tenderneſs away;
Smiles o'er the babe, nor ſmiles in vain,
The babe returns th' auſpicious ſmile again.

Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.

Turn heaven's eternal volume o'er,
And look for this diſtinguiſh'd hour;
Conſult the page of Britain's ſtate,
Before you cloſe the books of fate:
Then tell us what you there have ſeen,
What æra's from this birth begin.
What years from this bleſt hour muſt run,
As bright and laſting as the ſun.
Far from the ken of mortal ſight,
Theſe ſecrets are involv'd in night:
The bleſſings which this birth purſue,
Are only known to heaven and you.

The firſt Hymn of CALLIMACHUS to JUPITER.

WHILE trembling we approach Jove's awful ſhrine,
With pure libations, and with rites divine;
What theme more proper can we chuſe to ſing,
Than Jove himſelf, the great, Eternal King!
Whoſe word gives law to thoſe of heavenly birth;
Whoſe hand ſubdues the rebel ſons of earth.
Since doubts and dark diſputes thy titles move,
Hear'ſt thou, Dictæan or Lycæan Jove?
For here thy birth the tops of Ida claim,
And there Arcadia triumphs in thy name.
But Crete in vain would boaſt a grace ſo high,
Whoſe faithleſs ſons through meer complexion lie:
Immortal as thou art in endleſs bloom,
To prove their claim, they build the thunderer's tomb.
Be then Arcadian, for the towering height
Of ſteep Parrhaſia welcom'd thee to light;
When pregnant Rhæa, wandering through the wood,
Sought out her darkeſt ſhades, and bore the God;
The place thus hallow'd by the birth of Jove,
More than religious horror guards the grove:
The gloom all teeming females ſtill decline,
From the vile worm, to woman, form divine.
Soon as the mother had diſcharged her load,
She ſought a ſpring to bathe the recent God;
But ſought in vain: no living ſtream ſhe found,
Though ſince, the waters drench the realms around.

Clear Erymanthus had not learn'd to glide,
Nor mightier Ladon drove his ſwelling tide,
At thy great birth, where now Iäon flows,
Tall towering oaks, and pathleſs foreſts roſe
The thirſty ſavages were heard to roar,
Where Cario ſoftly murmurs to the ſhore;
Where ſpreading Melas widely floats the coaſt,
The flying chariot rais'd a cloud of duſt.
With drowth o'er Cratis and Menope curſt,
The fainting ſwain, to aggravate his thirſt,
Heard from within the bubbling waters flow,
In cloſe reſtraint, and murmur from below.
Thou too, O earth, (enjoin'd the power divine)
Bring forth; thy pangs are leſs ſevere than mine,
And ſooner paſt; ſhe ſpoke, and as ſhe ſpoke
Rear'd high her ſcepter'd arm, and pierc'd the rock.
Wide to the blow the parting mountain rent,
The waters guſh'd tumultuous at the vent,
Impatient to be freed; amid the flood
She plung'd the recent babe, and bath'd the God.
She wrapp'd thee, mighty king, in purple bands,
Then gave the ſacred charge to Neda's hands,
The babe to nouriſh in the cloſe retreat,
And in the ſafe receſs, of diſtant Crete.
In years and wiſdom, of the nymphs who nurſt
The infant thunderer, Neda was the firſt;
Next Styx and Phylirè; the virgin ſhar'd
For her great truſt diſcharg'd a great reward:
For by her honour'd name the flood ſhe calls,
Which rolls into the ſea by Leprion's walls;

To

To drink her ſtreams the ſons of Arcas crowd,
And draw for ever from the ancient flood.
Thee, Jove, the careful nymph to Cnoſſus bore,
(To Cnoſſus ſeated on the Cretan ſhore)
With joyful arms the Corybantes heav'd,
And the proud nymphs the glorious charge receiv'd.
Above the reſt in grace Adraſte ſtood,
She rock'd the golden cradle of the God;
On his ambroſial lips the goat diſtill'd
Her milky ſtore, and fed th' immortal child:
With her the duteous bee preſents her ſpoils,
And for the God repeats her flowery toils.
The fierce Curetes too in arms advance,
And tread tumultuouſly their myſtic dance:
And, leſt thy cries ſhould reach old Saturn's ear,
Beat on their brazen ſhields the din of war.
Full ſoon, Almighty King, thy early prime
Advanc'd beyond the bounds of vulgar time.
Ere the ſoft down had cloath'd thy youthful face,
Swift was thy growth in wit and every grace.
Fraught was thy mind in life's beginning ſtage,
With all the wiſdom of experienc'd age:
Thy elder brothers hence their claims reſign,
And leave th' unbounded heavens by merit thine;
For ſure thoſe Poets fable, who advance
The bold aſſertion, that capricious chance
By equal lots to Saturn's ſons had given
The triple reign of ocean, hell and heaven.
Above blind chance the vaſt diviſion lies,
And hell holds no proportion to the ſkies.

Things of a leſs, and equal value, turn
On the blind lot of an inverted urn.
Not chance, O Jove, attain'd heaven's high abodes,
But thy own Power advanc'd thee o'er the Gods,
Thy Power that whirls thy rapid chariot on,
Thy Power, the great aſſeſſor of thy throne.
Diſmiſt by thee, th' imperial eagle flies
Charg'd with thy ſigns and thunders through the ſkies:
To me and mine glad omens may ſhe bring,
And to the left extend her golden wing.

Thou to inferior Gods haſt well aſſign'd
The various ranks and orders of mankind:
Of theſe the wandering merchants claim the care;
Of thoſe the Poets, and the ſons of war:
Kings claim from thee their titles and their reign
O'er all degrees, the ſoldier and the ſwain.
Vulcan preſides o'er all who bear the maſs,
Bend the tough ſteel, and ſhape the tortur'd braſs.
Diana thoſe adore who ſpread the toils;
To Mars the warrior dedicates his ſpoils.
The bard to Phœbus ſtrikes the living ſtrings,
Jove's royal province is the care of kings;
For kings ſubmiſſive hear thy high decree,
And hold their delegated powers from thee.
Thy name the judge and legiſlator awes,
When this enacts, and that directs the laws:
Cities and realms thy great protection prove;
Theſe bend to monarchs, as they bend to Jove.

Though to thy ſcepter'd ſons thy will extends,
The proper means proportion'd to their ends;

All

All are not favour'd in the ſame degree,
For power ſupreme belongs to Ptolemy;
What no inferior limitary king
Could in a length of years to ripeneſs bring,
Sudden his word performs; his boundleſs power
Compleats the work of ages in an hour;
While others labour through a wretched reign,
Their ſchemes are blaſted, and their counſels vain.
Hail Saturn's mighty ſon, to whom we owe
Life, health, and every bleſſing here below!
Who ſhall in worthy ſtrains thy name adorn?
What living bard? what Poet yet unborn?
Hail and all hail again; in equal ſhares
Give wealth and virtue, and indulge our prayers.
Hear us, great king, unleſs they meet combin'd,
Each is but half a bleſſing to mankind.
Then grant us both, that blended they may prove
A double happineſs, and worthy Jove.

The Second Hymn of CALLIMACHUS to APOLLO.

HAH! how Apollo's hallow'd laurels wave?
How ſhakes the temple from its inmoſt cave?
Fly, ye profane; for lo! in heavenly ſtate
The power deſcends, and thunders at the gate.
See, how the Delian palms with reverence nod!
Hark! how the tuneful ſwans confeſs the God!
Leap from your hinges, burſt your brazen bars,
Ye ſacred doors; the God, the God appears.

Ye youth, begin the ſong; in choirs advance;
Wake all your lyres, and form the meaſur'd dance.
No impious wretch his holy eyes have view'd,
None but the juſt, the innocent, and good.
To ſee the power confeſt your minds prepare,
Refin'd from guilt, and purify'd by prayer.
So may you mount in youth the nuptial bed,
So grace with ſilver hairs your aged head;
So the proud walls with lofty turrets crown,
And lay foundations for the riſing town.

Apollo's ſong with awful ſilence hear;
Ev'n the wild ſeas the ſacred ſong revere:
Nor wretched Thetis dares to make her moan,
For great Apollo ſlew her darling ſon.
When the loud Iö-Pæans ring around,
She checks her ſighs, and trembles at the ſound.
Fixt in her grief muſt Niobe appear,
Nor through the Phrygian marble drop a tear;
Still, though a rock, ſhe dreads Apollo's bow,
And ſtands her own ſad monument of woe.

Sound the loud Iö's, and the temple rend,
With the bleſt Gods 'tis impious to contend.
He, who the power of Ptolemy defies,
In his audacious rage would brave the ſkies
(From whence the mighty bleſſing was beſtow'd),
Or challenge Phœbus, and reſiſt the God.

Beyond the night your hallow'd ſtrains prolong,
Till the day riſes on th' unfiniſh'd ſong.
Nor leſs his various attributes require,
So ſhall he honour, and reward the choir;

For honour is his gift, and high above
He ſhines, and graces the right-hand of Jove:
With beamy gold his robes divinely glow,
His harp, his quiver, and his Lictian bow;
His feet how fair and glorious to behold!
Shod in rich ſandals of refulgent gold!
Wealth ſtill attends him, and vaſt gifts beſtow'd,
Adorn the Delphic temple of the god.
Eternal charms his youthful cheeks diffuſe;
His treſſes dropping with ambroſial dews,
Pale Death before him flies, with dire Diſeaſe,
And Health and Life are wafted in the breeze.

To thee, great Phœbus, various arts belong,
To wing the dart, and guide the Poet's ſong:
Th' enlighten'd prophet feels thy flames divine,
And all the dark events of lots are thine.
By Phœbus taught, the ſage prolongs our breath,
And in its flight ſuſpends the dart of death.

To thy great name, O Nomian power, we cry,
Ere ſince the time when, ſtooping from the ſky,
To tend Admetus' herds thy godhead choſe,
On the fair banks where clear Amphryſus flows:
Bleſt are the herds, and bleſt the flocks, that lie
Beneath the influence of Apollo's eye.
The meads re-echo'd to the bleating lambs,
And the kids leap'd, and friſk'd around their dams;
Her weight of milk each ewe dragg'd on with pain,
And drop'd a double offspring on the plain.

On great Apollo for his aid we call,
To build th' town and raiſe th' embattled wall:

He,

He, while an infant, fram'd the wondrous plan,
In fair Ortygia, for the uſe of man.
When young Diana urg'd her ſylvan toils,
From Cynthus' tops ſhe brought her ſavage ſpoils;
The heads of mountain-goats, and antlers lay
Spread wide around, the trophies of the day:
Of theſe a ſtructure he compos'd with art,
In order rang'd, and juſt in every part;
And by that model taught us to diſpoſe
The riſing city, and with walls incloſe;
Where the foundations of the pile ſhould lie,
Or towers and battlements ſhould reach the ſky.
Apollo ſent th' auſpicious crow before,
When our great founder touch'd the Libyan ſhore:
Full on the right he flew to call him on,
And guide the people to their deſtin'd town;
Which to a race of kings Apollo vow'd,
And fix'd for ever ſtands the promiſe of the God.
Or hear'ſt thou, while thy honours we proclaim,
Thy Boëdromian, or thy Clarian name?
(For to the power are various names aſſign'd
From cities rais'd, and bleſſings to mankind.)
In thy Carnean title I rejoice,
And join my grateful country's public voice.
Ere to Cyrene's realms our courſe we bore,
Thrice were we led by thee from ſhore to ſhore;
Till our progenitor the region gain'd,
And annual rites and annual feaſts ordain'd.
When at thy prophet Carnus' will, we rais'd
A glorious temple; and the altars blaz'd

With

With hecatombs of bulls, whoſe reeking blood,
Great king, they ſhed to thee their guardian God.
Iö! Carnean Phœbus! awful power!
Whom fair Cyrene's ſuppliant ſons adore!
To deck thy hallow'd temple, ſee! we bring
The choiceſt flowers, and rifle all the ſpring:
The moſt diſtinguiſh'd odours nature yields,
When balmy Zephyr breathes along the fields;
Soon as the ſad inverted year retreats,
To thee the crocus dedicates his ſweets.
From thy bright altars hallow'd flames aſpire;
They ſhine inceſſant from the ſacred fire.
What joy, what tranſport, ſwells Apollo's breaſt,
When at his great Carnean annual feaſt,
Clad in their arms our Libyan tribes advance,
Mixt with our ſwarthy dames, and lead the dance.
Nor yet the Greeks had reach'd Cyrene's floods;
But rov'd through wild Azilis' gloomy woods;
Whom to his nymph Apollo deign'd to ſhow,
High as he ſtood on tall Myrtuſa's brow;
Where the fierce lion by her hands was ſlain,
Who in his fatal rage laid waſte the plain.
Still to Cyrene are his gifts convey'd,
In dear remembrance of the raviſh'd maid;
Nor were her ſons ungrateful, who beſtow'd
Their choiceſt honours on their guardian God.
Iö! with holy raptures ſing around;
We owe to Delphos the triumphant ſound.
When thy victorious hands vouchſaf'd to ſhow
The wonders of thy ſhafts and golden bow;

When Python from his den was ſeen to riſe,
Dire, fierce, tremendous, of enormous ſize;
By thee with many a fatal arrow ſlain,
The monſter ſunk extended on the plain;
Shaft after ſhaft in ſwift ſucceſſion flew;
As ſwift the people's ſhouts and prayers purſue.
Iö, Apollo, launch thy flying dart;
Send it, oh! ſend it to the monſter's heart.
When thy fair mother bore thee, ſhe deſign'd
Her mighty ſon, a bleſſing to mankind.
Envy, that other plague and fiend, drew near;
And gently whiſper'd in Apollo's ear:
No Poet I regard but him whoſe lays
Are ſwelling, loud, and boundleſs as the ſeas;
Apollo ſpurn'd the fury, and reply'd,
The vaſt Euphrates rolls a mighty tide;
With rumbling torrents the rough river roars;
But black with mud, diſcolour'd from his ſhores,
Prone down Aſſyria's lands his courſe he keeps,
And with polluted waters ſtains the deeps.
But the Meliſſan nymphs to Ceres bring
The pureſt product of the limpid ſpring;
Small is the ſacred ſtream, but never ſtain'd
With mud, or foul ablutions from the land.
Hail, glorious king! beneath thy matchleſs power
May malice ſink, and envy be no more!

To Sir JAMES THORNHILL, on his excellent Painting the Rape of Helen, at the Seat of General ERLE in Dorſetſhire.

Written in the Year 1718.

COULD I with thee, O Thornhill, bear a part,
And join the Poet's with the Painter's art,
(Though both ſhare mutually each common name,
Their thoughts, their genius and deſign the ſame!)
The Muſe, with features neither weak nor faint,
Should draw her ſiſter-art in ſpeaking paint.
But while admiring thine and nature's ſtrife,
I ſee each touch juſt ſtarting into life,
From ſide to ſide with various raptures toſt,
Amid the viſionary ſcenes I'm loſt.

Methinks as thrown upon ſome fairy land,
Amaz'd we know not how, nor where we ſtand;
While tripping phantoms to the ſight advance,
And gay ideas lead the mazy dance:
While wondering we behold in every part
The beauteous ſcenes of thy creating art.

By ſuch degrees thy colours riſe and fall,
And breathing fluſh the animated wall;
That the bright objects which our eyes ſurvey,
Raviſh the mind, and ſteal the ſoul away;
Our footſteps by ſome ſecret power are croſt,
And in the painter all the bard is loſt.

Thus in a magic ring we ſtand confin'd
While ſubtle ſpells the fatal circle bind;

In

In vain we ſtrive and labour to depart,
Fix'd by the charms of that myſterious art;
In vain the paths and avenues we trace,
While ſpirits guard and fortify the place.
How could my ſtretch'd imagination ſwell,
And on each regular proportion dwell!
While thy ſwift art unravels nature's maze,
And imitates her works, and treads her ways,
Nature with wonder ſees herſelf out-done,
And claims thy fair creation for her own;
Thy figures in ſuch lively ſtrokes excel,
They give thoſe paſſions which they ſeem to feel.
Each various feature ſome ſtrong impulſe bears,
Wraps us in joy, or melts us all to tears.
Each piece with ſuch tranſcendent art is wrought,
That we could almoſt ſay thy pictures thought;
When we behold thee conquer in the ſtrife,
And ſtrike the kindling figures into life,
Which does from thy creating pencil paſs,
Warm the dull matter, and inſpire the maſs;
As fam'd Prometheus' wand convey'd the ray
Of heavenly fire to animate his clay.
How the juſt ſtrokes in harmony unite!
How ſhades and darkneſs recommend the light!
No lineaments unequally ſurprize;
The beauties regularly fall and riſe.
Loſt in each other we in vain purſue
The fleeting lines that cheat our wearied view.
Nor know we how their ſubtle courſes run,
Nor where this ended, nor where that begun.

Nor

Nor where the ſhades their utmoſt bounds diſplay,
Or the light fades inſenſibly away;
But all harmoniouſly confus'd we ſee,
While all the ſweet varieties agree.

Thus when the organ's ſolemn airs aſpire,
The blended muſic wings our thoughts with fire;
Here warbling notes in whiſpering breezes ſigh,
But in their birth the tender accents die;
While thence the bolder notes exulting come,
Swell as they fly, and bound along the dome.
With tranſport fir'd, each loſt in each we hear,
And all the ſoul is center'd in the ear.

See firſt the ſenate of the Gods above,
Frequent and full amid the courts of Jove:
Behold the radiant conſiſtory ſhine,
With features, airs, and lineaments divine.
Hermes diſpatch'd from the bright council flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the liquid ſkies.
In many a whirl and rapid circle driven
So ſwift, he ſeems at once in earth and heaven.
Oh! with what energy! what noble force
Of ſtrongeſt colours you deſcribe his courſe?
Till the ſwift God the Phrygian ſhepherd found
Compos'd for ſleep, and ſtretch'd along the ground.
He brings the blooming gold, the fatal prize,
The bright reward of Cytherea's eyes.
The conſcious earth the awful ſignal takes,
Without a wind the quivering foreſt ſhakes;
Tall Ida bows; th' unwieldy mountains nod;
And all confeſs the preſence of the God.

Like

Like ſhooting meteors, gliding from above,
See the proud conſort of the thundering Jove,
War's glorious goddeſs, and the queen of love;
Arm'd in their naked charms, the Phrygian boy
Regards thoſe charms with mingled fear and joy.
Here Juno ſtands with an imperial mein,
At once confeſt a goddeſs and a queen.
Her cheeks a ſcornful indignation warms,
Blots out her ſmiles, as conſcious of her charms.
But Venus ſhines in milder beauties there,
And every grace adorns the blooming fair.
While, conſcious of her charms, ſhe ſeems to riſe,
Claims, and already graſps in hope the prize;
Beauteous, as when immortal Phidias ſtrove
From Parian rocks to carve the Queen of Love:
Each grace obey'd the ſummons of his art,
And a new beauty ſprung from every part.
In all the terrors of her beauty bright,
Fair Pallas awes and charms the Trojan's ſight,
And gives ſucceſſive reverence and delight.
Nor thrones, nor victories, his ſoul can move;
Crowns, arms, and triumphs, what are you to love?
Too ſoon reſign'd to Venus, they behold
The glittering ball of vegetable gold.
While Jove's proud conſort thrown from her deſires,
Inflam'd with rage maliciouſly retires;
Already kindles her immortal hate,
Already labours with the Trojan fate.

While

While a new tranſport fluſh'd the blooming boy,
Helen he ſeems already to enjoy,
And feeds the flame that muſt conſume his Troy.
Another ſcene our wondering ſight recalls;
The fair adultereſs leaves her native walls:
Her cheeks are ſtain'd with mingled ſhame and joy;
Lull'd on the boſom of the Phrygian boy.
To the loud deeps he bears his charming ſpouſe,
Freed from her lord, and from her former vows.
On their ſoft wings the whiſpering zephyrs play,
The breezes ſkim along the dimpled ſea:
The wanton Loves direct the gentle gales,
Sport in the ſhrowds, and flutter in the ſails.
While her twin-brothers * with a gracious ray
Point out her courſe along the watery way.
Th' exalted ſtrokes ſo delicately ſhine,
All ſo conſpire to puſh the bold deſign;
That in each ſprightly feature we may find
The great ideas of the maſter's mind,
As the ſtrong colours faithfully unite,
Mellow to ſhade, and ripen into light.
Let others form with care the ruddy maſs,
And torture into life the running braſs.
With potent art the breathing ſtatue mould,
Shape and inſpire the animated gold:
Let others ſenſe to Parian marbles give,
Bid the rocks leap to form, and learn to live;
Still be it thine, O Thornhill, to unite
The pleaſing diſcord of the ſhade and light;

* Caſtor and Pollux.

To vanquiſh nature in the generous ſtrife,
And touch the glowing features into life.
But, Thornhill, would thy noble ſoul impart
One laſting inſtance of thy godlike art
To future times; and in thy fame engage
The praiſe of this and every diſtant age;
To ſtretch that art as far as it can go,
Draw the triumphant chief, and vanquiſh'd foe:
In his own dome, amid the ſpacious walls,
Draw the deep ſquadrons of the routed Gauls;
Their raviſh'd banners, and their arms reſign'd,
While the brave hero thunders from behind;
Pours on their front, or hangs upon their rear;
Fights, leads, commands, and animates the war.
Let his ſtrong courſer champ his golden chain,
And proudly paw th' imaginary plain.
To Aghrim's bloody wreaths let Creſſi yield,
With the fair laurels of Ramillia's field.
Next, on the ſea the daring hero ſhow,
To chear his friends, and terrify the foe.
Lo! the great chief to famiſh'd thouſands bears,
The food of armies, and ſupport of wars.
The Britons ruſh'd with native virtue fir'd,
And quell'd the foe, or glorioufly expir'd;
Plunging through flames and floods, their valour broke
O'er the rang'd cannon, and a night of ſmoke,
Through the wedg'd legions urg'd their noble toil,
To ſpend their thunder on the towers of Liſle;
While by his deeds their courage he inſpires,
And wakes in every breaſt the ſleeping fires.

Thus

Thus the whole ſeries of his labours join,
Stretch'd from the Belgick ocean to the Boyne.
Then glorious in retreat the chief may read
Th' immortal actions of the noble dead;
And in recording colours, with delight,
Review his conqueſts, and enjoy the fight;
See his own deeds on each ennobled plain;
While fancy acts his triumphs o'er again.
Thus on the Tyrian walls Æneas read,
How ſtern Achilles rag'd, and Hector bled;
But half unſheath'd his ſword, and grip'd his ſhield,
When he amidſt the ſcene himſelf beheld,
Thundering on Simois' banks, or battling in the field.

Part of the SECOND BOOK of STATIUS.

NOW Jove's command fulfill'd, the ſon of May
Quits the black ſhades, and ſlowly mounts to day,
For lazy clouds in gloomy barriers riſe,
Obſtruct the God, and intercept the ſkies;
No Zephyrs here their airy pinions move,
To ſpeed his progreſs to the realms above.
Scarce can he ſteer his dark laborious flight,
Loſt and encumber'd in the damps of night:
There roaring tides of fire his courſe withſtood,
Here Styx in nine wide circles roll'd his flood.
Behind old Laius trod th' infernal ground,
Trembling with age, and tardy from his wound:

(For all his force his furious ſon apply'd,
And plung'd the guilty faulchion in his ſide.)
Propt and ſupported by the healing rod,
The ſhade purſued the footſteps of the God.
The groves that never bloom; the Stygian coaſts,
The houſe of woe; the manſions of the ghoſts.
Earth too admires to ſee the ground give way,
And gild hell's horrors with the gleams of day.
But not with life repining Envy fled,
She ſtill reigns there, and lives among the dead.
One from this crowd exclaim'd (whoſe lawleſs will
Inur'd to crimes, and exercis'd in ill,
Taught his prepoſterous joys from pains to flow,
And never triumph'd, but in ſcenes of woe)
Go to thy province in the realms above,
Call'd by the Furies or the will of Jove:
Or drawn by magic force or myſtic ſpell,
Riſe, and purge off the ſooty gloom of hell.
Go, ſee the ſun, and whiten in his beams,
Or haunt the flowery fields and limpid ſtreams,
With woes redoubled to return again,
When thy paſt pleaſures ſhall enhance thy pain.
Now by the Stygian dog they bent their way;
Stretch'd in his den the dreadful monſter lay;
But lay not long, for, ſtartling at the ſound,
Head above head he riſes from the ground.
From their cloſe folds his ſtarting ſerpents break,
And curl in horrid circles round his neck.
This ſaw the God, and, ſtretching forth his hand,
Lull'd the grim monſter with his potent wand;

Through his vaſt bulk the gliding ſlumbers creep,
And ſeal down all his glaring eyes in ſleep.
There lies a place in Greece well known to fame,
Through all her realms, and Tænarus the name,
Where from the ſea the tops of Malea riſe,
Beyond the ken of mortals, to the ſkies:
Proud in his height he calmly hears below
The diſtant winds in hollow murmurs blow.
Here ſleep the ſtorms when weary'd and oppreſt,
And on his head the drowſy planets reſt:
There in blue miſts his rocky ſides he ſhrouds,
And here the towering mountain props the clouds;
Above his awful brow no bird can fly,
And far beneath the muttering thunders die.
When down the ſteep of heaven the day deſcends,
The ſun ſo wide his floating bound extends,
That o'er the deeps the mountain hangs diſplay'd,
And covers half the ocean with his ſhade:
Where the Tænarian ſhores oppoſe the ſea,
The land retreats, and winds into a bay.
Here for repoſe imperial Neptune leads,
Tir'd from th' Ægean floods, his ſmoaking ſteeds;
With their broad hoofs they ſcoop the beach away,
Their finny train rolls back, and floats along the ſea.
Here fame reports th' unbody'd ſhades to go
Through this wide paſſage to the realms below.
From hence the peaſants (as th' Arcadians tell)
Hear all the cries, and groans, and din of hell.
Oft, as her ſcourge of ſnakes the fury plies,
The piercing echoes mount the diſtant ſkies;

Scar'd at the porter's triple roar, the ſwains
Have fled aſtoniſh'd, and forſook the plains.
From hence emergent in a mantling cloud
Sprung to his native ſkies the winged God.
Swift from his face before th' ethereal ray,
Flew all the black Tartarean ſtains away,
And the dark Stygian gloom refin'd to day.
Oe'r towns and realms he held his progreſs on,
Now wing'd the ſkies where bright Arcturus ſhone,
And now the ſilent empire of the moon.
The power of ſleep, who met his radiant flight,
And drove the ſolemn chariot of the night,
Roſe with reſpect, and from th' empyreal road
Turn'd his pale ſteeds, in reverence to the God.
The ſhade beneath purſues his courſe, and ſpies
The well-known planets, and congenial ſkies.
His eyes from far, tall Cyrrha's heights explore,
And Phocian fields polluted with his gore.
At length to Thebes he came, and with a groan
Survey'd the guilty palace once his own;
With awful ſilence ſtalk'd before the gate,
But when he ſaw the trophies of his fate,
High on a column rais'd againſt the door,
And his rich chariot ſtill deform'd with gore,
He ſtarts with horror back; ev'n Jove's command
Could ſcarce control him, nor the vital wand.
'Twas now the ſolemn day; when Jove, array'd
In all his thunders, graſp'd the Theban maid:
Then took from blaſted Semele her load,
And in himſelf conceiv'd the future God.

For this the Thebans revel'd in delight,
And gave to play and luxury the night;
A national debauch! confus'd they lie
Stretch'd o'er the fields, their canopy the ſky.
The ſprightly trumpets ſound, the timbrels play,
And wake with ſacred harmony the day.
The matron's breaſt the gracious power inſpires
With milder raptures, and with ſofter fires.
So the Biſtonian race, a madding train,
Exult and revel on the Thracian plain;
With milk their bloody banquets they allay,
Or from the lion rend his panting prey:
On ſome abandon'd ſavage fiercely fly,
Seize, tear, devour, and think it luxury.
But if the riſing fumes of wine conſpire
To warm their rage, and fan the brutal fire,
Then ſcenes of horror are their dear delight,
They whirl the goblets, and provoke the fight:
Then on the ſlain the revel is renew'd,
And all the horrid banquet floats in blood.
And now the winged Hermes from on high
Shot in deep ſilence from the duſky ſky;
Then hover'd o'er the Theban tyrant's head,
As ſtretch'd at eaſe he preſt his gorgeous bed:
Where labour'd tapeſtry from ſide to ſide,
Glow'd with rich figures, and Aſſyrian pride.
Oh! the precarious terms of human ſtate!
How blind is man! how thoughtleſs of his fate!
See! through his limbs the dews of ſlumber creep,
Sunk as he lies, in luxury and ſleep.

The reverend ſhade commiſſion'd from above,
Haſtes to fulfill the high beheſts of Jove:
Like blind Tireſias to the bed he came,
In form, in habit, and in voice the ſame.
Pale, as before, the phantom ſtill appear'd,
Down his wan boſom flow'd a length of beard;
His head an imitated fillet wore,
His hand a wreath of peaceful olive bore:
With this he touch'd the ſleeping monarch's breaſt,
And in his own, the voice of fate, expreſt.
Then canſt thou ſleep, to thoughtleſs reſt reſign'd?
And drive thy brother's image from thy mind?
Yon gathering ſtorm demands thy timely care,
See! how it rolls this way the tide of war.
When o'er the ſeas the ſweeping whirlwinds fly,
And roar from every quarter of the ſky;
The pilot, in deſpair the ſhip to ſave,
Gives up the helm, a ſport to every wave:
Such is thy error, and thy fate the ſame
(For know, I ſpeak the common voice of fame).
Proud in his new alliances, from far
Againſt thy realm he meditates the war;
Big with ambitious hopes to reign alone,
And ſwell unrival'd on the Theban throne.
New ſigns and fatal prodigies inſpire
His mad ambition, with his boaſted ſire;
And Argos' ample realms in dower beſtow'd,
And Tydeus reeking from his brother's blood,
League and conſpire to raiſe him to the throne,
And make his tedious baniſhment thy own.

For

For this, with pity touch'd, Almighty Jove,
The ſire of Gods, diſpatch'd me from above.
Be ſtill a monarch; let him ſwell in vain
With a gay proſpect of a fancy'd reign:
Still let him hope by fraud, or by the ſword,
To humble Thebes beneath a foreign lord.
Thus the majeſtic ghoſt; but ere he fled,
He pluck'd the wreaths and fillets from his head.
For now the ſickening ſtars were chac'd away,
And heaven's immortal courſers breath'd the day.
Awful to ſight confeſt the grandſire ſtood,
Bared his wide wound, and all his boſom ſhow'd,
Then daſh'd the ſleeping monarch with his blood.
With a diſtracted air, and ſudden ſpring,
Starts from his broken ſleep the trembling king.
Shakes off amaz'd th' imaginary gore,
While fancy paints the ſcene he ſaw before:
Deep in his ſoul his grandſire's image wrought,
And all his brother roſe in every thought.
So while the toils are ſpread, and from behind
The hunter's ſhouts come thickening in the wind;
The tiger ſtarts from ſleep the war to wage,
Collects his powers, and rouzes all his rage:
Sternly he grinds his fangs, he weighs his might,
And whets his dreadful talons for the fight;
Then to his young he bears his foe away,
His foe, at once the chacer and the prey,
Thus on his brother he in every thought,
Waged future wars, and battles yet unfought.

On

On the DEATH of a Young GENTLEMAN.

WITH joy, bleſt youth, we ſaw thee reach thy goal;
Fair was thy frame, and beautiful thy ſoul;
The Graces and the Muſes came combin'd,
Theſe to adorn the body, thoſe the mind;
'Twas there we ſaw the ſofteſt manners meet,
Truth, ſweetneſs, judgment, innocence, and wit.
So form'd, he flew his race; 'twas quickly won;
'Twas but a ſtep, and finiſh'd when begun.
Nature herſelf ſurpriz'd would add no more,
His life compleat in all its parts before;
But his few years with pleaſing wonder told,
By virtues, not by days; and thought him old.
So far beyond his age thoſe virtues ran,
That in a boy ſhe found him more than man.
For years let wretches importune the ſkies,
Till, at the long expence of anguiſh wiſe,
They live, to count their days by miſeries.
Thoſe win the prize, who ſooneſt run the race,
And life burns brighteſt in the ſhorteſt ſpace.
So to the convex-glaſs embody'd run,
Drawn to a point the glories of the ſun;
At once the gathering beams intenſely glow,
And through the ſtreighten'd circle fiercely flow:

In

In one ſtrong flame conſpire the blended rays,
Run to a fire, and croud into a blaze.

CHRIST's PASSION,

From a Greek Ode of Mr. MASTER's, formerly of New College.

AN ODE.

NO more of earthly ſubjects ſing,
To heaven, my Muſe, aſpire;
To raiſe the ſong, charge every ſtring,
And ſtrike the living lyre.
Begin; in lofty numbers ſhow
Th' Eternal King's unfathom'd love,
Who reigns the ſovereign God above,
And ſuffers on the croſs below.
Prodigious pile of wonders! rais'd too high
For the dim ken of frail mortality.
What numbers ſhall I bring along!
From whence ſhall I begin the ſong?
The mighty myſtery I'll ſing inſpir'd
Beyond the reach of human wiſdom wrought,
Beyond the compaſs of an angel's thought,
How by the rage of man his God expir'd.
I'll make the trackleſs depths of mercy known,
How to redeem his foe God render'd up his Son;

I'll

I'll raiſe my voice to tell mankind
The victor's conqueſt o'er his doom,
How in the grave he lay confin'd,
To ſeal more ſure the ravenous tomb.
Three days th' infernal empire to ſubdue,
He paſs'd triumphant through the coaſts of woe;
With his own dart the tyrant Death he ſlew,
And led hell captive through her realms below.

A mingled ſound from Calvary I hear,
And the loud tumult thickens on my ear,
The ſhouts of murderers that inſult the ſlain,
The voice of torment and the ſhrieks of pain.
I caſt my eyes with horror up
To the curſt mountain's guilty top;
See there! whom hanging in the midſt I view!
Ah! how unlike the other two!
I ſee him high above his foes,
And gently bending from the wood
His head in pity down to thoſe,
Whoſe guilt conſpires to ſhed his blood.
His wide-extended arms I ſee,
Transfix'd with nails, and faſten'd to the tree.

Man! ſenſeleſs man! canſt thou look on?
Nor make thy Saviour's pains thy own.
The rage of all thy grief exert,
Rend thy garments and thy heart:
Beat thy breaſt, and grovel low,
Beneath the burden of thy woe;

Bleed

Bleed through thy bowels, tear thy hairs,
Breathe gales of ſighs, and weep a flood of tears.
Behold thy king with purple cover'd round,
Not in the Tyrian tinctures dy'd,
Nor dipt in poiſon of Sidonian pride,
But in his own rich blood that ſtreams from every wound.
Doſt thou not ſee the thorny circle red?
The guilty wreath that bluſhes round his head?
And with what rage the bloody ſcourge apply'd,
Curls round his limbs, and ploughs into his ſide?

At ſuch a ſight let all thy anguiſh riſe,
Break up, break up the fountains of thy eyes.
Here bid thy tears in guſhing torrents flow,
Indulge thy grief, and give a looſe to woe.
Weep from thy ſoul, till earth be drown'd,
Weep, till thy ſorrows drench the ground.
Canſt thou, ungrateful man! his torments ſee,
Nor drop a tear for him, who pours his blood for thee?

ON THE KING'S RETURN,

In the YEAR 1720.

RETURN, auſpicious prince, again,
Nor let Britannia mourn in vain;
Too long, too long, has ſhe deplor'd
Her abſent father and her lord.

To bend her gracious monarch's mind,
She ſends her ſighs in every wind:
Can Britain's prayer be thrown aſide?
And that the firſt he e'er deny'd!

Yet,

Yet, mighty prince, vouchſafe to ſmile,
Return and bleſs our longing iſle;
Though fond Germania begs thy ſtay,
And courts thee from our eyes away.

Though Belgia would our king detain,
We know ſhe begs and pleads in vain;
We know our gracious king prefers
Britannia's happineſs to her's.

And lo! to ſave us from deſpair,
At length he liſtens to our prayer.
Dejected Albion's vows he hears,
And haſtes to dry her falling tears.

He hears his anxious people pray,
And loudly call their king away,
Once more their longing eyes to bleſs,
And guard their freedom and their peace.

They know, while Brunſwick fills the throne,
The ſeaſons glide with pleaſure on;
The Britiſh ſuns improve their rays,
Adorn, and beautify the days.

But ſee the royal veſſel flies,
Leſſening to Belgia's weeping eyes:
She proudly ſails for Albion's ſhores,
Guard her, ye Gods, with all your powers.

O ſea, bid every wave ſubſide,
And teach allegiance to thy tide;
Thy billows in ſubjection keep,
And own the monarch of the deep.

Old Thames can ſcarce his joy ſuſtain,
But runs down headlong to the main,
His mighty maſter to deſcry,
And leaves his ſpacious channel dry.

Auguſta's ſons from either hand
Pour forth, and darken all the ſtrand;
Their eyes purſue the royal barge,
Which now reſigns her ſacred charge.

Th' unruly tranſport ſhakes the ſhore,
And drowns the feeble cannon's roar;
The nations in the ſight rejoice,
And ſend their ſouls in every voice.

But now amidſt the loud applauſe,
With ſhame the conſcious Muſe withdraws;
Nor can her voice be heard amidſt the throng,
The theme ſo lofty, and ſo low the ſong.

ON THE MASQUERADES.

"Si Natura negat, facit indignatio verſum."

WELL—we have reach'd the precipice at laſt;
The preſent age of vice obſcures the paſt.
Our dull forefathers were content to ſtay,
Nor ſin'd, till nature pointed out the way:
No arts they practis'd to foreſtall delight,
But ſtop'd, to wait the calls of appetite.
Their top-debauches were at beſt preciſe,
An unimprov'd ſimplicity of vice.

But

But this bleſt age has found a fairer road,
And left the paths their anceſtors had trod.
Nay, we could wear (our taſte ſo very nice is)
Their old caſt-faſhions ſooner than their vices.
Whoring till now a common trade has been,
But maſquerades refine upon the ſin:
An higher taſte to wickedneſs impart,
And ſecond nature with the helps of art.
New ways and means to pleaſure we deviſe,
Since pleaſure looks the lovelier in diſguiſe.
The ſtealth and frolick give a ſmarter guſt,
Add wit to vice, and elegance to luſt.
In vain, the modiſh evil to redreſs,
At once conſpire the pulpit and the preſs:
Our prieſts and poets preach and write in vain;
All ſatyr's loſt both ſacred and profane.
So many various changes to impart,
Would tire an Ovid's or a Proteus' art;
Where loſt in one promiſcuous whim we ſee,
Sex, age, condition, quality, degree.
Where the facetious crowd themſelves lay down,
And take up every perſon but their own.
Fools, dukes, rakes, cardinals, fops, Indian queens,
Belles in tye-wigs, and lords in harlequins;
Troops of right-honourable porters come,
And garter'd ſmall-coal-merchants crowd the room:
Valets adorn'd with coronets appear,
Lacqueys of ſtate, and footmen with a ſtar:
Sailors of quality with judges mix,
And chimney-ſweepers drive their coach and ſix.

Stateſmen

Stateſmen ſo us'd at court the maſk to wear,
With leſs diſguiſe aſſume the vizor here.
Officious Heydegger deceives our eyes,
For his own perſon is his beſt diſguiſe:
And half the reigning toaſts of equal grace,
Truſt to the natural vizor of the face.
Ideots turn conjurers; and courtiers clowns;
And ſultans drop their handkerchiefs to nuns.
Starch'd quakers glare in furbelows and ſilk;
Beaux deal in ſprats, and dutcheſſes cry milk.
But guard thy fancy, Muſe, nor ſtain thy pen
With the lewd joys of this fantaſtic ſcene;
Where ſexes blend in one confus'd intrigue,
Where the girls raviſh, and the men grow big:
Nor credit what the idle world has ſaid,
Of lawyers forc'd, and judges brought to bed:
Or that to belles their brothers breathe their vows,
Or huſbands through miſtake gallant a ſpouſe.
Such dire diſaſters, and a numerous throng
Of like enormities, require the ſong:
But the chaſte Muſe, with bluſhes cover'd o'er,
Retires confus'd, and will reveal no more.

ON A SHADOW.

AN ODE.

HOW are deluded human kind
By empty ſhows betray'd?
In all their hopes and ſchemes they find
A nothing or a ſhade.

The proſpects of a truncheon caſt
The ſoldier on the wars;
Diſmiſt with ſhatter'd limbs at laſt,
Brats, poverty, and ſcars.

The fond philoſophers for gain
Will leave unturn'd no ſtone;
But though they toil with endleſs pain,
They never find their own.

By the ſame rock the chemiſts drown,
And find no friendly hold,
But melt their ready ſpecie down,
In hopes of fancy'd gold.

What is the mad projector's care?
In hopes elate and ſwelling,
He builds his caſtles in the air,
Yet wants an houſe to dwell in.

At court the poor dependants fail,
And damn their fruitleſs toil,
When complimented thence to jail,
And ruin'd with a ſmile.

How to philoſophers will ſound
So ſtrange a truth diſplay'd?
"There 's not a ſubſtance to be found,
"But every where a ſhade.

To CÆLIA PLAYING ON A LUTE.

AN ODE.

WHILE Cælia's hands fly ſwiftly o'er,
And ſtrike this ſoft machine,
Her touch awakes the ſprings, and life
Of harmony within.

Sweetly they ſink into the ſtrings,
The quivering ſtrings rebound,
Each ſtroke obſequiouſly obey,
And tremble into ſound.

Oh! had you bleſt the years of old;
His lute had Ovid ſtrung,
And dwelt on yours, the charming theme
Of his immortal ſong.

Your's, with Arion's wondrous harp,
The bard had hung on high;
And on the new-born ſtar beſtow'd
The honours of the ſky.

The radiant ſpheres had ceas'd their tunes,
And danc'd in ſilence on,
Pleas'd the new harmony to hear,
More heavenly than their own.

Of old to raiſe one ſhade from hell,
To Orpheus was it given:
But every tune of yours calls down
An angel from his heaven.

To the Unknown AUTHOR of THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

THE theme in other works, for every part,
Supplies materials to the builder's art:
To build from matter, is ſublimely great,
But Gods and Poets only can create;
And ſuch are you; their privilege you claim,
To ſhow your wonders, but conceal your name.
Like ſome eſtabliſh'd king, without control,
You take a general progreſs through the ſoul;
Survey each part, examine every ſide,
Where ſhe's ſecure, and where unfortify'd.
In faithful lines her hiſtory declare,
And trace the cauſes of her civil war;
Your pen no partial prejudices ſway,
But truth decides, and virtue wins the day.
Through what gay fields and flowery ſcenes we paſs,
Where fancy ſports, and fiction leads the chace?
Where life, as through her various acts ſhe tends,
Like other comedies, in marriage ends.
What Muſe but yours ſo juſtly could diſplay
Th' embattled paſſions marſhal'd in array?
Bid the rang'd appetites in order move,
Give luſt a figure, and a ſhape to love?
To airy notions ſolid forms diſpenſe,
And make our thoughts the images of ſenſe?
Diſcover all the rational machine,
And ſhow the movements, ſprings, and wheels within?
But Hymen waves his torch, all diſcords ceaſe;
All parley, drop their arms, and ſue for peace.

Soon

Soon as the ſignal flames, they quit the fight,
For all at firſt but differ'd to unite.
From every part the lines in order move,
And ſweetly center in the point of love.
Let blockheads to the muſty ſchools repair,
And poach for morals and the paſſions there,
Where virtue, like a dwarf in giant's arms,
Cumber'd with words, and manacled in terms,
Serves to amuſe the philoſophic fool,
By method dry, and regularly dull.
Who ſees thy lines ſo viſibly expreſs
The ſoul herſelf in ſuch a pleaſing dreſs;
May from thy labours be convinc'd and taught,
How Spenſer would have ſung, and Plato thought.

The TWELFTH ODE of the Firſt Book of HORACE, TRANSLATED.

WHAT man, what hero will you raiſe,
By the ſhrill pipe, or deeper lyre?
What God, O Clio, will you praiſe,
And teach the echoes to admire?
Amidſt the ſhades of Helicon,
Cold Hæmus' tops, or Pindus' head,
Whence the glad foreſts haſten'd down,
And danc'd as tuneful Orpheus play'd.
Taught by the Muſe, he ſtop'd the fall
Of rapid floods, and charm'd the wind;
The liſtening oaks obey'd the call,
And left their wondering hills behind.

Whom ſhould I firſt record, but Jove,
Whoſe ſway extends o'er ſea and land,
The king of men and gods above,
Who holds the ſeaſons in command?

To rival Jove, ſhall none aſpire,
None ſhall to equal glory riſe;
But Pallas claims beneath her ſire,
The ſecond honours of the ſkies.

To thee, O Bacchus, great in war,
To Dian will I ſtrike the ſtring,
Of Phœbus wounding from afar,
In numbers like his own I'll ſing.

The Muſe Alcides ſhall reſound;
The twins of Leda ſhall ſucceed;
This for the ſtanding fight renown'd,
And that for managing the ſteed.

Whoſe ſtar ſhines innocently ſtill;
The clouds diſperſe, the tempeſts ceaſe,
The waves obedient to their will,
Sink down, and huſh their rage to peace.

Next ſhall I Numa's pious reign,
Or thine, O Romulus, relate:
Or Rome by Brutus free'd again,
Or haughty Cato's glorious fate?

Or dwell on noble Paulus' fame?
Too laviſh of the patriot's blood?
Or Regulus' immortal name,
Too obſtinately juſt and good?

Theſe with Camillus brave and bold,
And other chiefs of matchleſs might,
Rome's virtuous poverty of old,
Severely ſeaſon'd to the fight.

Like trees, Marcellus' glory grows,
With an inſenſible advance;
The Julian ſtar, like Cynthia, glows,
Who leads the planetary dance.

The fates, O ſire of human race,
Entruſt great Cæſar to thy care,
Give him to hold thy ſecond place,
And reign thy ſole vicegerent here.

And whether India he ſhall tame,
Or to his chains the Seres doom;
Or mighty Parthia dreads his name,
And bows her haughty neck to Rome.

While on our groves thy bolts are hurl'd,
And thy loud car ſhakes heaven above,
He ſhall with juſtice awe the world,
To none inferior but to Jove.

The TWENTY SECOND ODE of the Firſt Book of HORACE.

THE man unſully'd with a crime,
Diſdains the pangs of fear,
He ſcorns to dip the poiſon'd ſhaft,
Or poiſe the glittering ſpear.

Nor with the loaded quiver goes
To take the dreadful field:
His ſolid virtue is his helm,
And innocence his ſhield.

In vain the fam'd Hydaſpes' tides,
Obſtruct and bar the road,
He ſmiles on danger, and enjoys
The roarings of the flood.

All climes are native, and forgets
Th' extremes of heats and froſts,
The Scythian Caucaſus grows warm,
And cool the Libyan coaſts.

For while I wander'd through the woods,
And rang'd the lonely grove,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the ſongs
And pleaſing cares of love;

A wolf beheld me from afar,
Of monſtrous bulk and might;
But, naked as I was, he fled
And trembled at the ſight.

A beaſt ſo huge, nor Daunia's grove,
Nor Africk ever view'd;
Though nurſt by her, the lion reigns
The monarch of the wood.

Expoſe me in thoſe horrid climes,
Where not a gentle breeze
Revives the vegetable race,
Or chears the drooping trees.

Where

Where on the world's remoteſt verge
Th' unactive ſeaſons lie,
And not one genial ray unbinds
The rigor of the ſky.

On that unhabitable ſhore,
Expoſe me all alone,
Where I may view without a ſhade,
The culminating ſun.

Beneath th' Æquator, or the Pole,
In ſafety could I rove;
And in a thouſand different climes
Could live for her I love.

A PROLOGUE for the STROLLERS.

GENTEELS, of old pert prologues led the way,
To guide, defend, and uſher in the play,
As powder'd footmen run before the coach,
And thunder at the door my lord's approach.
But though they ſpeak your entertainment near,
Moſt prologues ſpeed like other bills of fare;
Seldom the languid ſtomach they excite,
And oftener pall, than raiſe the appetite.
As for the play—'tis hardly worth our care,
The prologue craves your mercy for the player;
That is, your money---for by Jove I ſwear,
White-gloves and lodging are confounded dear.
Since here are none but friends, the truth to own,
Haſp'd in a coach our company came down,
But I moſt ſhrewdly fear we ſhall depart,
Ev'n in our old original, a cart.

With

With pride inverted, and fantaſtic power,
We ſtrut the fancy'd monarchs of an hour;
While duns our emperors and heroes fear,
And * Cleomenes ſtarves in earneſt here:
The mightieſt kings and queens we keep in pay,
Support their pomp on eighteen-pence a day.
Great Cyrus for a dram has pawn'd his coat,
And all our Cæſars can't command a groat;
Our Scipio's, Hannibals, and Pompeys break,
And Cleopatra ſhifts but once a week.
To aggravate the caſe, we have not one,
Of all the new refinements of the town:
No moving ſtatues, no lewd Harlequins,
No paſteboard-players, no heroes in machines;
No roſin to flaſh lightning---'twould exhauſt us,
To buy a devil and a Doctor Fauſtus.
No windmills, dragons, millers, conjurers,
To exerciſe your eyes, and ſpare your ears;
No paper-ſeas, no thunder from the ſkies,
No witches to deſcend, no ſtage to riſe;
Scarce one for us the actors---we can ſet
Nothing before you but meer ſenſe and wit.
A bare downright old-faſhion'd Engliſh feaſt,
Such as true Britons only can digeſt;
Such as your homely fathers us'd to love,
Who only came to hear and to improve:
Humbly content and pleas'd with what was dreſt,
When Otway, Lee, and Shakeſpeare rang'd the feaſt.

* The Spartan Hero, a tragedy, by Mr. Dryden.

The

The Eighth Psalm Translated.

O King eternal and divine!
The world is thine alone:
Above the ſtars thy glories ſhine,
Above the heavens thy throne.

How far extends thy mighty name!
Where'er the ſun can roll,
That ſun thy wonders ſhall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

The infant's tongue ſhall ſpeak thy power,
And vindicate thy laws;
The tongue that never ſpoke before,
Shall labour in thy cauſe.

For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
And view the heavens around,
Yon' ſtretching waſte of azure ſkies,
With ſtars and planets crown'd;

Who in their dance attend the moon,
The empreſs of the night,
And pour around her ſilver throne,
Their tributary light:

Lord! what is mortal man? that he
Thy kind regard ſhould ſhare?
What is his ſon, who claims from thee
And challenges thy care?

Next to the bleſt angelic kind,
Thy hands created man,
And this inferior world aſſign'd,
To dignify his ſpan.

Him all revere, and all obey
His delegated reign,
The flocks that through the valley ſtray,
The herds that graze the plain.

The furious tiger ſpeeds his flight,
And trembles at his power;
In fear of his ſuperior might,
The lions ceaſe to roar.

Whatever horrid monſters tread
The paths beneath the ſea,
Their king at awful diſtance dread,
And ſullenly obey.

O Lord, how far extends thy name!
Where-e'er the ſun can roll,
That ſun thy wonders ſhall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

PSALM the Twenty-fourth, PARAPHRASED.

FAR as the world can ſtretch its bounds,
The Lord is king of all,
His wondrous power extends around
The circuit of the ball.

For he within the gloomy deeps
Its dark foundations caſt,
And rear'd the pillars of the earth
Amid the watery waſte.

Who ſhall aſcend his Sion's hill,
And ſee Jehovah there?
Who from his ſacred ſhrine ſhall breathe
The ſacrifice of prayer?

He only whoſe unſully'd ſoul
Fair virtue's paths has trod,
Who with clean hands and heart regards
His neighbour and his God.

On him ſhall his indulgent Lord
Diffuſive bounties ſhed,
From God his Saviour ſhall deſcend
All bleſſings on his head.

Of thoſe who ſeek his righteous ways,
Is this the choſen race,
Who baſk in all his bounteous ſmiles,
And flouriſh in his grace.

Lift up your ſtately heads, ye doors,
With haſty reverence riſe;
Ye everlaſting doors, who guard
The paſſes of the ſkies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burſt the gates of day.

For ſee! the King of glory comes
Along th' ethereal road:
The cherubs through your folds ſhall bear
The triumph of your God.

Who is this great and glorious King?
Oh! 'tis the Lord, whoſe might
Decides the conqueſt, and ſuſpends
The balance of the fight.

Lift up your ſtately heads, ye doors,
With haſty reverence riſe;
Ye everlaſting doors, who guard
The paſſes of the ſkies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burſt the gates of day.

For ſee! the King of glory comes
Along th' ethereal road:
The cherubs through your folds ſhall bear
The triumphs of their God.

Who is this great and glorious King?
Oh! 'tis the God, whoſe care
Leads on his Iſrael to the field,
Whoſe power controls the war.

PSALM the TWENTY-NINTH.

YE mighty princes, your oblations bring,
And pay due honours to your awful king;
His boundleſs power to all the world proclaim,
Bend at his ſhrine, and tremble at his name.
For hark! his voice with unreſiſted ſway
Rules and controls the raging of the ſea;
Within due bounds the mighty ocean keeps,
And in their watery cavern awes the deeps:
Shook by that voice, the nodding groves around
Start from their roots, and fly the dreadful ſound.
The blaſted cedars low in duſt are laid,
And Lebanon is left without a ſhade.
See! when he ſpeaks, the lofty mountains croud,
And fly for ſhelter from the thundering God:
Sirion and Lebanon like hinds advance,
And in wild meaſures lead th' unwieldy dance.
His voice, his mighty voice, divides the fire,
Back from the blaſt the ſhrinking flames retire.
Ev'n Cades trembles when Jehovah ſpeaks,
With all his ſavages the deſert ſhakes.
At the dread ſound the hinds with fear are ſtung,
And in the lonely foreſt drop their young.
While in his hallow'd temple all proclaim
His glorious honours, and adore his name.
High o'er the foaming ſurges of the ſea
He ſits, and bids the liſtening deeps obey:

He

He reigns o'er all; for ever laſts his power
Till nature ſinks, and time ſhall be no more.
With ſtrength the ſons of Iſrael ſhall he bleſs,
And crown our tribes, with happineſs and peace.

PSALM the Forty-ſixth, PARAPHRASED.

ON God we build our ſure defence,
In God our hope repoſe:
His hand protects us in the fight,
And guards us from our woes.

Then, be the earth's unwieldy frame
From its foundations hurl'd,
We may, unmov'd with fear, enjoy
The ruins of the world.

What though the ſolid rocks be rent,
In tempeſts whirl'd away?
What though the hills ſhould burſt their roots,
And roll into the ſea?

Thou ſea, with dreadful tumults ſwell,
And bid thy waters riſe
In furious ſurges, till they daſh
The flood-gates of the ſkies.

Our minds ſhall be ſerene and calm,
Like Siloah's peaceful flood;
Whoſe ſoft and ſilver ſtreams refreſh
The city of our God.

Within

Within the proud delighted waves,
The wanton turrets play;
The ſtreams lead down their humid train,
Reluctant to the ſea.

Amid the ſcene the temple floats,
With its reflected towers,
Gilds all the ſurface of the flood,
And dances to the ſhores.

With wonder ſee what mighty power
Our ſacred Sion chears,
Lo! there amidſt her ſtately walls,
Her God, her God appears.

Fixt on her baſis ſhe ſhall ſtand,
And, innocently proud,
Smile on the tumults of the world,
Beneath the wings of God.

See! how, their weakneſs to proclaim,
The heathen tribes engage!
See! how with fruitleſs wrath they burn,
And impotence of rage!

But God has ſpoke; and lo! the world,
His terrors to diſplay,
With all the melting globe of earth,
Drops ſilently away.

Still to the mighty Lord of hoſts
Securely we reſort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our ſuccour and ſupport.

Hither, ye numerous nations, croud,
In ſilent rapture ſtand,
And ſee o'er all the earth diſplay'd
The wonders of his hand.

He bids the din of war be ſtill,
And all its tumults ceaſe;
He bids the guiltleſs trumpet ſound
The harmony of peace.

He breaks the tough reluctant bow,
He burſts the brazen ſpear,
And in the crackling fire his hand
Conſumes the blazing car.

Hear then his formidable voice,
"Be ſtill, and know the Lord;
"By all the heathen I'll be fear'd;
"By all the earth ador'd.

Still to the mighty Lord of hoſts,
Securely we reſort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God;
Our ſuccour and ſupport.

PSALM the 90th Paraphraſed.

THY hand, O Lord, through rolling years
Has ſav'd us from deſpair,
From period down to period ſtretch'd
The proſpects of thy care.

Before

Before the world was firſt conceiv'd,
Before the pregnant earth,
Call'd forth the mountains from her womb,
Who ſtruggled to their birth;

Eternal God! thy early days
Beyond duration run,
Ere the firſt race of ſtarting time
Was meaſur'd by the ſun.

We die; but future nations hear
Thy potent voice again,
Riſe at the ſummons, and reſtore
The periſh'd race of man;

Before thy comprehenſive ſight,
Duration fleets away;
And rapid ages on the wing,
Fly ſwifter than a day.

As great Jehovah's piercing eyes
Eternity explore,
The longeſt æra is a night,
A period is an hour.

We at thy mighty call, O Lord,
Our fancy'd beings leave,
Rouz'd from the flattering dream of life,
To ſleep within the grave.

Swift from their barrier to their goal
The rapid moments paſs,
And leave poor man, for whom they run,
The emblem of the graſs.

In the firſt morn of life it grows,
And lifts its verdant head,
At noon decays, at evening dies,
And withers in the mead.

We in the glories of thy face
Our ſecret ſins ſurvey,
And ſee how gloomy thoſe appear,
How pure and radiant they.

To death as our appointed goal
Thy anger drives us on,
To that full period fix'd at length
This tale of life is done.

With winged ſpeed, to ſtated bounds
And limits we muſt fly,
While ſeventy rolling ſuns compleat
Their circles in the ſky.

Or if ten more around us roll,
'Tis labour, woe, and ſtrife,
Till we at length are quite drawn down
To the laſt dregs of life.

But who, O Lord, regards thy wrath,
Though dreadful and ſevere?
That wrath, whatever fear he feels,
Is equal to his fear.

So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
And eye their conſtant race,
To meaſure what we want in time,
By wiſdom, and by grace.

With us repent, and on our hearts
Thy choiceſt graces ſhed,
And ſhower from thy celeſtial throne
Thy bleſſings on our head.

Oh! may thy mercy crown us here,
And come without delay;
Then our whole courſe of life will ſeem
One glad triumphant day.

Now the bleſt years of joy reſtore,
For thoſe of grief and ſtrife,
And with one pleaſant drop allay
This bitter draught of life.

Thy wonders to the world diſplay,
Thy ſervants to adorn,
That may delight their future ſons,
And children yet unborn;

Thy beams of majeſty diffuſe,
With them thy great commands,
And bid proſperity attend
The labours of our hands.

The 139th PSALM paraphraſed in Miltonick Verſe.

O Dread Jehovah! thy all-piercing eyes
Explore the motions of this mortal frame,
This tenement of duſt: Thy ſtretching ſight
Surveys th' harmonious principles, that move

In beauteous rank and order, to inform
This caſk, and animated maſs of clay.
Nor are the proſpects of thy wondrous ſight
To this terreſtrial part of man confin'd;
But ſhoot into his ſoul, and there diſcern
The firſt materials of unfaſhion'd thought,
Yet dim and undigeſted, till the mind,
Big with the tender images, expands,
And, ſwelling, labours with th' ideal birth.
Where-e'er I move, thy cares purſue my feet
Attendant. When I drink the dews of ſleep,
Stretch'd on my downy bed, and there enjoy
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of all my toils,
Unſeen, thy ſovereign preſence guards my ſleep,
Wafts all the terrors of my dreams away,
Sooths all my ſoul, and ſoftens my repoſe.
Before conception can employ the tongue,
And mould the ductile images to ſound;
Before imagination ſtands diſplay'd,
Thine eye the future eloquence can read,
Yet unarray'd with ſpeech. Thou, mighty Lord!
Haſt moulded man from his congenial duſt,
And ſpoke him into being; while the clay,
Beneath thy forming hand, leap'd forth, inſpir'd,
And ſtarted into life: through every part,
At thy command, the wheels of motion play'd.
But ſuch exalted knowledge leaves below
And drops poor man from its ſuperior ſphere.
In vain, with reaſon's ballaſt, would he try
To ſtem th' unfathomable depth; his bark
O'er-ſets, and founders in the vaſt abyſs.

Then whither ſhall the rapid fancy run,
Though in its full career, to ſpeed my flight
From thy unbounded preſence? which, alone,
Fills all the regions and extended ſpace
Beyond the bounds of nature! Whither, Lord!
Shall my unrein'd imagination rove,
To leave behind thy ſpirit, and out-fly
Its influence, which, with brooding wings, out-ſpread
Hatch'd unfledg'd nature from the dark profound.
If mounted on my towering thoughts I climb
Into the heaven of heavens; I there behold
The blaze of thy unclouded majeſty!
In the pure empyrean thee I view,
High thron'd above all height, thy radiant ſhrine,
Throng'd with the proſtrate ſeraphs, who receive
Beatitude paſt utterance! If I plunge
Down to the gloom of Tartarus profound,
There too I find thee, in the loweſt bounds
Of Erebus, and read thee, in the ſcenes
Of complicated wrath: I ſee thee clad
In all the majeſty of darkneſs there.
If, on the ruddy morning's purple wings
Up-born, with indefatigable courſe,
I ſeek the glowing borders of the Eaſt,
Where the bright ſun, emergent from the deeps,
With his firſt glories gilds the ſparkling ſeas,
And trembles o'er the waves; ev'n there, thy hand
Shall through the watery deſert guide my courſe,
And o'er the broken ſurges pave my way,
While on the dreadful whirles I hang ſecure,

And mock the warring ocean. If, with hopes,
As fond as falſe, the darkneſs I expect
To hide, and wrap me in its mantling ſhade,
Vain were the thought: for thy unbounded ken
Darts through the thickening gloom, and pries through all
The palpable obſcure. Before thy eyes,
The vanquiſh'd night throws off her duſky ſhrowd,
And kindles into day: the ſhade, and light,
To man ſtill various, but the ſame to thee.
On thee, is all the ſtructure of my frame
Dependant. Lock'd within the ſilent womb,
Sleeping I lay, and ripening to my birth;
Yet, Lord, thy out-ſtretch'd arm preſerv'd me there;
Before I mov'd to entity, and trod
The verge of being. To thy hallow'd name
I'll pay due honours: for thy mighty hand
Built this corporeal fabrick, when it laid
The ground-work of exiſtence. Hence, I read
The wonders of thy art. This frame I view
With terror and delight; and, wrapt in both,
I ſtartle at myſelf. My bones, unform'd
As yet, nor hardening from the viſcous parts,
But blended with th' unanimated maſs,
Thy eye diſtinctly view'd; and, while I lay
Within the earth, imperfect, nor perceiv'd
The firſt faint dawn of life, with eaſe ſurvey'd
The vital glimmerings of the active ſeeds,
Juſt kindling to exiſtence; and beheld
My ſubſtance ſcarce material. In thy book,
Was the fair model of this ſtructure drawn,

Where every part, in juſt connection join'd,
Compos'd and perfected th' harmonious piece,
Ere the dim ſpeck of being learn'd to ſtretch
Its ductile form, or entity had known
To range and wanton in an ampler ſpace.
How dear, how rooted in my inmoſt ſoul,
Are all thy counſels, and the various ways
Of thy eternal providence! The ſum
So boundleſs and immenſe, it leaves behind
The low account of numbers; and out-flies
All that imagination e're conceiv'd,
Leſs numerous are the ſands that crowd the ſhores,
The barriers of the ocean. When I riſe
From my ſoft bed, and ſofter joys of ſleep,
I riſe to thee. Yet lo! the impious flight
Thy mighty wonders. Shall the ſons of vice
Elude the vengeance of thy wrathful hand,
And mock thy lingering thunder, which with-holds
Its forky terrors from their guilty heads?
Thou great tremendous God!—Avaunt, and fly,
All ye who thirſt for blood.—For, ſwoln with pride,
Each haughty wretch blaſphemes thy ſacred name,
And bellows his reproaches to affront
Thy glorious Majeſty. Thy foes I hate
Worſe than my own, O Lord! Explore my ſoul,
See if a flaw or ſtain of ſin infects
My guilty thoughts. Then, lead me in the way
That guides my feet to thy own heaven and thee.

PSALM

PSALM the Hundred and Forty-fourth Paraphraſed.

MY ſoul, in raptures riſe to bleſs the Lord,
Who taught my hands to draw the fatal ſword;
Led by his arm, undaunted I appear
In the firſt ranks of death, and front of war.
He taught me firſt the pointed ſpear to wield,
And mow the glorious harveſt of the field.
By him inſpir'd, from ſtrength to ſtrength I paſt,
Plung'd through the troops, and laid the battle waſte.
In him my hopes I center and repoſe,
He guards my life, and ſhields me from my foes.
He held his ample buckler o'er my head,
And ſcreen'd me trembling in the mighty ſhade:
Againſt all hoſtile violence and power,
He was my ſword, my bulwark, and my tower.
He o'er my people will maintain my ſway,
And teach my willing ſubjects to obey.
Lord! what is man, of vile and humble birth?
Sprung with his kindred reptiles from the earth?
That he ſhould thus thy ſecret counſels ſhare?
Or what his ſon, who challenges thy care?
Why does thine eye regard this nothing, man?
His life a point, his meaſure but a ſpan?
The fancy'd pageant of a moment made,
Swift as a dream, and fleeting as a ſhade.
Come in thy power, and leave th' ethereal plain,
And to thy harneſs'd tempeſt give the rein;

You

Yon ſtarry arch ſhall bend beneath the load,
So loud the chariot, and ſo great the God!
Soon as his rapid wheels Jehovah rolls,
The folding ſkies ſhall tremble to the poles:
Heaven's gaudy axle with the world ſhall fall,
Leap from the centre, and unhinge the ball.
Touch'd by thy hands, the labouring hills expire
Thick clouds of ſmoke, and deluges of fire;
On the tall groves the red deſtroyer preys,
And wraps th' eternal mountains in the blaze:
Full on my foes may all thy lightnings fly,
On purple pinions through the gloomy ſky.
Extend thy hand, thou kind all-gracious God,
Down from the heaven of heavens thy bright abode,
And ſhield me from my foes, whoſe towering pride
Lowers like a ſtorm, and gathers like a tide:
Againſt ſtrange children vindicate my cauſe,
Who curſe thy name, and trample on thy laws;
Who fear not vengeance which they never felt,
Train'd to blaſpheme, and eloquent in guilt:
Their hands are impious, and their deeds profane,
They plead their boaſted innocence in vain.
Thy name ſhall dwell for ever on my tongue,
And guide the ſacred numbers of my ſong;
To thee my Muſe ſhall conſecrate her lays,
And every note ſhall labour in thy praiſe;
The hallow'd theme ſhall teach me how to ſing,
Swell on the lyre, and tremble on the ſtring.
Oft has thy hand from fight the monarch led,
When death flew raging, and the battle bled;

And ſnatch'd thy ſervant in the laſt deſpair
From all the riſing tumult of the war.
Againſt ſtrange children vindicate my cauſe,
Who curſe thy name, and trample on thy laws;
That our fair ſons may ſmile in early bloom,
Our ſons, the hopes of all our years to come:
Like plants that nurs'd by foſtering ſhowers ariſe,
And lift their ſpreading honours to the ſkies.
That our chaſte daughters may their charms diſplay,
Like the bright pillars of our temple, gay,
Poliſh'd, and tall, and ſmooth, and fair as they.
Piled up with plenty let our barns appear,
And burſt with all the ſeaſons of the year;
Let pregnant flocks in every quarter bleat,
And drop their tender young in every ſtreet.
Safe from their labours may our oxen come,
Safe may they bring the gather'd ſummer home.
Oh! may no ſighs, no ſtreams of ſorrow flow,
To ſtain our triumphs with the tears of woe.
Bleſs'd is the nation, how ſincerely bleſs'd!
Of ſuch unbounded happineſs poſſeſs'd,
To whom Jehovah's ſacred name is known,
Who claim the God of Iſrael for their own.

The THIRD CHAPTER of JOB.

JOB curs'd his birth, and bade his curſes flow
In words of grief, and eloquence of woe;
Loſt be that day which dragg'd me to my doom,
Recent to life, and ſtruggling from the womb;

Whoſe

Whoſe beams with ſuch malignant luſtre ſhone,
Whence all my years in anxious circles run.
Loſt be that night in undetermin'd ſpace,
And veil with deeper ſhades her gloomy face,
Which crowded up with woes this ſlender ſpan,
While the dull maſs roſe quickening into man.
O'er that curs'd day let ſable darkneſs riſe,
Shrowd the blue vault, and blacken all the ſkies;
May God o'er-look it from his heavenly throne,
Nor rouze from ſleep the ſedentary ſun,
O'er its dark face to ſhed his genial ray,
And warm to joy the melancholy day.
May the clouds frown, and livid poiſons breathe,
And ſtain heaven's azure with the ſhade of death.
May ten-fold darkneſs from that dreadful night
Seize and arreſt the ſtraggling gleams of light;
To pay due vengeance for its fatal crime,
Still be it baniſh'd from the train of time;
Nor in the radiant liſt of months appear,
To ſtain the ſhining circle of the year:
There through her duſky range may ſilence roam,
There may no ray, no glimpſe of gladneſs come,
No voice to cheer the ſolitary gloom.
May every ſtar his gaudy light with-hold,
Nor through the vapour ſhoot his beamy gold:
Nor let the dawn with radiant ſkirts come on,
Tipp'd with the glories of the riſing ſun;
Becauſe that dreadful period fix'd my doom,
Nor ſeal'd the dark receſſes of the womb.

To

To that original my ills I owe,
Heir of affliction, and the ſon of woe.
Oh! had I dy'd unexercis'd in pain,
And wak'd to life, to ſleep in death again!
Why did not Fate attend me at my birth,
And give me back to my congenial earth?
Why was I, when an infant, ſooth'd to reſt,
Lull'd on the knee, or hung upon the breaſt?
For now the grave would all my cares compoſe,
Conceal my ſorrows, and inter my woes:
There wrapp'd and lock'd within his cold embrace,
Safe had I ſlumber'd in the arms of peace;
There with the mighty kings, who lie inroll'd
In clouds of incenſe, and in beds of gold:
There with the princes, who in grandeur ſhone,
And aw'd the trembling nations from the throne;
Afflicted Job an equal reſt might have,
And ſhare the dark retirement of the grave;
Or as a ſhapeleſs Embryo ſeek the tomb,
Rude and imperfect from the abortive womb:
Ere motion's early principle began,
Or the dim ſubſtance kindled into man.
There from their monſtrous crimes the wicked ceaſe,
Their labouring guilt is weary'd into peace;
There blended ſleep the coward and the brave,
Stretch'd with his lord, the undiſtinguiſh'd ſlave
Enjoys the common refuge of the grave.
An equal lot the mighty victor ſhares,
And lies amidſt the captives of his wars;

With

With his, thoſe captives mingle their remains,
The ſame in death, nor leſſen'd by their chains,
Why are we doom'd to view the genial ray?
Why curſt to bear the painful light of day?
Oh! with what joy the wretches yield their breath?
And pant in bitterneſs of ſoul for death?
As a rich prize, the diſtant bliſs they crave,
And find the glorious treaſure in the grave.
Why is the wretch condemn'd without relief,
To combat woe, and tread the round of grief,
Whom in the toils of fate his God has bound,
And drawn the line of miſeries around?
When nature calls for aid, my ſighs intrude,
My tears prevent my neceſſary food:
Like a full ſtream o'ercharg'd, my ſorrows flow,
In burſts of anguiſh, and a tide of woe;
For now the dire affliction which I fled,
Pours like a roaring torrent on my head.
My terrors ſtill the phantom view'd, and wrought
The dreadful image into every thought:
At length pluck'd down, the fatal ſtroke I feel,
And loſe the fancy'd in the real ill.

The Twenty-Fifth Chapter of Job, Paraphraſed.

THEN will vain man complain and murmur ſtill?
And ſtand on terms with his Creator's will?
Shall this high privilege to clay be given?
Shall duſt arraign the providence of heaven?

With

With reaſon's line the boundleſs diſtance ſcan;
Oppoſe heaven's awful majeſty to man.
To what a length his vaſt dominions run?
How far beyond the journeys of the ſun?
He hung yon' golden balls of light on high,
And launch'd the planets through the liquid ſky:
To rolling worlds he mark'd the certain ſpace,
Fixt and ſuſtain'd the elemental peace.

Unnumber'd as thoſe worlds his armies move,
And the gay legions guard his realms above;
High o'er th' ethereal plains, the myriads riſe,
And pour their flaming ranks along the ſkies:
From their bright arms inceſſant ſplendors ſtream,
And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.

To this low world he bids the light repair,
Down through the gulphs of undulating air:
For man he taught the glorious ſun to roll,
From his bright barrier to his weſtern goal.

How then ſhall man, thus inſolently proud,
Plead with his Judge, and combat with his God?
How from his mortal mother can he come,
Unſtain'd from ſin, untinctur'd from the womb?

The Lord from his ſublime empyreal throne,
As a dark globe, regards the ſilver moon.
Thoſe ſtars, that grace the wide celeſtial plain,
Are but the humbleſt ſweepings of his train;
Dim are the brighteſt ſplendors of the ſky;
And the ſun darkens in Jehovah's eye.
But does not ſin diffuſe a fouler ſtain,
And thicker darkneſs cloud the ſoul of man?

Shall

Shall he the depths of endleſs wiſdom know?
This ſhort-liv'd ſovereign of the world below?
His frail original confounds his boaſt,
Sprung from the ground, and quicken'd from the duſt.

The Song of MOSES, in the Fifteenth Chapter of EXODUS, Paraphraſed.

THEN to the Lord, the vaſt triumphant throng
Of Iſrael's ſons, with Moſes, rais'd the ſong.
To God our grateful accents will we raiſe,
And every tongue ſhall celebrate his praiſe:
Behold diſplay'd the wonders of his might;
Behold the Lord triumphant in the fight!
With what immortal fame and glory grac'd!
What trophies rais'd amid the watery waſte!
How did his power the ſteeds and riders ſweep
Ingulph'd in heaps, and whelm'd beneath the deep?
Whom ſhould we fear, while he, heaven's awful Lord,
Unſheaths for Iſrael his avenging ſword?
His outſtretch'd arm, and tutelary care,
Guarded and ſav'd us in the laſt deſpair:
His mercy eas'd us from our circling pains,
Unbound our ſhackles, and unlock'd our chains.
To him our God, our Fathers God, I'll rear
A ſacred temple, and adore him there,
With vows and incenſe, ſacrifice and prayer.
The Lord commands in war; his matchleſs might
Hangs out and guides the balance of the fight:
By him the war the mighty leaders form,
And teach the hovering tumult where to ſtorm.

His Name, O Iſrael, Heaven's Eternal Lord,
For-ever honour'd, reverenc'd, and ador'd.
When to the fight from Ægypt's fruitful ſoil,
Pour'd forth in myriads all the ſons of Nile;
The Lord o'erthrew the courſer and the car,
Sunk Pharaoh's pride, and o'erwhelm'd his war.
Beneath th' encumber'd deeps his legions lay,
For many a league impurpling all the ſea:
The chiefs, and ſteeds, and warriors whirl'd around,
Lay midſt the roarings of the ſurges drown'd.
Who ſhall thy power, thou mighty God, withſtand,
And check the force of thy victorious hand?
Thy hand, which red with wrath in terror roſe,
To cruſh that day thy proud Ægyptian foes.
Struck by that hand, their drooping ſquadrons fall,
Crowding in death; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
Soon as thy anger, charg'd with vengeance, came,
They ſunk like ſtubble crackling in the flame.
At thy dread voice the ſummon'd billows crowd,
And a ſtill ſilence lulls the wondering flood:
Roll'd up, the cryſtal ridges ſtrike the ſkies,
Waves peep o'er waves, and ſeas o'er ſeas ariſe.
Around in heaps the liſtening ſurges ſtand,
Mute and obſervant of the high command.
Congeal'd with fear attends the watery train,
Rouz'd from the ſecret chambers of the main.
With ſavage joy the ſons of Ægypt cry'd,
(Vaſt were their hopes, and boundleſs was their pride)
Let us purſue thoſe fugitives of Nile,
This ſervile nation, and divide the ſpoil:

And

And ſpread ſo wide the ſlaughter, till their blood
Dyes with a ſtronger red the bluſhing flood.
Oh! what a copious prey their hoſts afford,
To glut and fatten the devouring ſword!
As thus the yawning gulf the boaſters paſs'd,
At thy command ruſh'd forth the rapid blaſt.
Then, at the ſignal given, with dreadful ſway,
In one huge heap roll'd down the roaring ſea;
And now the diſintangled waves divide,
Unlock their folds, and thaw the frozen tide.
The deeps alarm'd call terribly from far
The loud, embattled ſurges to the war;
Till her proud ſons aſtoniſh'd Ægypt found,
Cover'd with billows, and in tempeſts drown'd.
What God can emulate thy power divine,
Or who oppoſe his miracles to thine?
When joyful we adore thy glorious name,
Thy trembling foes confeſs their fear and ſhame.
The world attends thy abſolute command,
And nature waits the wonders of thine hand.
That hand, extended o'er the ſwelling ſea,
The conſcious billows reverence and obey.
O'er the devoted race the ſurges ſweep,
And whelm the guilty nation in the deep.
That hand redeem'd us from our ſervile toil,
And each inſulting tyrant of the Nile:
Our nation came beneath that mighty hand,
From Ægypt's realms, to Canaan's ſacred land.
Thou wert their Guide, their Saviour, and their God,
To ſmooth the way, and clear the dreadful road.

The diſtant kingdoms ſhall thy wonders hear,
The fierce Philiſtines ſhall confeſs their fear;
Thy fame ſhall over Edom's princes ſpread,
And Moab's kings, the univerſal dread;
While the vaſt ſcenes of miracles impart
A thrilling horror to the braveſt heart.
As through the world the gathering terror runs,
Canaan ſhall ſhrink, and tremble for his ſons.
Till thou haſt Jacob from his bondage brought,
At ſuch a vaſt expence of wonders bought,
To Canaan's promis'd realms and bleſt abodes,
Led through the dark receſſes of the floods.
Crown'd with their tribes ſhall proud Moriah riſe,
And rear his ſummit nearer to the ſkies.
Through ages, Lord, ſhall ſtretch thy boundleſs power,
Thy throne ſhall ſtand when Time ſhall be no more:
For Pharaoh's ſteeds, and cars, and warlike train,
Leap'd in, and boldly rang'd the ſandy plain.
While in the dreadful road, and deſart way,
The ſhining crowds of gaſping fiſhes lay:
Till, all around with liquid toils beſet,
The Lord ſwept o'er their heads the watery net.
He freed the ocean from his ſecret chain,
And on each hand diſcharg'd the thundering main.
The looſen'd billows burſt from every ſide,
And whelm the war and warriors in the tide;
But on each hand the ſolid billows ſtood,
Like lofty mounds to check the raging flood;
Till the bleſt race to promis'd Canaan paſt
O'er the dry path, and trod the watery waſte.

The

The THIRD ODE of the Second Book of HORACE, Paraphraſed.

LET the brave youth be train'd, the ſtings
Of poverty to bear,
And in the ſchool of want be taught
The exerciſe of war.

Let him be practis'd in his bloom,
To liſten to alarms,
And learn proud Parthia to ſubdue
With unreſiſted arms.

The hoſtile tyrant's beauteous bride,
Diſtracted with deſpair,
Beholds him pouring to the fight,
And thundering through the war.

As from the battlements ſhe views
The ſlaughter of his ſword,
Thus ſhall the fair expreſs her grief,
And terrors for her Lord:

Look down, ye gracious powers, from heaven,
Nor let my conſort go,
Rude in the arts of war, to fight
This formidable foe.

Oh! not with half that dreadful rage
The royal ſavage flies,
When, at the ſlighteſt touch, he ſprings
And darts upon his prize.

How fair, how comely are our wounds,
In our dear country's cauſe!
What fame attends the glorious fate,
That props our dying laws!

For death's cold hand arreſts the fears
That haunt the coward's mind;
Swift ſhe purſues the flying wretch,
And wounds him from behind.

Bravely regardleſs of diſgrace,
Bold virtue ſtands alone,
With pure unſully'd glory ſhines,
And honours ſtill her own.

From the dark grave, and ſilent duſt,
She bids her ſons ariſe,
And to the radiant train unfolds
The portals of the ſkies.

Now, with triumphant wings, ſhe ſoars,
Above the realms of day,
Spurns the dull earth, and groveling crowd,
And towers th' ethereal way.

With her has ſilence a reward,
Within the bleſs'd abodes,
That holy ſilence which conceals
The ſecrets of the Gods.

But with a wretch I would not live,
By ſacrilege prophan'd,
Nor lodge beneath one roof, nor launch
One veſſel from the land:

For,

For, blended with the bad, the good
The common ſtroke have felt,
And heaven's dire vengeance ſtruck alike
At innocence and guilt.

The wrath divine purſues the wretch,
At preſent lame, and ſlow,
But yet, though tardy to advance,
She gives the ſurer blow.

The THIRD ODE of the Fourth Book of HORACE, Paraphraſed.

WHOM firſt, Melpomene, thy eye
With friendly aſpect views,
Shall from his cradle riſe renown'd,
And ſacred to the Muſe.

Nor to the Iſthmian games his fame
And deathleſs triumphs owe;
Nor ſhall he wear the verdant wreath,
That ſhades the champion's brow.

Nor in the wide Elæan plains
Fatigue the courſer's ſpeed;
Nor through the glorious cloud of duſt,
Provoke the bounding ſteed.

Nor, as an haughty victor, mount
The Capitolian heights,
And proudly dedicate to Jove
The trophies of his fights.

Becauſe his thundering hand in war
Has check'd the ſwelling tide
Of the ſtern tyrant's power, and broke
The meaſures of his pride.

But by ſweet Tybur's groves and ſtreams
His glorious theme purſues,
And ſcorns the laurels of the war,
For thoſe that crown the Muſe.

There in the moſt retir'd retreats,
He ſets his charming ſong,
To the ſweet harp which Sappho touch'd,
Or bold Alcæus ſtrung.

Rank'd by thy ſons, Imperial Rome,
Among the poet's quire,
Above the reach of envy's hand
I ſafely may aſpire.

Thou ſacred Muſe, whoſe artful hand
Can teach the bard to ſing;
Can animate the golden lyre,
And wake the living ſtring:

Thou, by whoſe mighty power, may ſing,
In unaccuſtom'd ſtrains,
The ſilent fiſhes in the floods,
As on their banks the ſwans.

To thee I owe my ſpreading fame,
That thouſands, as they gaze,
Make me their wonder's common theme,
And object of their praiſe.

If firſt I ſtruck the Leſbian lyre,
No fame belongs to me;
I owe my honours, when I pleaſe,
(If e'er I pleaſe) to thee.

On the approaching CONGRESS of CAMBRAY.

Written in 1721.

YE patriots of the world, whoſe cares combin'd
Conſult the public welfare of mankind,
One moment let the crowding kingdoms wait,
And Europe in ſuſpence attend her fate,
Which turns on your great councils; nor refuſe
To hear the ſtrains of the prophetic Muſe;
Who ſees thoſe councils with a generous care
Heal the wide wounds, and calm the rage of war;
She ſees new verdure all the plain o'erſpread,
Where the fight burn'd, and where the battle bled.
The fields of death a ſofter ſcene diſcloſe,
And Ceres ſmiles where iron harveſts roſe.
The bleating flocks along the baſtion paſs,
And from the awful ruins crop the graſs.
Freed from his fears, each unmoleſted ſwain,
In peaceful furrows cuts the fatal plain;
Turns the high bulwark and aſpiring mound,
And ſees the camp with all the ſeaſons crown'd.
Beneath each clod, bright burniſh'd arms appear;
Each furrow glitters with the pride of war;
The fields reſound and tinkle as they break,
And the keen faulchion rings againſt the rake;

At

At reſt beneath the hanging ramparts laid,
He ſings ſecurely in the dreadful ſhade.
Hark!——o'er the ſeas, the Britiſh lions roar
Their monarch's fame to every diſtant ſhore:
Swift on their canvaſs wings his navies go,
Where-ever tides can roll, or winds can blow;
Their ſails within the arctic circle riſe,
Led by the ſtars that gild the northern ſkies;
Tempt frozen ſeas, nor fear the driving blaſt,
But ſwell exulting o'er the hoary waſte;
O'er the wide ocean hold ſupreme command,
And active commerce ſpread through every land;
Or with full pride to ſouthern regions run,
To diſtant worlds, on t'other ſide the ſun;
And plow the tides, where odoriferous gales
Perfume the ſmiling waves, and ſtretch the bellying ſails.
See! the proud merchant ſeek the precious ſhore,
And trace the winding veins of glittering ore;
Low in the earth his wondering eyes behold
Th' imperfect metal ripening into gold.
The mountains tremble with alternate rays,
And caſt at once a ſhadow and a blaze:
Streak'd o'er with gold, the pebbles flame around,
Gleam o'er the ſoil, and gild the tinkling ground;
Charg'd with the glorious prize, his veſſels come,
And in proud triumph bring an India home.
Fair Concord, hail; thy wings o'er Brunſwick ſpread,
And with thy olives crown his laurel'd head.
Come; in thy moſt diſtinguiſh'd charms appear;
Oh! come, and bolt the iron-gates of war.

The fight ſtands ſtill when Brunſwick bids it ceaſe,
The monarch ſpeaks, and gives the world a peace;
Like awful juſtice, ſits ſuperior lord,
To poiſe the balance, or to draw the ſword;
In due ſuſpenſe the jarring realms to keep,
And huſh the tumults of the world to ſleep.
Now with a brighter face, and nobler ray,
Shine forth, thou Source of light, and God of day;
Say, didſt thou ever in thy bright career
Light up before a more diſtinguiſh'd year?
Through all thy journeys paſt thou canſt not ſee
A perfect image of what this ſhall be:
Scarce the Platonic year ſhall this renew,
Or keep the bright original in view.

THE FABLE OF
THE YOUNG MAN and his CAT.

A Hapleſs youth, whom fates averſe had drove
To a ſtrange paſſion, and prepoſterous love,
Long'd to poſſeſs his puſs's ſpotted charms,
And hug the tabby beauty in his arms.
To what odd whimſies love inveigles men?
Sure if the boy was ever blind, 'twas then.
Rack'd with his paſſion, and in deep deſpair,
The youth to Venus thus addreſt his prayer.
O queen of beauty, ſince thy Cupid's dart
Has fir'd my ſoul, and rankles in my heart;
Since doom'd to burn in this unhappy flame,
From thee at leaſt a remedy I claim;

If

If once, to bleſs Pigmalion's longing arms,
The marble ſoften'd into living charms;
And warm with life the purple current ran
In circling ſtreams through every flinty vein;
If, with his own creating hands diſplay'd,
He hugg'd the ſtatue, and embrac'd a maid;
And with the breathing image fir'd his heart,
The pride of nature, and the boaſt of art:
Hear my requeſt, and crown my wondrous flame,
The ſame its nature, be thy gift the ſame;
Give me the like unuſual joys to prove,
And though irregular, indulge my love.
Delighted Venus heard the moving prayer,
And ſoon reſolv'd to eaſe the lover's care,
To ſet Miſs Tabby off with every grace,
To dreſs, and fit her for the youth's embrace.
Now ſhe by gradual change her form forſook,
Firſt her round face an oval figure took;
The roguiſh dimples next his heart beguile,
And each grave whiſker ſoften'd to a ſmile;
Unuſual ogles wanton'd in her eye,
Her ſolemn purring dwindled to a ſigh:
Sudden, a huge hoop-petticoat diſplay'd,
A wide circumference! intrench'd the maid,
And for the tail in waving circles play'd.
Her fur, as deſtin'd ſtill her charms to deck,
Made for her hands a muff, a tippet for her neck.
In the fine lady now her ſhape was loſt,
And by ſuch ſtrange degrees ſhe grew a toaſt;

Was all for ombre now; and who but ſhe,
To talk of modes and ſcandal o'er her tea;
To ſettle every faſhion of the ſex,
And run through all the female politics;
To ſpend her time at toilet and baſſet,
To play, to flaunt, to flutter, and coquet:
From a grave thinking mouſer, ſhe was grown
The gayeſt flirt that coach'd it round the town.
But ſee how often ſome intruding woe,
Nips all our blooming proſpects at a blow!
For as the youth his lovely conſort led
To the dear pleaſures of the nuptial bed,
Juſt on that inſtant from an inner houſe,
Into the chamber popt a heedleſs mouſe.
Miſs Tabby ſaw, and brooking no delay,
Sprung from the ſheets, and ſeiz'd the trembling prey:
Nor did the bride, in that ill-fated hour,
Reflect that all her mouſing-days were o'er.
The youth, aſtoniſh'd, felt a new deſpair,
Ixion-like he graſp'd, and graſp'd but air;
He ſaw his vows and prayers in vain beſtow'd,
And loſt the jilting goddeſs in a cloud.

Haſte to the work; the ladies long to ſee
The pious frauds of chaſte Penelope.
Helen they long have ſeen, whoſe guilty charms
For ten whole years engag'd the world in arms.
Then, as thy fame ſhall ſee a length of days,
Some future Bard ſhall thus record thy praiſe:
"In thoſe bleſt times when ſmiling heaven and fate
"Had rais'd Britannia to her happieſt ſtate,
"When wide around, ſhe ſaw the world ſubmit,
"And own her ſons ſupreme in arts and wit;
"Then Pope and Dryden brought in triumph home,
"The pride of Greece, and ornament of Rome;
"To the great taſk each bold tranſlator came,
"With Virgil's judgment, and with Homer's flame;
"Here the pleas'd Mantuan ſwan was taught to ſoar,
"Where ſcarce the Roman eagles tower'd before:
"And Greece no more was Homer's native earth,
"Though her ſeven rival cities claim'd his birth;
"On her ſeven cities he look'd down with ſcorn,
"And own'd with pride he was in Britain born."

Part of the FIRST ÆNEID of VIRGIL tranſlated.

ARMS and the man I ſing, the firſt who driven
By fate from Troy, the fugitive of heaven,
On land and ſea by toils and tempeſts toſt,
Came to the Latian and Lavinian coaſt;
Forc'd by the Gods inceſſant wars to wage,
And urg'd by Juno's unrelenting rage;

Ere

Ere he could raiſe his town, and fix the Gods
He brought from Troy in Italy's abodes;
Hence our fam'd Latian line, and ſenates come,
Hence roſe the lofty walls and towers of Rome.
Say, Muſe, what cauſes could ſo far incenſe
Celeſtial powers, and what the dire offence
That mov'd heaven's awful empreſs to impoſe,
On ſuch a pious prince, ſuch endleſs woes?
By ſuch a round of toils ſo long diſtreſt:
Can rage ſo fierce inflame an heavenly breaſt?
Againſt th' Italian coaſt, of ancient fame
A city ſtood, and Carthage was the name:
A Tyrian colony; from Tyber far,
Rich, brave, and practis'd in the arts of war:
Which Juno far above all realms, above
Her own dear Samos, honour'd with her love:
Here ſtood her chariot, here her armour lay,
Here ſhe deſign'd, would deſtiny give way,
Ev'n then the ſeat of univerſal ſway.
But of a race ſhe heard, that ſhould deſtroy
The Tyrian towers, a race deriv'd from Troy;
Who proud in arms, triumphant by their ſwords,
Should riſe in time, the world's victorious lords;
Ordain'd by fate her Libya to ſubdue,
And on her ruin'd empire raiſe a new.
This fear'd the goddeſs; and in mind ſhe bore
The late long war her fury rais'd before
For Greece at Troy; nor was her wrath reſign'd,
But every cauſe hung heavy on her mind.

Her injur'd form, and Paris' judgment roll
Deep in her breaſt, and kindle all her ſoul:
Th' immortal honours of the raviſh'd boy;
And, laſt, the whole deteſted race of Troy.
With all theſe motives fir'd, from Latium far
She drove the relicks of the Grecian war;
Fate urg'd their courſe; and long they wander'd o'er
The boundleſs ocean, toſt from ſhore to ſhore:
So vaſt the work to build ſo vaſt a frame,
And raiſe the glories of the Roman name.
Scarce from Sicilia's ſhores the ſhouting train
Spread their broad ſails, and plow'd the foamy main;
When haughty Juno thus her rage expreſt;
Th' eternal wound ſtill rankling in her breaſt.
Then muſt I ſtop? are all my labours vain?
And muſt this Trojan prince in Latium reign?
The Fates, I find, may baffle Juno's aims;
And why could Pallas, with avenging flames,
Burn a whole navy of the Grecian ſhips,
And plunge the ſcatter'd Argives in the deeps?
She, for the crime of Ajax, from above
Launch'd through the clouds the fiery bolts of Jove;
Diſperſt his fleet, and as her tempeſt flew,
Expos'd the ocean's inmoſt deeps to view.
Then, while transfix'd the blaſted wretch expires,
Flames from his breaſt, and fires ſucceeding fires,
Snatch'd in a whirlwind, with a ſudden ſhock
She hurl'd him headlong on a pointed rock.
But I, who move ſupreme in heaven's abodes,
Jove's ſiſter-wife, and empreſs of the Gods,

With

With this one nation muſt a war maintain
So many years; and wage that war in vain.
And now what ſuppliants will invoke my name,
Adore my power, or bid my altars flame?
Thus fir'd with rage the furious Goddeſs flies
To dark Æolia from the diſtant ſkies;
The native region of the ſtorms ſhe finds,
Where in huge gloomy caves their tyrant binds
The bluſtering tempeſts, and reluctant winds;
Whoſe rage imperial Æolus reſtrains,
With rocky dungeons, and with heaps of chains:
While they, within the ſpacious hollow pent,
Roar round the cave, and ſtruggle for a vent.
From his high throne, their fury to aſſwage,
He waves his ſceptre, and controls their rage:
Or, down the void their rapid whirls had driven
Earth, air, and ocean, and the heights of heaven.
But Jove, the mighty ruin to prevent,
In gloomy caves the airy captives pent,
O'er their wild rage the ponderous rocks he ſpread,
And hurl'd huge heaps of mountains on their head;
And gave a king commiſſion'd to reſtrain,
And curb the tempeſt, or to looſe the rein.
Whom thus the queen addreſs'd; Since mighty Jove
The king of men, and ſire of Gods above,
Has given thee, Æolus, the power to raiſe
Storms at thy ſovereign will, or ſmooth the ſeas;
A race, I long have labour'd to deſtroy,
Waft to Heſperia the remains of Troy.

Struck by a billow, in the hero's view,
From prow to ſtern the broken galley flew,
Which bore Orontes, and the Lycian crew.
Swept off the deck, the pilot from the ſhip,
Stun'd by the ſtroke, ſhot headlong down the deep.
The veſſel by the ſurge turn'd round and round,
Sunk by the whirling gulf devour'd and drown'd.
Some from the dark abyſs emerge again;
Arms, planks, and treaſures floating on the main.
And now thy ſhip, Ilioneus, gives way,
And brave Achates' veſſel drinks the ſea.
Nor old Alethes his ſtrong galley ſaves,
And Abas yields to the victorious waves.
The ſtorm diſſolves their well-compacted ſides,
Which drink at many a leak the ruſhing tides.

Mean time great Neptune from beneath the main
Heard the loud tumults in his watery reign,
And ſaw the furious tempeſt wide around
Work up the waters from the vaſt profound.
Then, for his liquid realms alarm'd, the God
Lifts his high head ſerenely o'er the flood;
Where wide diſperſt the Trojan fleet he ſpies,
Preſt by the ſtorms and terrors of the ſkies:
Full well he knew his ſiſter's endleſs hate,
Her wiles and arts to ſink the Trojan ſtate.
To Eurus and the weſtern blaſt he cry'd,
Does your high birth inſpire this lawleſs pride?
Audacious winds! without a power from me,
To raiſe at will ſuch mountains on the ſea:

Thus

Thus to confound heaven, earth, the air, and main,
Whom I——but firſt I 'll calm the waves again.
But if you tempt my rage a ſecond time,
Know, that ſome heavier vengeance waits the crime.
Hence fly with ſpeed; from me your tyrant tell,
That to my lot this watery empire fell.
Bid him his rocks, your gloomy dungeons, keep;
But leave to me the trident of the deep:
There let him reign with undiſputed power,
And hear within his bluſtering ſubjects roar.
He ſpoke; and ſpeaking chac'd the clouds away,
Huſh'd every billow, and reſtor'd the day.
Cymothoe guards the veſſels in the ſhock,
And Triton heaves them from the pointed rock.
He with his trident diſengag'd the ſhips,
And clear'd the Syrtes, and compos'd the deeps.
Then mounted on the radiant car he rides
Swift o'er the ſeas, and ſmoothly ſkims the tides:
As when ſedition fires th' ignoble crowd,
And the wild rabble ſtorms and thirſts for blood,
Of ſtones and brands a mingled tempeſt flies,
And all the ſudden arms that rage ſupplies:
If ſome grave ſire appears amidſt the ſtrife,
In morals ſtrict, and innocence of life,
All fix'd in ſilence ſtand; their fury cools;
While his reſiſtleſs eloquence controls
Their frantic rage, and gently calms their ſouls.
So did the roaring deeps their rage compoſe,
When the great father of the floods aroſe.
Rapt by his ſteeds, he flies in open day,
Throws up the reins, and ſkims the watery way.

On his MAJESTY's playing with a TIGER in Kenſington Gardens.

"Primâ Dicte mihi, ſummâ Dicende Camœnâ."

AMIDST the den, the lions prey,
Seal'd up for death the prophet lay;
But couch'd the hungry monſters ſit,
And fawning lick his ſacred feet;
Swift ſhot an angel from above,
And chang'd their fury into love.
As ſwift did Britain's genius fly,
And for her charge ſtand trembling by;
When Brunſwick, pious, brave, and wiſe,
Like Him the favourite of the ſkies,
Play'd with the monſter's dreadful teeth,
And ſported with the fangs of death.
Genius of Britain, ſpare thy fears,
For know, within, our ſovereign wears
The ſureſt guard; the beſt defence;
A firm untainted innocence.
So ſweet an innocence diſarms
The fierceſt rage with powerful charms,
So far rebellion it beguiles,
That faction bends; that envy ſmiles;
That furious ſavages ſubmit,
nd pay due homage at his feet.
ritain! by this example prove
y duty, loyalty, and love.

See!

ee! the fierce brutes thy king careſs,
And court him with a mute addreſs;
Well may'ſt thou own his gentle ſway,
If tigers bend, and ſavages obey.

A DIALOGUE between a POET and his SERVANT.

To enter into the beauties of this ſatire, it muſt be remembered, that ſlaves, among the Romans, during the feaſts of Saturn, wore their maſters habits, and were allowed to ſay what they pleaſed.

SERVANT.

SIR,—I've long waited in my turn to have
A word with you---but I 'm your humble ſlave.
P. What knave is that? my raſcal!
S. Sir, 'tis I,
No knave nor raſcal, but your truſty Guy.
P. Well, as your wages ſtill are due, I 'll bear
Your rude impertinence this time of year.
S. Some folks are drunk one day, and ſome for ever,
And ſome, like Wharton, but twelve years together.
Old Evremond, renown'd for wit and dirt,
Would change his living oftener than his ſhirt;
Roar with the rakes of ſtate a month; and come
To ſtarve another in his hole at home.
So rov'd wild Buckingham the public jeſt,
Now ſome innholder's, now a monarch's gueſt;

His life and politics of every ſhape,
This hour a Roman, and the next an ape.
The gout in every limb from every vice,
Poor Clodio hir'd a boy to throw the dice.
Some wench for ever; and their ſins on thoſe,
By cuſtom, ſit as eaſy as their cloaths.
Some fly, like pendulums, from good to evil,
And in that point are madder than the devil:
For they——

P. To what will theſe wild maxims tend?
And where, ſweet ſir, will your reflections end?

S. In you.

P. In me, you knave? make out your charge.

S. You praiſe low-living, but you live at large.
Perhaps you ſcarce believe the rules you teach,
Or find it hard to practiſe what you preach.
Scarce have you paid one idle journey down,
But, without buſineſs, you're again in town.
If none invite you, ſir, abroad to roam,
Then—Lord, what pleaſure 'tis to read at home:
And ſip your two half-pints, with great delight,
Of beer at noon, and muddled port at night.
From * Encome, John comes thundering at the door,
With "Sir, my maſter begs you to come o'er,
"To paſs theſe tedious hours, theſe winter nights,
"Not that he dreads invaſions, rogues, or ſprites."
Strait for your two beſt wigs aloud you call,
This ſtiff in buckle, that not curl'd at all,

* ſeat of John Pitt, Eſq; in Dorſetſhire.

"And

"And where, you raſcal, are the ſpurs," you cry;
"And O! what blockhead laid the buſkins by?"
On your old batter'd mare you 'll needs be gone,
(No matter whether on four legs or none)
Splaſh, plunge, and ſtumble, as you ſcour the heath;
All ſwear at Morden 'tis on life or death:
Wildly through Wareham ſtreets you ſcamper on,
Raiſe all the dogs and voters in the town;
Then fly for ſix long dirty miles as bad,
That Corfe and Kingſton gentry think you mad.
And all this furious riding is to prove
Your high reſpect, it ſeems, and eager love:
And yet, that mighty honour to obtain,
Banks, Shafteſbury, Doddington, may ſend in vain.
Before you go, we curſe the noiſe you make,
And bleſs the moment that you turn your back:
As for myſelf, I own it to your face,
I love good eating, and I take my glaſs:
But ſure 'tis ſtrange, dear ſir, that this ſhould be
In you amuſement, but a fault in me.
All this is bare refining on a name,
To make a difference where the fault 's the ſame.
My father ſold me to your ſervice here,
For this fine livery, and four pounds a year.
A livery you ſhould wear as well as I,
And this I' ll prove—but lay your cudgel by.
You ſerve your paſſions—Thus, without a jeſt,
Both are but fellow-ſervants at the beſt.
Yourſelf, good Sir, are play'd by your deſires,
A mere tall puppet dancing on the wires.

P. W

P. Who, at this rate of talking, can be free?

S. The brave, wiſe, honeſt man, and only he:
All elſe are ſlaves alike, the world around,
Kings on the throne, and beggars on the ground:
He, ſir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
And (greater ſtill) is maſter of himſelf:
Not to-and-fro by fears and factions hurl'd,
But looſe to all the intereſts of the world:
And while that world turns round, entire and whole,
He keeps the ſacred tenor of his ſoul;
In every turn of fortune ſtill the ſame,
As gold unchang'd, or brighter from the flame:
Collected in himſelf, with godlike pride,
He ſees the darts of envy glance aſide;
And, fix'd like Atlas, while the tempeſt blow,
Smiles at the idle ſtorms that roar below.
One ſuch you know, a layman, to your ſhame,
And yet the honour of your blood and name,
If you can ſuch a character maintain,
You too are free, and I 'm your ſlave again.

But when in Hemſkirk's pictures you delight,
More than yourſelf, to ſee two drunkards fight;
"Fool, rogue, ſot, blockhead," or ſuch names are mine:
Your's are, "a Connoiſſeur," or "Deep Divine."
I 'm chid for loving a luxurious bit,
The ſacred prize of learning, worth, and wit:
And yet ſome ſell their lands theſe bits to buy;
Then, pray, who ſuffers moſt from luxury?
I 'm chid, 'tis true; but then I pawn no plate,
I ſeal no bonds, I mortgage no eſtate.

Beſides,

Beſides, high living, ſir, muſt wear you out
With ſurfeits, qualms, a fever, or the gout.
By ſome new pleaſures are you ſtill engroſs'd,
And when you ſave an hour, you think it loſt.
To ſports, plays, races, from your books you run,
And like all company, except your own.
You hunt, drink, ſleep, or (idler ſtill) you rhyme;
Why?—but to baniſh thought, and murder time:
And yet that thought, which you diſcharge in vain,
Like a foul-loaded piece, recoils again.
P. Tom, fetch a cane, a whip, a club, a ſtone,---
S. For what?
P. A ſword, a piſtol, or a gun:
I 'll ſhoot the dog.
S. Lord! who would be a wit?
He 's in a mad, or in a rhyming fit.
P. Fly, fly, you raſcal, for your ſpade and fork;
For once I 'll ſet your lazy bones to work:
Fly, or I 'll ſend you back, without a groat,
To the bleak mountains where you firſt were caught.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, Esq.

Adviſing him to build a banquetting-houſe on a hill that overlooks the ſea.

FROM this tall promontory's brow
You look majeſtic down,
And ſee extended wide below
Th' horizon all your own.

With growing piles the vales are crown'd,
Here hills peep over hills;
There the vaſt ſky and ſea profound
Th' increaſing proſpect fills.

O bid, my friend, a ſtructure riſe,
And this huge round command;
Then ſhall this little point compriſe
The ocean and the land.

Then you, like Æolus, on high,
From your aerial tower,
Shall ſee ſecure the billows fly,
And hear the whirlwinds roar.

You, with a ſmile, their rage deſpiſe,
Till ſome ſad wreck appears,
And calls, from your relenting eyes,
The ſympathizing tears.

Thus may you view, with proud delight,
While winds the deep deform,
(Till human woes your grief excite)
All nature in a ſtorm.

Majeſtic, awful ſcene! when, hurl'd
On ſurges, ſurges riſe,
And all the heaving watery world
Tumultuous mounts the ſkies.

The ſeas and thunder roar by turns,
By turns the peals expire;
The billows flaſh, and æther burns
With momentary fire.

But lo! the furious tempeſts ceaſe,
The mighty rage ſubſides;
Old ocean huſh'd, in ſolemn peace,
Has ſtill'd the murmuring tides.

Spread wide abroad, the glaſſy plain,
In various colours gay,
Reflects the glorious ſun again,
And doubly gilds the day.

Th' horizon glows from ſide to ſide,
And flames with glancing rays;
The floating, trembling, ſilver tide,
Is one continual blaze.

Your eyes the proſpect now command,
All uncontrol'd and free,
Fly like a thought from land to land,
And dart from ſea to ſea.

Thus, while above the clouds we ſit,
And innocently gay,
Paſs in amuſements, wine, or wit,
The ſultry hours away;

Sometimes, with pity, or diſdain,
In thought a glance we throw
Down on the poor, the proud, the vain,
In yonder world below.

We ſee, from this exalted ſeat,
(How ſhrunk, reduc'd, confin'd!)
The little perſon of the great,
As little as his mind.

See there—amidſt the crowds our view
Some ſcatter'd virtues ſtrike;
But thoſe ſo throng'd, and theſe ſo few,
The world looks all alike.

Yet, through this cloud of human kind,
The Talbots we ſurvey,
The Pitts, the Yorks, the Seckers find,
Who ſhine in open day.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, ESQ.

On the ſame ſubject.

O'ER curious models as you rove
The vales with piles to crown,
And great Palladio's plans improve
With nobler of your own;

O bid a ſtructure o'er the floods
From this high mountain riſe,
Where we may ſit enthron'd like gods,
And revel in the ſkies.

Th' aſcending breeze, at each repaſt,
Shall breathe an air divine,
Give a new brightneſs to the taſte,
New ſpirit to the wine.

[illegible] low pleaſures we may quit
[illegible] nquets more refin'd,
[illegible] ks of each immortal wit,
[illegible] xury of the mind.

Plato,

Plato, or Boyle's, or Newton's page,
Our towering thoughts ſhall raiſe,
Or Homer's fire, or Pindar's rage,
Or Virgil's lofty lays.

Or with amuſive thoughts the Sea
Shall entertain the mind,
While we the rolling ſcene ſurvey,
An emblem of mankind.

Where, like ſworn foes, ſucceſſive all,
The furious ſurges run,
To urge their predeceſſor's fall,
Though follow'd by their own.

Where, like our moderns ſo profound,
Engag'd in dark diſpute,
The ſkuttles caſt their ink around
To puzzle the diſpute.

Where ſharks, like ſhrewd directors, thrive,
Like lawyers, rob at will;
Where flying-fiſh, like trimmers live;
Like ſoldiers, ſword-fiſh kill.

Where on the leſs the greater feed,
The tyrants of an hour,
Till the huge royal whale ſucceed,
And all at once devour.

Thus in the moral world we now
Too truly underſtand,
Each monſter of the ſea below
Is match'd by one at land.

ON MRS. WALKER'S POEMS.

Particularly that on the Author.

BLUSH, Wilmot, bluſh; a female Muſe,
Without one guilty line,
The tender theme of love purſues
In ſofter ſtrains than thine.

'Tis thine the paſſion to blaſpheme,
'Tis her's with wit and eaſe
(When a mere nothing is the theme)
Beyond thyſelf to pleaſe.

Then be to her the prize decreed,
Whoſe merit has prevail'd;
For what male poet can ſucceed,
If Rocheſter has fail'd?

Since Phœbus quite forgetful grows,
And has not yet thought fit,
In his high wiſdom, to impoſe
A ſalique law on wit;

Since of your rights he takes no care,
Ye Priors, Popes, and Gays;
'Tis hard!——but let the women wear
The breeches and the bays.

VERSES

VERSES ON A FLOWERED CARPET.

Worked by the young Ladies at Kingſton.

WHEN Pallas ſaw the piece her pupils wrought,
She ſtood long wondering at the lovely draught;
"And, Flora, now (ſhe cried) no more diſplay
Thy flowers, the trifling beauties of a day:
For ſee! how theſe with life immortal bloom,
And ſpread and flouriſh for an age to come!
In what unguarded hour did I impart
To theſe fair virgins all my darling art?
In all my wit I ſaw theſe rivals ſhine,
But this one art I thought was always mine;
Yet lo! I yield; their miſtreſs now no more,
But proud to learn from theſe I taught before.
For look, what vegetable ſenſe is here!
How warm with life theſe bluſhing leaves appear!
What temper'd ſplendors o'er the piece are laid!
Shade ſteals on light, and light dies into ſhade.
Through heaven's gay bow leſs various beauties run,
And far leſs bright, though painted by the ſun.
See in each blooming flower what ſpirit glows!
What vivid colours fluſh the opening roſe!
In ſome few hours thy lily diſappears;
But this ſhall flouriſh through a length of years,
See unfelt winters paſs ſucceſſive by,
And ſcorn a mean dependence on the ſky.
And oh! may Britain, by my counſels ſway'd,
But live and flouriſh, till theſe flowers ſhall fade!

Then go, fond Flora, go, the palm reſign
To works more fair and durable than thine:
For I, even I, in juſtice yield the crown
To works ſo far ſuperior to my own."

VERSES ON A FLOWERED CARPET.

ON this fair ground, with raviſh'd eyes,
We ſee a ſecond Eden riſe,
As gay and glorious as the firſt,
Before th' offending world was curſt.
While theſe bright nymphs the needle guide,
To paint the roſe in all her pride,
Nature, like her, may bluſh to own
Herſelf ſo far by art outdone.
Theſe flowers ſhe rais'd with all her care,
So blooming, ſo divinely fair!
The glorious children of the ſun,
That David's regal heir out-ſhone,
Were ſcarce like one of theſe array'd;
They died, but theſe ſhall never fade.

ON

ON THE ART OF PREACHING.

A FRAGMENT.

In imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry.

"—— Pendent opera interrupta.——"

SHOULD ſome fam'd hand, in this fantaſtic age,
Draw Rich, as Rich appears upon the ſtage,
With all his poſtures, in one motley plan,
The god, the hound, the monkey, and the man;
Here o'er his head high brandiſhing a leg,
And there juſt hatch'd, and breaking from his egg;
While monſter crouds on monſter through the piece,
Who could help laughing at a ſight like this?
Or as a drunkard's dream together brings
A court of coblers, and a mob of kings;
Such is a ſermon, where, confus'dly dark,
Join Hoadly, Sharp, South, Sherlock, Wake, and Clarke.
So eggs of different pariſhes will run
To batter, when you beat ſix yolks to one;
So ſix bright chemic liquors if you mix,
In one dark ſhadow vaniſh all the ſix.
This licence prieſts and painters ever had,
To run bold lengths, but never to run mad;
For thoſe can't reconcile God's grace to ſin,
Nor theſe paint tigers in an aſs's ſkin;
No common dauber in one piece would join,
A fox and gooſe,—unleſs upon a ſign.

Some ſteal a page of ſenſe from Tillotſon,
And then conclude divinely with their own;
Like oil on water mounts the prelate up,
His grace is always ſure to be at top;
That vein of mercury its beams will ſpread,
And ſhine more ſtrongly through a mine of lead.
With ſuch low arts your hearers never bilk,
For who can bear a fuſtian lin'd with ſilk?
Sooner than preach ſuch ſtuff, I'd walk the town,
Without my ſcarf, in Whiſton's draggled gown;
Ply at the Chapter, and at Child's, to read
For pence, and bury for a groat a head.

Some eaſy ſubject chuſe, within your power,
Or you will ne'er hold out for half an hour.
Still to your hearers all your ſermons ſort;
Who'd preach againſt corruption at a court?
Againſt church power at viſitations bawl?
Or talk about damnation at Whitehall?
Harangue the Horſe-guards on a cure of ſouls?
Condemn the quirks of Chancery at the Rolls?
Or rail at hoods and organs at St. Pauls?
Or be, like David Jones, ſo indiſcreet,
To rave at uſurers in Lombard-ſtreet?

Begin with care, nor, like that curate vile,
Set out in this high prancing ſtumbling ſtyle:
"Whoever with a piercing eye can ſee
"Through the paſt records of futurity?"
All gape, no meaning:—the puft orator
Talks much, and ſays juſt nothing for an hour.

Truth

Truth and the text he labours to diſplay,
Till both are quite interpreted away:
So frugal dames inſipid water pour,
Till green, bohea, or coffee, are no more.
His arguments in giddy circles run
Still round and round, and end where they begun:
So the poor turnſpit, as the wheel runs round,
The more he gains, the more he loſes ground.
No parts diſtinct, or general ſcheme we find,
But one wild ſhapeleſs monſter of the mind:
So when old Bruin teems, her children fail
Of limbs, form, figure, features, head, or tail;
Nay, though ſhe licks the ruins, all her cares
Scarce mend the lumps, and bring them but to bears.

Ye country vicars, when you preach in town
A turn at Paul's, to pay your journey down,
If you would ſhun the ſneer of every prig,
Lay by the little band, and ruſty wig:
But yet be ſure, your proper language know,
Nor talk as born within the ſound of Bow.
Speak not the phraſe that Drury-lane affords,
Nor from Change-alley ſteal a cant of words.
Coachmen will criticiſe your ſtyle; nay further,
Porters will bring it in for wilful murther:
The dregs of the canaille will look aſkew,
To hear the language of the town from you;
Nay, my lord mayor, with merriment poſſeſt,
Will break his nap, and laugh among the reſt,
And jog the aldermen to hear the jeſt.

* * * * * *

AN EPITAPH.

Inſcribed on a ſtone, that covers his Father, Mother, and Brother.

YE ſacred ſpirits! while your friends diſtreſs'd
Weep o'er your aſhes, and lament the bleſs'd;
O let the penſive Muſe inſcribe that ſtone,
And with the general ſorrows mix her own:
The penſive Muſe!—who, from this mournful hour,
Shall raiſe her voice, and wake the ſtring no more!
Of love, of duty, this laſt pledge receive;
'Tis all a brother, all a ſon can give.

A POEM

A POEM on the DEATH of the late Earl STANHOPE. Humbly inſcribed to the Counteſs of STANHOPE.

" At length, grim fate, thy dreadful triumphs ceaſe:
" Lock up the tomb, and ſeal the grave in peace."

NOW from thy riot of deſtruction breathe,
Call in thy raging plagues, thou tyrant death:
Too mean 's the conqueſt which thy arms beſtow,
Too mean to ſweep a nation at a blow.
No, thy unbounded triumphs higher run,
And ſeem to ſtrike at all mankind in one;
Since Stanhope is thy prey, the great, the brave,
A nobler prey was never paid the grave.
We ſeem to feel from this thy daring crime,
A blank in nature, and a pauſe in time.
He ſtood ſo high in reaſon's towering ſphere,
As high as man unglorify'd could bear.
In arms, and eloquence, like Cæſar, ſhone
So bright, that each Minerva was his own.
How could ſo vaſt a fund of learning lie
Shut up in ſuch a ſhort mortality?
One world of ſcience nobly travell'd o'er,
Like Philip's glorious ſon, he wept for more.
And now, reſign'd to tears, th' angelic choirs,
With drooping heads, unſtring their golden lyres,
Wrapt in a cloud of grief, they ſigh to view
Their ſacred image laid by death ſo low:

An

And deep in anguiſh ſunk, on Stanhope's fate,
Begin to doubt their own immortal ſtate.
But hold, my Muſe, thy mournful tranſport errs,
Hold here, and liſten to Lucinda's tears.
While thy vain ſorrows echo to his tomb,
Behold a ſight that ſtrikes all ſorrow dumb:
Behold the partner of his cares and life,
Bright in her tears, and beautiful in grief.
Shall then in vain thoſe ſtreams of ſorrow flow,
Dreſt up in all the elegance of woe?
And ſhall the kind officious Muſe forbear
To anſwer ſigh for ſigh, and tell out tear for tear?
Oh! no; at ſuch a melancholy ſcene,
The Poet echoes back her woes again.
Each weeping Muſe ſhould miniſter relief,
From all the moving eloquence of grief.
Each, like a Niobe, his fate bemoan,
Melt into tears, or harden into ſtone.
From dark obſcurity his virtues ſave,
And, like pale ſpectres, hover round his grave.
With them the marble ſhould due meaſures keep,
Relent at every ſigh, at every accent weep.
Britannia mourn thy hero, nor refuſe
To vent the ſighs and ſorrows with the Muſe:
Oh! let thy riſing groans load every wind,
Nor let one ſluggiſh accent lag behind.
Thy heavy fate with juſtice to deplore,
Convey a gale of ſighs from ſhore to ſhore.
And thou, her guardian angel, widely ſpread
Thy golden wings, and ſhield the mighty dead.

Brood

Brood o'er his aſhes, and illuſtrious duſt,
And ſooth with care the venerable ghoſt.
To guard the nobler relicks, leave a while
The kind protection of thy favourite iſle:
Around his ſilent tomb, thy ſtation keep,
And, with thy ſiſter-angel, learn to weep.

Ye ſons of Albion, o'er your patriot mourn,
And cool with ſtreams of tears his ſacred urn.
His wondrous virtues, ſtretch'd to diſtant ſhores,
Demand all Europe's tears, as well as yours.
Nature can't bring in every period forth,
A finiſh'd hero, of exalted worth,
Whoſe godlike genius, towering and ſublime,
Muſt long lie ripening in the womb of time:
Before a Stanhope enters on the ſtage,
The birth of years, and labour of an age.
In field, and council, born the palm to ſhare,
His voice a ſenate, as his ſword a war:
And each illuſtrious action of his life,
Conſpire to form the patriot, and the chief:
On either ſide, unite their blended rays,
And kindly mingle in a friendly blaze.

Stand out, and witneſs this, unhappy Spain,
Lift up to view the mountains of thy ſlain:
Tell how thy heroes yielded to their fear,
When Stanhope rouz'd the thunder of the war:
With what fierce tumults of ſevere delight
Th' impetuous hero plung'd into the fight.
How he the dreadful front of death defac'd,
Pour'd on the foe, and laid the battle waſte.

Did

Did not his arm the ranks of war deform,
And point the hovering tumult where to ſtorm?
Did not his ſword through legions cleave his way,
Break their dark ſquadrons, and let in the day?
Did not he lead the terrible attack,
Puſh conqueſt on, and bring her bleeding back?
Throw wide the ſcenes of horror and deſpair,
The tide of conflict, and the ſtream of war?
Bid yellow Tagus, who in triumph roll'd,
Till then his turbid tides of foaming gold,
Boaſt his rich channels to the world no more,
Since all his glittering ſtreams, and liquid ore,
Lie undiſtinguiſh'd in a flood of gore.
Bid his charg'd waves, and loaded billows ſweep,
Thy ſlaughter'd thouſands to the frighted deep.
Confeſs, fair Albion, how the liſtening throng
Dwelt on the moving accents of his tongue.
In the ſage council ſeat him, and confeſs
Thy arm in war, thy oracle in peace:
How here triumphant too, his nervous ſenſe
Bore off the palm of manly eloquence:
The healing balm to Albion's wounds apply'd,
And charm'd united factions to his ſide:
Fix'd on his ſovereign's head the nodding crown,
And prop'd the tottering baſis of the throne,
Supported bravely all the nation's weight,
And ſtood the public Atlas of the ſtate.
Sound the loud trumpet, let the ſolemn knell
Bid with due horror his great ſoul farewel.

Tune every martial inſtrument with care,
At once wake all the harmony of war.
Let each ſad hero in proceſſion go,
And ſwell the vaſt ſolemnity of woe.
Neglect the yew, the mournful cypreſs leave,
And with freſh laurels ſtrew the warrior's grave.
There they ſhall riſe, in honour of his name,
Grow green with victory, and bloom with fame.
Lo! from his azure throne, old father Thames
Sighs through his floods, and groans from all his ſtreams:
O'er his full urn he droops his reverend head,
And ſinks down deeper in his oozy bed,
As the ſad pomp proceeds along his ſides,
O'ercharg'd with ſorrow, pant his heaving tides.
Low in his humid palace laid to mourn,
With ſtreams of tears, the God ſupplies his urn.
Within his channels he forgets to flow,
And pours o'er all his bounds the deluge of his woe.
But ſee, my Muſe, if yet thy raviſh'd ſight
Can bear that blaze, that ruſhing ſtream of light;
Where the great hero's diſencumber'd ſoul,
Springs from the earth, to reach her native pole.
Boldly ſhe quits th' abandon'd caſk of clay,
Freed from her chains, and towers th' æthereal way:
Soars o'er th' eternal funds of hail and ſnow,
And leaves heaven's ſtormy magazines below.
Thence through the vaſt profound of heaven ſhe flies,
And meaſures all the concave of the ſkies:
Sees where the planetary worlds advance,
Orb above orb, and lead the ſtarry dance.

Nor

EPITAPH ON DR. KEIL,

The late famous Aſtrologer.

BENEATH this ſtone the world's juſt wonder lies,
Who, while on earth, had rang'd the ſpacious ſkies;
Around the ſtars his active ſoul had flown,
And ſeen their courſes finiſh'd ere his own:
Now he enjoys thoſe realms he could explore,
And finds that heaven he knew ſo well before.
He through more worlds his victory purſued
Than the brave Greek could wiſh to have ſubdued;
In triumph ran one vaſt creation o'er,
Then ſtop'd,——for Nature could afford no more.
With Cæſar's ſpeed, young Ammon's noble pride,
He came, ſaw, vanquiſh'd, wept, return'd, and died.

VIDA's ART OF POETRY.

To the Right Honourable PHILIP, Earl STANHOPE, Viſcount MAHON, and Baron ELVASTON, this Tranſlation is dedicated, by his Lordſhip's humble Servant and Chaplain,

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

BOOK I.

GIVE me, ye ſacred Muſes, to impart
The hidden ſecrets of your tuneful art;
Give me your awful myſteries to ſing,
Unlock, and open wide, your ſacred ſpring;
While from his infancy the Bard I lead,
And ſet him on your mountain's lofty head;
Direct his courſe, and point him out the road
To ſing in epic ſtrains an hero or a God.
What youth, whoſe generous boſom pants for praiſe,
Will dare with me to beat thoſe arduous ways?
O'er high Parnaſſus' painful ſteeps to go,
And leave the groveling multitude below:
Where the glad Muſes ſing, and form the choir,
While bright Apollo ſtrikes the ſilver lyre,
Approach thou firſt, great Francis, nor refuſe
To pay due honours to the ſacred Muſe;
While Gallia waits for thy auſpicious reign,
'Till age compleats the monarch in the man;
Meantime the Muſe may bring ſome ſmall relief,
To charm thy anguiſh, and ſuſpend thy grief;

While guilty fortune's ſtern decrees detain
Thee and thy brother in the realms of Spain;
Far, far tranſported from your native place,
Your country's, father's, and your friend's embrace!
Such are the terms the cruel Fates impoſe
On your great father, ſtruggling with his woes,
Such are their hard conditions:---They require
The ſons, to purchaſe, and redeem the ſire.
But yet, brave youth, from grief, from tears abſtain,
Fate may relent, and heaven grow mild again;
At laſt perhaps the glorious day may come,
The day that brings our royal exile home;
When, to thy native realms in peace reſtor'd,
The raviſh'd crowds ſhall hail their paſſing lord;
When each tranſported city ſhall rejoice,
And nations bleſs thee with a public voice;
To the throng'd fanes the matrons ſhall repair;
Abſolve their vows, and breathe their ſouls in prayer.
Till then, let every Muſe engage thy love,
With me at large o'er high Parnaſſus rove,
Range every bower, and ſport in every grove.
Firſt then obſerve, that verſe is ne'er confin'd
To one fixt meaſure, or determin'd kind;
Though at its birth it ſung the Gods alone,
And then religion claim'd it for her own;
In ſacred ſtrains addreſs'd the deity,
And ſpoke a language worthy of the ſky;
New themes ſucceeding Bards began to chuſe,
And in a wider field engag'd the Muſe;

The

The common bulk of ſubjects to rehearſe
In all the rich varieties of verſe.
Yet none of all with equal honours ſhine
(But thoſe which celebrate the power divine)
To thoſe exalted meaſures, which declare
The deeds of heroes, and the ſons of war.
From hence poſterity the name beſtow'd
On this rich preſent of the Delphic God;
Fame ſays, Phæmonoe in this meaſure gave
Apollo's anſwers from the Pythian cave.

But ere your write, conſult your ſtrength, and chuſe
A theme proportion'd juſtly to your Muſe.
For though in chief theſe precepts are beſtow'd
On him who ſings an hero or a God;
To other themes their general uſe extends,
And ſerves in different views to different ends.
Whether the lofty Muſe with tragic rage
Would proudly ſtalk in buſkins on the ſtage;
Or in ſoft elegies our pity move,
And ſhew the youth in all the flames of love;
Or ſing the ſhepherd's woes in humble ſtrains,
And the low humours of contending ſwains:
Theſe faithful rules ſhall guide the Bard along
In every meaſure, argument, and ſong.

Beſure (whatever you propoſe to write)
Let the chief motive be your own delight,
And well-weigh'd choice;---a taſk injoin'd refuſe,
Unleſs a monarch ſhould command your Muſe.
(If we may hope thoſe golden times to ſee,
When Bards become the care of majeſty!)

Free and ſpontaneous the ſmooth numbers glide,
Where choice determines, and our wills preſide;
But, at command, we toil with fruitleſs pain,
And drag th' involuntary load in vain.
Nor, at its birth, indulge your warm deſire,
On the firſt glimmering of the ſacred fire;
Defer the mighty taſk; and weigh your power
And every part in every view explore;
And let the theme in different proſpects roll
Deep in your thoughts, and grow into the ſoul.
But ere with ſails unfurl'd you fly away,
And cleave the boſom of the boundleſs ſea;
A fund of words and images prepare,
And lay the bright materials up with care,
Which, at due time, occaſion may produce,
All rang'd in order for the Poet's uſe.
Some happy objects by meer chance are brought
From hidden cauſes to the wandering thought;
Which if once loſt, you labour long in vain
To catch th' ideal fugitives again.
Nor muſt I fail their conduct to extol,
Who, when they lay the baſis of the whole,
Explore the antients with a watchful eye,
Lay all their charms and elegancies by,
Then to their uſe the precious ſpoils apply.
At firſt without the leaſt reſtraint compoſe,
And mould the future poem into proſe;
A full and proper ſeries to maintain,
And draw the juſt connection in a chain;

By

By ſtated bounds your progreſs to control,
To join the parts, and regulate the whole.
And now 'tis time to ſpread the opening ſails
Wide to the wanton winds and flattering gales;
'Tis time we now preſcribe the genuine laws
To raiſe the beauteous fabrick with applauſe;
But firſt ſome method requiſite appears
To form the boy, and mould his tender years.
In vain the Bard the ſacred wreath purſues,
Unleſs train'd up and ſeaſon'd to the Muſe.
Soon as the prattling innocent ſhall reach
To the firſt uſe and rudiments of ſpeech,
Ev'n then, by Helicon he ought to rove,
Ev'n then the tuneful Nine ſhould win his love
By juſt degrees.---But make his guide your choice
For his chaſte phraſe and elegance of voice;
That he at firſt ſucceſsfully may teach
The methods, laws, and diſcipline of ſpeech;
Leſt the young charge, miſtaking right and wrong,
With vitious habits prejudice his tongue,
Habits, whoſe ſubtle ſeeds may mock your art,
And ſpread their roots and poiſon through his heart.
Whence none ſhall move me to approve the wretch,
Who wildly borne above the vulgar reach,
And big with vain pretences to impart
Vaſt ſhows of learning, and a depth of art,
For ſenſe th' impertinence of terms affords;
An idle cant of formidable words;
The pride of pedants, the delight of fools;
The vile diſgrace, and lumber of the ſchools:

Like ſhooting meteors, gliding from above,
See the proud conſort of the thundering Jove,
War's glorious goddeſs, and the queen of love;
Arm'd in their naked charms, the Phrygian boy
Regards thoſe charms with mingled fear and joy.
Here Juno ſtands with an imperial mein,
At once confeſt a goddeſs and a queen.
Her cheeks a ſcornful indignation warms,
Blots out her ſmiles, as conſcious of her charms.
But Venus ſhines in milder beauties there,
And every grace adorns the blooming fair.
While, conſcious of her charms, ſhe ſeems to riſe,
Claims, and already graſps in hope the prize;
Beauteous, as when immortal Phidias ſtrove
From Parian rocks to carve the Queen of Love:
Each grace obey'd the ſummons of his art,
And a new beauty ſprung from every part.
In all the terrors of her beauty bright,
Fair Pallas awes and charms the Trojan's ſight,
And gives ſucceſſive reverence and delight.
Nor thrones, nor victories, his ſoul can move;
Crowns, arms, and triumphs, what are you to love?
Too ſoon reſign'd to Venus, they behold
The glittering ball of vegetable gold.
While Jove's proud conſort thrown from her deſires,
Inflam'd with rage maliciouſly retires;
Already kindles her immortal hate,
Already labours with the Trojan fate.

While

While a new tranſport flush'd the blooming boy,
Helen he ſeems already to enjoy,
And feeds the flame that muſt conſume his Troy.
Another ſcene our wondering ſight recalls;
The fair adultereſs leaves her native walls:
Her cheeks are ſtain'd with mingled ſhame and joy;
Lull'd on the boſom of the Phrygian boy.
To the loud deeps he bears his charming ſpouſe,
Freed from her lord, and from her former vows.
On their ſoft wings the whiſpering zephyrs play,
The breezes ſkim along the dimpled ſea:
The wanton Loves direct the gentle gales,
Sport in the ſhrowds, and flutter in the ſails.
While her twin-brothers * with a gracious ray
Point out her courſe along the watery way.
Th' exalted ſtrokes ſo delicately ſhine,
All ſo conſpire to puſh the bold deſign;
That in each ſprightly feature we may find
The great ideas of the maſter's mind,
As the ſtrong colours faithfully unite,
Mellow to ſhade, and ripen into light.
Let others form with care the ruddy maſs,
And torture into life the running braſs,
With potent art the breathing ſtatue mould,
Shape and inſpire the animated gold:
Let others ſenſe to Parian marbles give,
Bid the rocks leap to form, and learn to live;
Still be it thine, O Thornhill, to unite
The pleaſing diſcord of the ſhade and light;

* Caſtor and Pollux.

To vanquiſh nature in the generous ſtrife,
And touch the glowing features into life.
But, Thornhill, would thy noble ſoul impart
One laſting inſtance of thy godlike art
To future times; and in thy fame engage
The praiſe of this and every diſtant age;
To ſtretch that art as far as it can go,
Draw the triumphant chief, and vanquiſh'd foe:
In his own dome, amid the ſpacious walls,
Draw the deep ſquadrons of the routed Gauls;
Their raviſh'd banners, and their arms reſign'd,
While the brave hero thunders from behind;
Pours on their front, or hangs upon their rear;
Fights, leads, commands, and animates the war.
Let his ſtrong courſer champ his golden chain,
And proudly paw th' imaginary plain.
To Aghrim's bloody wreaths let Creſſi yield,
With the fair laurels of Ramillia's field.
Next, on the ſea the daring hero ſhow,
To chear his friends, and terrify the foe.
Lo! the great chief to famiſh'd thouſands bears,
The food of armies, and ſupport of wars.
The Britons ruſh'd with native virtue fir'd,
And quell'd the foe, or glorioufly expir'd;
Plunging through flames and floods, their valour broke
O'er the rang'd cannon, and a night of ſmoke,
Through the wedg'd legions urg'd their noble toil,
To ſpend their thunder on the towers of Liſle;
While by his deeds their courage he inſpires,
And wakes in every breaſt the ſleeping fires.

Thus

Thus the whole ſeries of his labours join,
Stretch'd from the Belgick ocean to the Boyne.
Then glorious in retreat the chief may read
Th' immortal actions of the noble dead;
And in recording colours, with delight,
Review his conqueſts, and enjoy the fight;
See his own deeds on each ennobled plain;
While fancy acts his triumphs o'er again.
Thus on the Tyrian walls Æneas read,
How ſtern Achilles rag'd, and Hector bled;
But half unſheath'd his ſword, and grip'd his ſhield,
When he amidſt the ſcene himſelf beheld,
Thundering on Simois' banks, or battling in the field.

Part of the SECOND BOOK of STATIUS.

NOW Jove's command fulfill'd, the ſon of May
Quits the black ſhades, and ſlowly mounts to day,
For lazy clouds in gloomy barriers riſe,
Obſtruct the God, and intercept the ſkies;
No Zephyrs here their airy pinions move,
To ſpeed his progreſs to the realms above.
Scarce can he ſteer his dark laborious flight,
Loſt and encumber'd in the damps of night:
There roaring tides of fire his courſe withſtood,
Here Styx in nine wide circles roll'd his flood.
Behind old Laius trod th' infernal ground,
Trembling with age, and tardy from his wound:

(For all his force his furious ſon apply'd,
And plung'd the guilty faulchion in his ſide.)
Propt and ſupported by the healing rod,
The ſhade purſued the footſteps of the God.
The groves that never bloom; the Stygian coaſts,
The houſe of woe; the manſions of the ghoſts.
Earth too admires to ſee the ground give way,
And gild hell's horrors with the gleams of day.
But not with life repining Envy fled,
She ſtill reigns there, and lives among the dead.
One from this crowd exclaim'd (whoſe lawleſs will
Inur'd to crimes, and exercis'd in ill,
Taught his prepoſterous joys from pains to flow,
And never triumph'd, but in ſcenes of woe)
Go to thy province in the realms above,
Call'd by the Furies or the will of Jove:
Or drawn by magic force or myſtic ſpell,
Riſe, and purge off the ſooty gloom of hell.
Go, ſee the ſun, and whiten in his beams,
Or haunt the flowery fields and limpid ſtreams,
With woes redoubled to return again,
When thy paſt pleaſures ſhall enhance thy pain.
Now by the Stygian dog they bent their way;
Stretch'd in his den the dreadful monſter lay;
But lay not long, for, ſtartling at the ſound,
Head above head he riſes from the ground.
From their cloſe folds his ſtarting ſerpents break,
And curl in horrid circles round his neck.
This ſaw the God, and, ſtretching forth his hand,
Lull'd the grim monſter with his potent wand;

Through his vaſt bulk the gliding ſlumbers creep,
And ſeal down all his glaring eyes in ſleep.
There lies a place in Greece well known to fame,
Through all her realms, and Tænarus the name,
Where from the ſea the tops of Malea riſe,
Beyond the ken of mortals, to the ſkies:
Proud in his height he calmly hears below
The diſtant winds in hollow murmurs blow.
Here ſleep the ſtorms when weary'd and oppreſt,
And on his head the drowſy planets reſt:
There in blue miſts his rocky ſides he ſhrouds,
And here the towering mountain props the clouds;
Above his awful brow no bird can fly,
And far beneath the muttering thunders die.
When down the ſteep of heaven the day deſcends,
The ſun ſo wide his floating bound extends,
That o'er the deeps the mountain hangs diſplay'd,
And covers half the ocean with his ſhade:
Where the Tænarian ſhores oppoſe the ſea,
The land retreats, and winds into a bay.
Here for repoſe imperial Neptune leads,
Tir'd from th' Ægean floods, his ſmoaking ſteeds;
With their broad hoofs they ſcoop the beach away,
Their finny train rolls back, and floats along the ſea.
Here fame reports th' unbody'd ſhades to go
Through this wide paſſage to the realms below.
From hence the peaſants (as th' Arcadians tell)
Hear all the cries, and groans, and din of hell.
Oft, as her ſcourge of ſnakes the fury plies,
The piercing echoes mount the diſtant ſkies;

Scar'd at the porter's triple roar, the ſwains
Have fled aſtoniſh'd, and forſook the plains.
From hence emergent in a mantling cloud
Sprung to his native ſkies the winged God.
Swift from his face before th' ethereal ray,
Flew all the black Tartarean ſtains away,
And the dark Stygian gloom refin'd to day.
Oe'r towns and realms he held his progreſs on,
Now wing'd the ſkies where bright Arcturus ſhone,
And now the ſilent empire of the moon.
The power of ſleep, who met his radiant flight,
And drove the ſolemn chariot of the night,
Roſe with reſpect, and from th' empyreal road
Turn'd his pale ſteeds, in reverence to the God.
The ſhade beneath purſues his courſe, and ſpies
The well-known planets, and congenial ſkies.
His eyes from far, tall Cyrrha's heights explore,
And Phocian fields polluted with his gore.
At length to Thebes he came, and with a groan
Survey'd the guilty palace once his own;
With awful ſilence ſtalk'd before the gate,
But when he ſaw the trophies of his fate,
High on a column rais'd againſt the door,
And his rich chariot ſtill deform'd with gore,
He ſtarts with horror back; ev'n Jove's command
Could ſcarce control him, nor the vital wand.
'Twas now the ſolemn day; when Jove, array'd
In all his thunders, graſp'd the Theban maid:
Then took from blaſted Semele her load,
And in himſelf conceiv'd the future God.

For this the Thebans revel'd in delight,
And gave to play and luxury the night;
A national debauch! confus'd they lie
Stretch'd o'er the fields, their canopy the ſky.
The ſprightly trumpets ſound, the timbrels play,
And wake with ſacred harmony the day.
The matron's breaſt the gracious power inſpires
With milder raptures, and with ſofter fires.
So the Biſtonian race, a madding train,
Exult and revel on the Thracian plain;
With milk their bloody banquets they allay,
Or from the lion rend his panting prey:
On ſome abandon'd ſavage fiercely fly,
Seize, tear, devour, and think it luxury.
But if the riſing fumes of wine conſpire
To warm their rage, and fan the brutal fire,
Then ſcenes of horror are their dear delight,
They whirl the goblets, and provoke the fight:
Then on the ſlain the revel is renew'd,
And all the horrid banquet floats in blood.

And now the winged Hermes from on high
Shot in deep ſilence from the duſky ſky;
Then hover'd o'er the Theban tyrant's head,
As ſtretch'd at eaſe he preſt his gorgeous bed:
Where labour'd tapeſtry from ſide to ſide,
Glow'd with rich figures, and Aſſyrian pride.
Oh! the precarious terms of human ſtate!
How blind is man! how thoughtleſs of his fate!
See! through his limbs the dews of ſlumber creep,
Sunk as he lies, in luxury and ſleep.

The reverend ſhade commiſſion'd from above,
Haſtes to fulfill the high beheſts of Jove:
Like blind Tireſias to the bed he came,
In form, in habit, and in voice the ſame.
Pale, as before, the phantom ſtill appear'd,
Down his wan boſom flow'd a length of beard;
His head an imitated fillet wore,
His hand a wreath of peaceful olive bore:
With this he touch'd the ſleeping monarch's breaſt,
And in his own, the voice of fate, expreſt.

Then canſt thou ſleep, to thoughtleſs reſt reſign'd?
And drive thy brother's image from thy mind?
Yon gathering ſtorm demands thy timely care,
See! how it rolls this way the tide of war.
When o'er the ſeas the ſweeping whirlwinds fly,
And roar from every quarter of the ſky;
The pilot, in deſpair the ſhip to ſave,
Gives up the helm, a ſport to every wave:
Such is thy error, and thy fate the ſame
(For know, I ſpeak the common voice of fame).
Proud in his new alliances, from far
Againſt thy realm he meditates the war;
Big with ambitious hopes to reign alone,
And ſwell unrival'd on the Theban throne.
New ſigns and fatal prodigies inſpire
His mad ambition, with his boaſted fire;
And Argos' ample realms in dower beſtow'd,
And Tydeus reeking from his brother's blood,
League and conſpire to raiſe him to the throne,
And make his tedious baniſhment thy own.

For

For this, with pity touch'd, Almighty Jove,
The ſire of Gods, diſpatch'd me from above.
Be ſtill a monarch; let him ſwell in vain
With a gay proſpect of a fancy'd reign:
Still let him hope by fraud, or by the ſword,
To humble Thebes beneath a foreign lord.
Thus the majeſtic ghoſt; but ere he fled,
He pluck'd the wreaths and fillets from his head.
For now the ſickening ſtars were chac'd away,
And heaven's immortal courſers breath'd the day.
Awful to ſight confeſt the grandſire ſtood,
Bared his wide wound, and all his boſom ſhow'd,
Then daſh'd the ſleeping monarch with his blood.
With a diſtracted air, and ſudden ſpring,
Starts from his broken ſleep the trembling king.
Shakes off amaz'd th' imaginary gore,
While fancy paints the ſcene he ſaw before:
Deep in his ſoul his grandſire's image wrought,
And all his brother roſe in every thought.
So while the toils are ſpread, and from behind
The hunter's ſhouts come thickening in the wind;
The tiger ſtarts from ſleep the war to wage,
Collects his powers, and rouzes all his rage:
Sternly he grinds his fangs, he weighs his might,
And whets his dreadful talons for the fight;
Then to his young he bears his foe away,
His foe, at once the chacer and the prey,
Thus on his brother he in every thought,
Waged future wars, and battles yet unfought.

On

On the DEATH of a Young GENTLEMAN.

WITH joy, bleſt youth, we ſaw thee reach thy goal;
Fair was thy frame, and beautiful thy ſoul;
The Graces and the Muſes came combin'd,
Theſe to adorn the body, thoſe the mind;
'Twas there we ſaw the ſofteſt manners meet,
Truth, ſweetneſs, judgment, innocence, and wit.
So form'd, he flew his race; 'twas quickly won;
'Twas but a ſtep, and finiſh'd when begun.
Nature herſelf ſurpriz'd would add no more,
His life compleat in all its parts before;
But his few years with pleaſing wonder told,
By virtues, not by days; and thought him old.
So far beyond his age thoſe virtues ran,
That in a boy ſhe found him more than man.
For years let wretches importune the ſkies,
Till, at the long expence of anguiſh wiſe,
They live, to count their days by miſeries.
Thoſe win the prize, who ſooneſt run the race,
And life burns brighteſt in the ſhorteſt ſpace.
So to the convex-glaſs embody'd run,
Drawn to a point the glories of the ſun;
At once the gathering beams intenſely glow,
And through the ſtreighten'd circle fiercely flow:

In

In one ſtrong flame conſpire the blended rays,
Run to a fire, and croud into a blaze.

CHRIST's PASSION,

From a Greek Ode of Mr. MASTER's, formerly of New College.

AN ODE.

NO more of earthly ſubjects ſing,
To heaven, my Muſe, aſpire;
To raiſe the ſong, charge every ſtring,
And ſtrike the living lyre.
Begin; in lofty numbers ſhow
Th' Eternal King's unfathom'd love,
Who reigns the ſovereign God above,
And ſuffers on the croſs below.
Prodigious pile of wonders! rais'd too high
For the dim ken of frail mortality.
What numbers ſhall I bring along!
From whence ſhall I begin the ſong?
The mighty myſtery I'll ſing inſpir'd
Beyond the reach of human wiſdom wrought,
Beyond the compaſs of an angel's thought,
How by the rage of man his God expir'd.
I'll make the trackleſs depths of mercy known,
How to redeem his foe God render'd up his Son;

I'll

I'll raiſe my voice to tell mankind
The victor's conqueſt o'er his doom,
How in the grave he lay confin'd,
To ſeal more ſure the ravenous tomb.
Three days th' infernal empire to ſubdue,
He paſs'd triumphant through the coaſts of woe;
With his own dart the tyrant Death he ſlew,
And led hell captive through her realms below.

A mingled ſound from Calvary I hear,
And the loud tumult thickens on my ear,
The ſhouts of murderers that inſult the ſlain,
The voice of torment and the ſhrieks of pain.
I caſt my eyes with horror up
To the curſt mountain's guilty top;
See there! whom hanging in the midſt I view!
Ah! how unlike the other two!
I ſee him high above his foes,
And gently bending from the wood
His head in pity down to thoſe,
Whoſe guilt conſpires to ſhed his blood.
His wide-extended arms I ſee,
Transfix'd with nails, and faſten'd to the tree.

Man! ſenſeleſs man! canſt thou look on?
Nor make thy Saviour's pains thy own.
The rage of all thy grief exert,
Rend thy garments and thy heart:
Beat thy breaſt, and grovel low,
Beneath the burden of thy woe;

Bleed

Bleed through thy bowels, tear thy hairs,
Breathe gales of ſighs, and weep a flood of tears.
Behold thy king with purple cover'd round,
Not in the Tyrian tinctures dy'd,
Nor dipt in poiſon of Sidonian pride,
But in his own rich blood that ſtreams from every wound.
Doſt thou not ſee the thorny circle red?
The guilty wreath that bluſhes round his head?
And with what rage the bloody ſcourge apply'd,
Curls round his limbs, and ploughs into his ſide?

At ſuch a ſight let all thy anguiſh riſe,
Break up, break up the fountains of thy eyes.
Here bid thy tears in guſhing torrents flow,
Indulge thy grief, and give a looſe to woe.
Weep from thy ſoul, till earth be drown'd,
Weep, till thy ſorrows drench the ground.
Canſt thou, ungrateful man! his torments ſee,
Nor drop a tear for him, who pours his blood for thee?

ON THE KING'S RETURN,

In the YEAR 1720.

RETURN, auſpicious prince, again,
Nor let Britannia mourn in vain;
Too long, too long, has ſhe deplor'd
Her abſent father and her lord.

To bend her gracious monarch's mind,
She ſends her ſighs in every wind:
Can Britain's prayer be thrown aſide?
And that the firſt he e'er deny'd!

Yet,

Yet, mighty prince, vouchſafe to ſmile,
Return and bleſs our longing iſle;
Though fond Germania begs thy ſtay,
And courts thee from our eyes away.

Though Belgia would our king detain,
We know ſhe begs and pleads in vain;
We know our gracious king prefers
Britannia's happineſs to her's.

And lo! to ſave us from deſpair,
At length he liſtens to our prayer.
Dejected Albion's vows he hears,
And haſtes to dry her falling tears.

He hears his anxious people pray,
And loudly call their king away,
Once more their longing eyes to bleſs,
And guard their freedom and their peace.

They know, while Brunſwick fills the throne,
The ſeaſons glide with pleaſure on;
The Britiſh ſuns improve their rays,
Adorn, and beautify the days.

But ſee the royal veſſel flies,
Leſſening to Belgia's weeping eyes:
She proudly ſails for Albion's ſhores,
Guard her, ye Gods, with all your powers.

O ſea, bid every wave ſubſide,
And teach allegiance to thy tide;
Thy billows in ſubjection keep,
And own the monarch of the deep.

I ſhould not fear to miniſter a prop,
And give him ſtronger feet to keep it up;
Teach it to run along more firm and ſure;
Nor would I ſhow the wound before the cure.
For what remains; the poet I enjoin
To form no glorious ſcheme, no great deſign,
Till free from buſineſs he retires alone,
And flies the giddy tumult of the town;
Seeks rural pleaſures, and enjoys the glades,
And courts the thoughtful ſilence of the ſhades,
Where the fair Dryads haunt their native woods,
With all the orders of the ſylvan gods.
Here in their ſoft retreats the poets lye,
Serene, and bleſt with chearful poverty;
No guilty ſchemes of wealth their ſouls moleſt,
No cares, no proſpects, diſcompoſe their reſt;
No ſcenes of grandeur glitter in their view;
Here they the joys of innocence purſue,
And taſte the pleaſures of the happy few.
From a rock's entrails the barbarian ſprung,
Who dares to violate the ſacred throng
By deeds or words---The wretch, by fury driven,
Aſſaults the darling colony of heaven!
Some have look'd down, we know, with ſcornful eyes
On the bright Muſe who taught them how to riſe,
And paid, when rais'd to grandeur, no regard
From that high ſtation to the ſacred bard.
Uninjur'd, mortals, let the poets lye,
Or dread th' impending vengeance of the ſky;

But this bleſt age has found a fairer road,
And left the paths their anceſtors had trod.
Nay, we could wear (our taſte ſo very nice is)
Their old caſt-faſhions ſooner than their vices.
Whoring till now a common trade has been,
But maſquerades refine upon the ſin:
An higher taſte to wickedneſs impart,
And ſecond nature with the helps of art.
New ways and means to pleaſure we deviſe,
Since pleaſure looks the lovelier in diſguiſe.
The ſtealth and frolick give a ſmarter guſt,
Add wit to vice, and elegance to luſt.
In vain, the modiſh evil to redreſs,
At once conſpire the pulpit and the preſs:
Our prieſts and poets preach and write in vain;
All ſatyr 's loſt both ſacred and profane.
So many various changes to impart,
Would tire an Ovid's or a Proteus' art;
Where loſt in one promiſcuous whim we ſee,
Sex, age, condition, quality, degree.
Where the facetious crowd themſelves lay down,
And take up every perſon but their own.
Fools, dukes, rakes, cardinals, fops, Indian queens,
Belles in tye-wigs, and lords in harlequins;
Troops of right-honourable porters come,
And garter'd ſmall-coal-merchants crowd the room:
Valets adorn'd with coronets appear,
Lacqueys of ſtate, and footmen with a ſtar:
Sailors of quality with judges mix,
And chimney-ſweepers drive their coach and ſix.

Stateſmen

Stateſmen ſo us'd at court the maſk to wear,
With leſs diſguiſe aſſume the vizor here.
Officious Heydegger deceives our eyes,
For his own perſon is his beſt diſguiſe:
And half the reigning toaſts of equal grace,
Truſt to the natural vizor of the face.
Ideots turn conjurers; and courtiers clowns;
And ſultans drop their handkerchiefs to nuns.
Starch'd quakers glare in furbelows and ſilk;
Beaux deal in ſprats, and dutcheſſes cry milk.
But guard thy fancy, Muſe, nor ſtain thy pen
With the lewd joys of this fantaſtic ſcene;
Where ſexes blend in one confus'd intrigue,
Where the girls raviſh, and the men grow big:
Nor credit what the idle world has ſaid,
Of lawyers forc'd, and judges brought to bed:
Or that to belles their brothers breathe their vows,
Or huſbands through miſtake gallant a ſpouſe.
Such dire diſaſters, and a numerous throng
Of like enormities, require the ſong:
But the chaſte Muſe, with bluſhes cover'd o'er,
Retires confus'd, and will reveal no more.

ON A SHADOW.

AN ODE.

HOW are deluded human kind
By empty ſhows betray'd?
In all their hopes and ſchemes they find
A nothing or a ſhade.

The proſpects of a truncheon caſt
The ſoldier on the wars;
Diſmiſt with ſhatter'd limbs at laſt,
Brats, poverty, and ſcars.

The fond philoſophers for gain
Will leave unturn'd no ſtone;
But though they toil with endleſs pain,
They never find their own.

By the ſame rock the chemiſts drown,
And find no friendly hold,
But melt their ready ſpecie down,
In hopes of fancy'd gold.

What is the mad projector's care?
In hopes elate and ſwelling,
He builds his caſtles in the air,
Yet wants an houſe to dwell in.

At court the poor dependants fail,
And damn their fruitleſs toil,
When complimented thence to jail,
And ruin'd with a ſmile.

How to philoſophers will ſound
So ſtrange a truth diſplay'd?
"There 's not a ſubſtance to be found,
"But every where a ſhade.

To CÆLIA playing on a LUTE.

An ODE.

WHILE Cælia's hands fly ſwiftly o'er,
And ſtrike this ſoft machine,
Her touch awakes the ſprings, and life
Of harmony within.

Sweetly they ſink into the ſtrings,
The quivering ſtrings rebound,
Each ſtroke obſequiouſly obey,
And tremble into ſound.

Oh! had you bleſt the years of old;
His lute had Ovid ſtrung,
And dwelt on yours, the charming theme
Of his immortal ſong.

Your's, with Arion's wondrous harp,
The bard had hung on high;
And on the new-born ſtar beſtow'd
The honours of the ſky.

The radiant ſpheres had ceas'd their tunes,
And danc'd in ſilence on,
Pleas'd the new harmony to hear,
More heavenly than their own.

Of old to raiſe one ſhade from hell,
To Orpheus was it given:
But every tune of yours calls down
An angel from his heaven.

To the Unknown AUTHOR of THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

THE theme in other works, for every part,
Supplies materials to the builder's art:
To build from matter, is ſublimely great,
But Gods and Poets only can create;
And ſuch are you; their privilege you claim,
To ſhow your wonders, but conceal your name.
Like ſome eſtabliſh'd king, without control,
You take a general progreſs through the ſoul;
Survey each part, examine every ſide,
Where ſhe's ſecure, and where unfortify'd.
In faithful lines her hiſtory declare,
And trace the cauſes of her civil war;
Your pen no partial prejudices ſway,
But truth decides, and virtue wins the day.
Through what gay fields and flowery ſcenes we paſs,
Where fancy ſports, and fiction leads the chace?
Where life, as through her various acts ſhe tends,
Like other comedies, in marriage ends.
What Muſe but yours ſo juſtly could diſplay
Th' embattled paſſions marſhal'd in array?
Bid the rang'd appetites in order move,
Give luſt a figure, and a ſhape to love?
To airy notions ſolid forms diſpenſe,
And make our thoughts the images of ſenſe?
Diſcover all the rational machine,
And ſhow the movements, ſprings, and wheels within?
But Hymen waves his torch, all diſcords ceaſe;
All parley, drop their arms, and ſue for peace.

Soon

Soon as the ſignal flames, they quit the fight,
For all at firſt but differ'd to unite.
From every part the lines in order move,
And ſweetly center in the point of love.
Let blockheads to the muſty ſchools repair,
And poach for morals and the paſſions there,
Where virtue, like a dwarf in giant's arms,
Cumber'd with words, and manacled in terms,
Serves to amuſe the philoſophic fool,
By method dry, and regularly dull.
Who ſees thy lines ſo viſibly expreſs
The ſoul herſelf in ſuch a pleaſing dreſs;
May from thy labours be convinc'd and taught,
How Spenſer would have ſung, and Plato thought.

The TWELFTH ODE of the Firſt Book of HORACE, TRANSLATED.

WHAT man, what hero will you raiſe,
By the ſhrill pipe, or deeper lyre?
What God, O Clio, will you praiſe,
And teach the echoes to admire?
Amidſt the ſhades of Helicon,
Cold Hæmus' tops, or Pindus' head,
Whence the glad foreſts haſten'd down,
And danc'd as tuneful Orpheus play'd.
Taught by the Muſe, he ſtop'd the fall
Of rapid floods, and charm'd the wind;
The liſtening oaks obey'd the call,
And left their wondering hills behind.

Whom ſhould I firſt record, but Jove,
Whoſe ſway extends o'er ſea and land,
The king of men and gods above,
Who holds the ſeaſons in command?

To rival Jove, ſhall none aſpire,
None ſhall to equal glory riſe;
But Pallas claims beneath her ſire,
The ſecond honours of the ſkies.

To thee, O Bacchus, great in war,
To Dian will I ſtrike the ſtring,
Of Phœbus wounding from afar,
In numbers like his own I'll ſing.

The Muſe Alcides ſhall reſound;
The twins of Leda ſhall ſucceed;
This for the ſtanding fight renown'd,
And that for managing the ſteed.

Whoſe ſtar ſhines innocently ſtill;
The clouds diſperſe, the tempeſts ceaſe,
The waves obedient to their will,
Sink down, and huſh their rage to peace.

Next ſhall I Numa's pious reign,
Or thine, O Romulus, relate:
Or Rome by Brutus free'd again,
Or haughty Cato's glorious fate?

Or dwell on noble Paulus' fame?
Too laviſh of the patriot's blood?
Or Regulus' immortal name,
Too obſtinately juſt and good?

Theſe with Camillus brave and bold,
And other chiefs of matchleſs might,
Rome's virtuous poverty of old,
Severely ſeaſon'd to the fight.

Like trees, Marcellus' glory grows,
With an inſenſible advance;
The Julian ſtar, like Cynthia, glows,
Who leads the planetary dance.

The fates, O ſire of human race,
Entruſt great Cæſar to thy care,
Give him to hold thy ſecond place,
And reign thy ſole vicegerent here.

And whether India he ſhall tame,
Or to his chains the Seres doom;
Or mighty Parthia dreads his name,
And bows her haughty neck to Rome.

While on our groves thy bolts are hurl'd,
And thy loud car ſhakes heaven above,
He ſhall with juſtice awe the world,
To none inferior but to Jove.

The TWENTY SECOND ODE of the Firſt Book of HORACE.

THE man unſully'd with a crime,
Diſdains the pangs of fear,
He ſcorns to dip the poiſon'd ſhaft,
Or poiſe the glittering ſpear.

Nor with the loaded quiver goes
To take the dreadful field:
His ſolid virtue is his helm,
And innocence his ſhield.

In vain the fam'd Hydaſpes' tides,
Obſtruct and bar the road,
He ſmiles on danger, and enjoys
The roarings of the flood.

All climes are native, and forgets
Th' extremes of heats and froſts,
The Scythian Caucaſus grows warm,
And cool the Libyan coaſts.

For while I wander'd through the woods,
And rang'd the lonely grove,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the ſongs
And pleaſing cares of love;

A wolf beheld me from afar,
Of monſtrous bulk and might;
But, naked as I was, he fled
And trembled at the ſight.

A beaſt ſo huge, nor Daunia's grove,
Nor Africk ever view'd;
Though nurſt by her, the lion reigns
The monarch of the wood.

Expoſe me in thoſe horrid climes,
Where not a gentle breeze
Revives the vegetable race,
Or chears the drooping trees.

Where on the world's remoteſt verge
Th' unactive ſeaſons lie,
And not one genial ray unbinds
The rigor of the ſky.

On that unhabitable ſhore,
Expoſe me all alone,
Where I may view without a ſhade,
The culminating ſun.

Beneath th' Æquator, or the Pole,
In ſafety could I rove;
And in a thouſand different climes
Could live for her I love.

A PROLOGUE for the STROLLERS.

GENTEELS, of old pert prologues led the way,
To guide, defend, and uſher in the play,
As powder'd footmen run before the coach,
And thunder at the door my lord's approach.
But though they ſpeak your entertainment near,
Moſt prologues ſpeed like other bills of fare;
Seldom the languid ſtomach they excite,
And oftener pall, than raiſe the appetite.
As for the play—'tis hardly worth our care,
The prologue craves your mercy for the player;
That is, your money---for by Jove I ſwear,
White-gloves and lodging are confounded dear.
Since here are none but friends, the truth to own,
Haſp'd in a coach our company came down,
But I moſt ſhrewdly fear we ſhall depart,
Ev'n in our old original, a cart.

With

With pride inverted, and fantaſtic power,
We ſtrut the fancy'd monarchs of an hour;
While duns our emperors and heroes fear,
And * Cleomenes ſtarves in earneſt here:
The mightieſt kings and queens we keep in pay,
Support their pomp on eighteen-pence a day.
Great Cyrus for a dram has pawn'd his coat,
And all our Cæſars can't command a groat;
Our Scipio's, Hannibals, and Pompeys break,
And Cleopatra ſhifts but once a week.
To aggravate the caſe, we have not one,
Of all the new refinements of the town:
No moving ſtatues, no lewd Harlequins,
No paſteboard-players, no heroes in machines;
No roſin to flaſh lightning---'twould exhauſt us,
To buy a devil and a Doctor Fauſtus.
No windmills, dragons, millers, conjurers,
To exerciſe your eyes, and ſpare your ears;
No paper-ſeas, no thunder from the ſkies,
No witches to deſcend, no ſtage to riſe;
Scarce one for us the actors---we can ſet
Nothing before you but meer ſenſe and wit.
A bare downright old-faſhion'd Engliſh feaſt,
Such as true Britons only can digeſt;
Such as your homely fathers us'd to love,
Who only came to hear and to improve:
Humbly content and pleas'd with what was dreſt,
When Otway, Lee, and Shakeſpeare rang'd the feaſt.

* The Spartan Hero, a tragedy, by Mr. Dryden.

The

The Eighth Psalm Translated.

O King eternal and divine!
The world is thine alone:
Above the ſtars thy glories ſhine,
Above the heavens thy throne.

How far extends thy mighty name!
Where'er the ſun can roll,
That ſun thy wonders ſhall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

The infant's tongue ſhall ſpeak thy power,
And vindicate thy laws;
The tongue that never ſpoke before,
Shall labour in thy cauſe.

For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
And view the heavens around,
Yon' ſtretching waſte of azure ſkies,
With ſtars and planets crown'd;

Who in their dance attend the moon,
The empreſs of the night,
And pour around her ſilver throne,
Their tributary light:

Lord! what is mortal man? that he
Thy kind regard ſhould ſhare?
What is his ſon, who claims from thee
And challenges thy care?

Next to the bleſt angelic kind,
Thy hands created man,
And this inferior world aſſign'd,
To dignify his ſpan.

Him all revere, and all obey
His delegated reign,
The flocks that through the valley ſtray,
The herds that graze the plain.

The furious tiger ſpeeds his flight,
And trembles at his power;
In fear of his ſuperior might,
The lions ceaſe to roar.

Whatever horrid monſters tread
The paths beneath the ſea,
Their king at awful diſtance dread,
And ſullenly obey.

O Lord, how far extends thy name!
Where-e'er the ſun can roll,
That ſun thy wonders ſhall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

PSALM the Twenty-fourth, PARAPHRASED.

FAR as the world can ſtretch its bounds,
The Lord is king of all,
His wondrous power extends around
The circuit of the ball.

For he within the gloomy deeps
Its dark foundations caſt,
And rear'd the pillars of the earth
Amid the watery waſte.

Who ſhall aſcend his Sion's hill,
And ſee Jehovah there?
Who from his ſacred ſhrine ſhall breathe
The ſacrifice of prayer?

He only whoſe unſully'd ſoul
Fair virtue's paths has trod,
Who with clean hands and heart regards
His neighbour and his God.

On him ſhall his indulgent Lord
Diffuſive bounties ſhed,
From God his Saviour ſhall deſcend
All bleſſings on his head.

Of thoſe who ſeek his righteous ways,
Is this the choſen race,
Who baſk in all his bounteous ſmiles,
And flouriſh in his grace.

Lift up your ſtately heads, ye doors,
With haſty reverence riſe;
Ye everlaſting doors, who guard
The paſſes of the ſkies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burſt the gates of day.

For ſee! the King of glory comes
  Along th' ethereal road:
The cherubs through your folds ſhall bear
  The triumph of your God.

Who is this great and glorious King?
  Oh! 'tis the Lord, whoſe might
Decides the conqueſt, and ſuſpends
  The balance of the fight.

Lift up your ſtately heads, ye doors,
  With haſty reverence riſe;
Ye everlaſting doors, who guard
  The paſſes of the ſkies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
  Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
  And burſt the gates of day.

For ſee! the King of glory comes
  Along th' ethereal road:
The cherubs through your folds ſhall bear
  The triumphs of their God.

Who is this great and glorious King?
  Oh! 'tis the God, whoſe care
Leads on his Iſrael to the field,
  Whoſe power controls the war.

PSALM the TWENTY-NINTH.

YE mighty princes, your oblations bring,
And pay due honours to your awful king;
His boundleſs power to all the world proclaim,
Bend at his ſhrine, and tremble at his name.
For hark! his voice with unreſiſted ſway
Rules and controls the raging of the ſea;
Within due bounds the mighty ocean keeps,
And in their watery cavern awes the deeps:
Shook by that voice, the nodding groves around
Start from their roots, and fly the dreadful ſound.
The blaſted cedars low in duſt are laid,
And Lebanon is left without a ſhade.
See! when he ſpeaks, the lofty mountains croud,
And fly for ſhelter from the thundering God:
Sirion and Lebanon like hinds advance,
And in wild meaſures lead th' unwieldy dance.
His voice, his mighty voice, divides the fire,
Back from the blaſt the ſhrinking flames retire.
Ev'n Cades trembles when Jehovah ſpeaks,
With all his ſavages the deſert ſhakes.
At the dread ſound the hinds with fear are ſtung,
And in the lonely foreſt drop their young.
While in his hallow'd temple all proclaim
His glorious honours, and adore his name.
High o'er the foaming ſurges of the ſea
He ſits, and bids the liſtening deeps obey:

He

He reigns o'er all; for ever laſts his power
Till nature ſinks, and time ſhall be no more.
With ſtrength the ſons of Iſrael ſhall he bleſs,
And crown our tribes, with happineſs and peace.

PSALM the Forty-ſixth, PARAPHRASED.

ON God we build our ſure defence,
In God our hope repoſe:
His hand protects us in the fight,
And guards us from our woes.

Then, be the earth's unwieldy frame
From its foundations hurl'd,
We may, unmov'd with fear, enjoy
The ruins of the world.

What though the ſolid rocks be rent,
In tempeſts whirl'd away?
What though the hills ſhould burſt their roots,
And roll into the ſea?

Thou ſea, with dreadful tumults ſwell,
And bid thy waters riſe
In furious ſurges, till they daſh
The flood-gates of the ſkies.

Our minds ſhall be ſerene and calm,
Like Siloah's peaceful flood;
Whoſe ſoft and ſilver ſtreams refreſh
The city of our God.

Within

Within the proud delighted waves,
The wanton turrets play;
The ſtreams lead down their humid train,
Reluctant to the ſea.

Amid the ſcene the temple floats,
With its reflected towers,
Gilds all the ſurface of the flood,
And dances to the ſhores.

With wonder ſee what mighty power
Our ſacred Sion chears,
Lo! there amidſt her ſtately walls,
Her God, her God appears.

Fixt on her baſis ſhe ſhall ſtand,
And, innocently proud,
Smile on the tumults of the world,
Beneath the wings of God.

See! how, their weakneſs to proclaim,
The heathen tribes engage!
See! how with fruitleſs wrath they burn,
And impotence of rage!

But God has ſpoke; and lo! the world,
His terrors to diſplay,
With all the melting globe of earth,
Drops ſilently away.

Still to the mighty Lord of hoſts
Securely we reſort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our ſuccour and ſupport.

Hither, ye numerous nations, croud,
In ſilent rapture ſtand,
And ſee o'er all the earth diſplay'd
The wonders of his hand.

He bids the din of war be ſtill,
And all its tumults ceaſe;
He bids the guiltleſs trumpet ſound
The harmony of peace.

He breaks the tough reluctant bow,
He burſts the brazen ſpear,
And in the crackling fire his hand
Conſumes the blazing car.

Hear then his formidable voice,
"Be ſtill, and know the Lord;
"By all the heathen I'll be fear'd;
"By all the earth ador'd.

Still to the mighty Lord of hoſts,
Securely we reſort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God;
Our ſuccour and ſupport.

PSALM the 90th Paraphraſed.

THY hand, O Lord, through rolling years
Has ſav'd us from deſpair,
From period down to period ſtretch'd
The proſpects of thy care.

Before

Before the world was firſt conceiv'd,
Before the pregnant earth,
Call'd forth the mountains from her womb,
Who ſtruggled to their birth;

Eternal God! thy early days
Beyond duration run,
Ere the firſt race of ſtarting time
Was meaſur'd by the ſun.

We die; but future nations hear
Thy potent voice again,
Riſe at the ſummons, and reſtore
The periſh'd race of man;

Before thy comprehenſive ſight,
Duration fleets away;
And rapid ages on the wing,
Fly ſwifter than a day.

As great Jehovah's piercing eyes
Eternity explore,
The longeſt æra is a night,
A period is an hour.

We at thy mighty call, O Lord,
Our fancy'd beings leave,
Rouz'd from the flattering dream of life,
To ſleep within the grave.

Swift from their barrier to their goal
The rapid moments paſs,
And leave poor man, for whom they run,
The emblem of the graſs.

In the firſt morn of life it grows,
And lifts its verdant head,
At noon decays, at evening dies,
And withers in the mead.

We in the glories of thy face
Our ſecret ſins ſurvey,
And ſee how gloomy thoſe appear,
How pure and radiant they.

To death as our appointed goal
Thy anger drives us on,
To that full period fix'd at length
This tale of life is done.

With winged ſpeed, to ſtated bounds
And limits we muſt fly,
While ſeventy rolling ſuns compleat
Their circles in the ſky.

Or if ten more around us roll,
'Tis labour, woe, and ſtrife,
Till we at length are quite drawn down
To the laſt dregs of life.

But who, O Lord, regards thy wrath,
Though dreadful and ſevere?
That wrath, whatever fear he feels,
Is equal to his fear.

So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
And eye their conſtant race,
To meaſure what we want in time,
By wiſdom, and by grace.

With us repent, and on our hearts
  Thy choiceſt graces ſhed,
And ſhower from thy celeſtial throne
  Thy bleſſings on our head.

Oh! may thy mercy crown us here,
  And come without delay;
Then our whole courſe of life will ſeem
  One glad triumphant day.

Now the bleſt years of joy reſtore,
  For thoſe of grief and ſtrife,
And with one pleaſant drop allay
  This bitter draught of life.

Thy wonders to the world diſplay,
  Thy ſervants to adorn,
That may delight their future ſons,
  And children yet unborn;

Thy beams of majeſty diffuſe,
  With them thy great commands,
And bid proſperity attend
  The labours of our hands.

The 139th PSALM paraphraſed in Miltonick Verſe.

O Dread Jehovah! thy all-piercing eyes
  Explore the motions of this mortal frame,
This tenement of duſt: Thy ſtretching ſight
Surveys th' harmonious principles, that move

In beauteous rank and order, to inform
This caſk, and animated maſs of clay.
Nor are the proſpects of thy wondrous ſight
To this terreſtrial part of man confin'd;
But ſhoot into his ſoul, and there diſcern
The firſt materials of unfaſhion'd thought,
Yet dim and undigeſted, till the mind,
Big with the tender images, expands,
And, ſwelling, labours with th' ideal birth.
Where-e'er I move, thy cares purſue my feet
Attendant. When I drink the dews of ſleep,
Stretch'd on my downy bed, and there enjoy
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of all my toils,
Unſeen, thy ſovereign preſence guards my ſleep,
Wafts all the terrors of my dreams away,
Sooths all my ſoul, and ſoftens my repoſe.
Before conception can employ the tongue,
And mould the ductile images to ſound;
Before imagination ſtands diſplay'd,
Thine eye the future eloquence can read,
Yet unarray'd with ſpeech. Thou, mighty Lord!
Haſt moulded man from his congenial duſt,
And ſpoke him into being; while the clay,
Beneath thy forming hand, leap'd forth, inſpir'd,
And ſtarted into life: through every part,
At thy command, the wheels of motion play'd.
But ſuch exalted knowledge leaves below
And drops poor man from its ſuperior ſphere.
In vain, with reaſon's ballaſt, would he try
To ſtem th' unfathomable depth; his bark
O'er-ſets, and founders in the vaſt abyſs.

Then whither ſhall the rapid fancy run,
Though in its full career, to ſpeed my flight
From thy unbounded preſence? which, alone,
Fills all the regions and extended ſpace
Beyond the bounds of nature! Whither, Lord!
Shall my unrein'd imagination rove,
To leave behind thy ſpirit, and out-fly
Its influence, which, with brooding wings, out-ſpread
Hatch'd unfledg'd nature from the dark profound.
If mounted on my towering thoughts I climb
Into the heaven of heavens; I there behold
The blaze of thy unclouded majeſty!
In the pure empyrean thee I view,
High thron'd above all height, thy radiant ſhrine,
Throng'd with the proſtrate ſeraphs, who receive
Beatitude paſt utterance! If I plunge
Down to the gloom of Tartarus profound,
There too I find thee, in the loweſt bounds
Of Erebus, and read thee, in the ſcenes
Of complicated wrath: I ſee thee clad
In all the majeſty of darkneſs there.
If, on the ruddy morning's purple wings
Up-born, with indefatigable courſe,
I ſeek the glowing borders of the Eaſt,
Where the bright ſun, emergent from the deeps,
With his firſt glories gilds the ſparkling ſeas,
And trembles o'er the waves; ev'n there, thy hand
Shall through the watery deſert guide my courſe,
And o'er the broken ſurges pave my way,
While on the dreadful whirles I hang ſecure,

And mock the warring ocean. If, with hopes,
As fond as falſe, the darkneſs I expect
To hide, and wrap me in its mantling ſhade,
Vain were the thought: for thy unbounded ken
Darts through the thickening gloom, and pries through all
The palpable obſcure. Before thy eyes,
The vanquiſh'd night throws off her duſky ſhrowd,
And kindles into day: the ſhade, and light,
To man ſtill various, but the ſame to thee.

On thee, is all the ſtructure of my frame
Dependant. Lock'd within the ſilent womb,
Sleeping I lay, and ripening to my birth;
Yet, Lord, thy out-ſtretch'd arm preſerv'd me there;
Before I mov'd to entity, and trod
The verge of being. To thy hallow'd name
I'll pay due honours: for thy mighty hand
Built this corporeal fabrick, when it laid
The ground-work of exiſtence. Hence, I read
The wonders of thy art. This frame I view
With terror and delight; and, wrapt in both,
I ſtartle at myſelf. My bones, unform'd
As yet, nor hardening from the viſcous parts,
But blended with th' unanimated maſs,
Thy eye diſtinctly view'd; and, while I lay
Within the earth, imperfect, nor perceiv'd
The firſt faint dawn of life, with eaſe ſurvey'd
The vital glimmerings of the active ſeeds,
Juſt kindling to exiſtence; and beheld
My ſubſtance ſcarce material. In thy book,
Was the fair model of this ſtructure drawn,

Where every part, in juſt connection join'd,
Compos'd and perfected th' harmonious piece,
Ere the dim ſpeck of being learn'd to ſtretch
Its ductile form, or entity had known
To range and wanton in an ampler ſpace.
How dear, how rooted in my inmoſt ſoul,
Are all thy counſels, and the various ways
Of thy eternal providence! The ſum
So boundleſs and immenſe, it leaves behind
The low account of numbers; and out-flies
All that imagination e're conceiv'd,
Leſs numerous are the ſands that crowd the ſhores,
The barriers of the ocean. When I riſe
From my ſoft bed, and ſofter joys of ſleep,
I riſe to thee. Yet lo! the impious ſlight
Thy mighty wonders. Shall the ſons of vice
Elude the vengeance of thy wrathful hand,
And mock thy lingering thunder, which with-holds
Its forky terrors from their guilty heads?
Thou great tremendous God!—Avaunt, and fly,
All ye who thirſt for blood.—For, ſwoln with pride,
Each haughty wretch blaſphemes thy ſacred name,
And bellows his reproaches to affront
Thy glorious Majeſty. Thy foes I hate
Worſe than my own, O Lord! Explore my ſoul,
See if a flaw or ſtain of ſin infects
My guilty thoughts. Then, lead me in the way
That guides my feet to thy own heaven and thee.

PSALM

PSALM the Hundred and Forty-fourth Paraphraſed.

MY ſoul, in raptures riſe to bleſs the Lord,
Who taught my hands to draw the fatal ſword;
Led by his arm, undaunted I appear
In the firſt ranks of death, and front of war.
He taught me firſt the pointed ſpear to wield,
And mow the glorious harveſt of the field.
By him inſpir'd, from ſtrength to ſtrength I paſt,
Plung'd through the troops, and laid the battle waſte.
In him my hopes I center and repoſe,
He guards my life, and ſhields me from my foes.
He held his ample buckler o'er my head,
And ſcreen'd me trembling in the mighty ſhade:
Againſt all hoſtile violence and power,
He was my ſword, my bulwark, and my tower.
He o'er my people will maintain my ſway,
And teach my willing ſubjects to obey.
Lord! what is man, of vile and humble birth?
Sprung with his kindred reptiles from the earth?
That he ſhould thus thy ſecret counſels ſhare?
Or what his ſon, who challenges thy care?
Why does thine eye regard this nothing, man?
His life a point, his meaſure but a ſpan?
The fancy'd pageant of a moment made,
Swift as a dream, and fleeting as a ſhade.
Come in thy power, and leave th' ethereal plain,
And to thy harneſs'd tempeſt give the rein;

Yon

Yon ſtarry arch ſhall bend beneath the load,
So loud the chariot, and ſo great the God!
Soon as his rapid wheels Jehovah rolls,
The folding ſkies ſhall tremble to the poles:
Heaven's gaudy axle with the world ſhall fall,
Leap from the centre, and unhinge the ball.
Touch'd by thy hands, the labouring hills expire
Thick clouds of ſmoke, and deluges of fire;
On the tall groves the red deſtroyer preys,
And wraps th' eternal mountains in the blaze:
Full on my foes may all thy lightnings fly,
On purple pinions through the gloomy ſky.
Extend thy hand, thou kind all-gracious God,
Down from the heaven of heavens thy bright abode,
And ſhield me from my foes, whoſe towering pride
Lowers like a ſtorm, and gathers like a tide:
Againſt ſtrange children vindicate my cauſe,
Who curſe thy name, and trample on thy laws;
Who fear not vengeance which they never felt,
Train'd to blaſpheme, and eloquent in guilt:
Their hands are impious, and their deeds profane,
They plead their boaſted innocence in vain.
Thy name ſhall dwell for ever on my tongue,
And guide the ſacred numbers of my ſong;
To thee my Muſe ſhall conſecrate her lays,
And every note ſhall labour in thy praiſe;
The hallow'd theme ſhall teach me how to ſing,
Swell on the lyre, and tremble on the ſtring.
Oft has thy hand from fight the monarch led,
When death flew raging, and the battle bled;

And

And ſnatch'd thy ſervant in the laſt deſpair
From all the riſing tumult of the war.
Againſt ſtrange children vindicate my cauſe,
Who curſe thy name, and trample on thy laws;
That our fair ſons may ſmile in early bloom,
Our ſons, the hopes of all our years to come:
Like plants that nurs'd by foſtering ſhowers ariſe,
And lift their ſpreading honours to the ſkies.
That our chaſte daughters may their charms diſplay,
Like the bright pillars of our temple, gay,
Poliſh'd, and tall, and ſmooth, and fair as they.
Piled up with plenty let our barns appear,
And burſt with all the ſeaſons of the year;
Let pregnant flocks in every quarter bleat,
And drop their tender young in every ſtreet.
Safe from their labours may our oxen come,
Safe may they bring the gather'd ſummer home.
Oh! may no ſighs, no ſtreams of ſorrow flow,
To ſtain our triumphs with the tears of woe.
Bleſs'd is the nation, how ſincerely bleſs'd!
Of ſuch unbounded happineſs poſſeſs'd,
To whom Jehovah's ſacred name is known,
Who claim the God of Iſrael for their own.

The THIRD CHAPTER of JOB.

JOB curs'd his birth, and bade his curſes flow
In words of grief, and eloquence of woe;
Loſt be that day which dragg'd me to my doom,
Recent to life, and ſtruggling from the womb;

Whoſe

The ſacred poets, who their labours fill
With pleaſing fictions, or with truths at will,
Their thoughts in bolder liberties expreſs,
Which look more beauteous in a foreign dreſs.
To all, unuſual colours they impart,
Nor bluſh, if e'er detected in their art.
* Sometimes beyond the bounds of truth they fly,
And boldly lift their ſubject to the ſky;
When with tumultuous ſhouts the heavens rebound,
And all Olympus trembles with the ſound;
Or with repeated accents they relate
The fall of Troy, and dwell upon her fate;
† Oh fire! oh country, once with glory crown'd!
Oh wretched race of Priam, once renown'd!
Oh Jove! ſee Ilion ſmoaking on the ground!
They now name Ceres for the golden grain,
Bacchus for wine, and Neptune for the main:
Or from the father's name point out the ſon;
Or for her people introduce a town:
So when alarm'd her natives dread their fates,
Pale Afric ſhakes, and trembles through her ſtates:
And ſome, by Achelous' ſtreams alone,
Compriſe the floods of all the world in one.
‡ Lo! now they ſtart aſide, and change the ſtrain
To fancy'd converſe with an abſent ſwain;
To grots and caverns all their cares diſcloſe,
Or tell the ſolitary rocks their woes;

* The Hyperbole.
† Hæc verba ex incerti nominis Poetâ citat Cicero.
‡ The Apoſtrophe.

To that original my ills I owe,
Heir of affliction, and the ſon of woe.
Oh! had I dy'd unexercis'd in pain,
And wak'd to life, to ſleep in death again!
Why did not Fate attend me at my birth,
And give me back to my congenial earth?
Why was I, when an infant, ſooth'd to reſt,
Lull'd on the knee, or hung upon the breaſt?
For now the grave would all my cares compoſe,
Conceal my ſorrows, and inter my woes:
There wrapp'd and lock'd within his cold embrace,
Safe had I ſlumber'd in the arms of peace;
There with the mighty kings, who lie inroll'd
In clouds of incenſe, and in beds of gold:
There with the princes, who in grandeur ſhone,
And aw'd the trembling nations from the throne;
Afflicted Job an equal reſt might have,
And ſhare the dark retirement of the grave;
Or as a ſhapeleſs Embryo ſeek the tomb,
Rude and imperfect from the abortive womb:
Ere motion's early principle began,
Or the dim ſubſtance kindled into man.
There from their monſtrous crimes the wicked ceaſe,
Their labouring guilt is weary'd into peace;
There blended ſleep the coward and the brave,
Stretch'd with his lord, the undiſtinguiſh'd ſlave
Enjoys the common refuge of the grave.
An equal lot the mighty victor ſhares,
And lies amidſt the captives of his wars;

With

With his, thoſe captives mingle their remains,
The ſame in death, nor leſſen'd by their chains,
Why are we doom'd to view the genial ray?
Why curſt to bear the painful light of day?
Oh! with what joy the wretches yield their breath?
And pant in bitterneſs of ſoul for death?
As a rich prize, the diſtant bliſs they crave,
And find the glorious treaſure in the grave.
Why is the wretch condemn'd without relief,
To combat woe, and tread the round of grief,
Whom in the toils of fate his God has bound,
And drawn the line of miſeries around?
When nature calls for aid, my ſighs intrude,
My tears prevent my neceſſary food:
Like a full ſtream o'ercharg'd, my ſorrows flow,
In burſts of anguiſh, and a tide of woe;
For now the dire affliction which I fled,
Pours like a roaring torrent on my head.
My terrors ſtill the phantom view'd, and wrought
The dreadful image into every thought:
At length pluck'd down, the fatal ſtroke I feel,
And loſe the fancy'd in the real ill.

The Twenty-Fifth Chapter of Job, Paraphraſed.

THEN will vain man complain and murmur ſtill?
And ſtand on terms with his Creator's will?
Shall this high privilege to clay be given?
Shall duſt arraign the providence of heaven?

With

With reaſon's line the boundleſs diſtance ſcan;
Oppoſe heaven's awful majeſty to man.
To what a length his vaſt dominions run?
How far beyond the journeys of the ſun?
He hung yon' golden balls of light on high,
And launch'd the planets through the liquid ſky:
To rolling worlds he mark'd the certain ſpace,
Fixt and ſuſtain'd the elemental peace.

Unnumber'd as thoſe worlds his armies move,
And the gay legions guard his realms above;
High o'er th' ethereal plains, the myriads riſe,
And pour their flaming ranks along the ſkies:
From their bright arms inceſſant ſplendors ſtream,
And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.

To this low world he bids the light repair,
Down through the gulphs of undulating air:
For man he taught the glorious ſun to roll,
From his bright barrier to his weſtern goal.

How then ſhall man, thus inſolently proud,
Plead with his Judge, and combat with his God?
How from his mortal mother can he come,
Unſtain'd from ſin, untinctur'd from the womb?

The Lord from his ſublime empyreal throne,
As a dark globe, regards the ſilver moon.
Thoſe ſtars, that grace the wide celeſtial plain,
Are but the humbleſt ſweepings of his train;
Dim are the brighteſt ſplendors of the ſky;
And the ſun darkens in Jehovah's eye.
But does not ſin diffuſe a fouler ſtain,
And thicker darkneſs cloud the ſoul of man?

Shall

Shall he the depths of endleſs wiſdom know?
This ſhort-liv'd ſovereign of the world below?
His frail original confounds his boaſt,
Sprung from the ground, and quicken'd from the duſt.

The Song of MOSES, in the Fifteenth Chapter of EXODUS, Paraphraſed.

THEN to the Lord, the vaſt triumphant throng
Of Iſrael's ſons, with Moſes, rais'd the ſong.
To God our grateful accents will we raiſe,
And every tongue ſhall celebrate his praiſe:
Behold diſplay'd the wonders of his might;
Behold the Lord triumphant in the fight!
With what immortal fame and glory grac'd!
What trophies rais'd amid the watery waſte!
How did his power the ſteeds and riders ſweep
Ingulph'd in heaps, and whelm'd beneath the deep?
Whom ſhould we fear, while he, heaven's awful Lord,
Unſheaths for Iſrael his avenging ſword?
His outſtretch'd arm, and tutelary care,
Guarded and ſav'd us in the laſt deſpair:
His mercy eas'd us from our circling pains,
Unbound our ſhackles, and unlock'd our chains.
To him our God, our Fathers God, I'll rear
A ſacred temple, and adore him there,
With vows and incenſe, ſacrifice and prayer.
The Lord commands in war; his matchleſs might
Hangs out and guides the balance of the fight:
By him the war the mighty leaders form,
And teach the hovering tumult where to ſtorm.

His Name, O Iſrael, Heaven's Eternal Lord,
For-ever honour'd, reverenc'd, and ador'd.
When to the fight from Ægypt's fruitful ſoil,
Pour'd forth in myriads all the ſons of Nile;
The Lord o'erthrew the courſer and the car,
Sunk Pharaoh's pride, and o'erwhelm'd his war.
Beneath th' encumber'd deeps his legions lay,
For many a league impurpling all the ſea:
The chiefs, and ſteeds, and warriors whirl'd around,
Lay midſt the roarings of the ſurges drown'd.
Who ſhall thy power, thou mighty God, withſtand,
And check the force of thy victorious hand?
Thy hand, which red with wrath in terror roſe,
To cruſh that day thy proud Ægyptian foes.
Struck by that hand, their drooping ſquadrons fall,
Crowding in death; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
Soon as thy anger, charg'd with vengeance, came,
They ſunk like ſtubble crackling in the flame.
At thy dread voice the ſummon'd billows crowd,
And a ſtill ſilence lulls the wondering flood:
Roll'd up, the cryſtal ridges ſtrike the ſkies,
Waves peep o'er waves, and ſeas o'er ſeas ariſe.
Around in heaps the liſtening ſurges ſtand,
Mute and obſervant of the high command.
Congeal'd with fear attends the watery train,
Rouz'd from the ſecret chambers of the main.
With ſavage joy the ſons of Ægypt cry'd,
(Vaſt were their hopes, and boundleſs was their pride)
Let us purſue thoſe fugitives of Nile,
This ſervile nation, and divide the ſpoil:

And

And ſpread ſo wide the ſlaughter, till their blood
Dyes with a ſtronger red the bluſhing flood.
Oh! what a copious prey their hoſts afford,
To glut and fatten the devouring ſword!
As thus the yawning gulf the boaſters paſs'd,
At thy command ruſh'd forth the rapid blaſt.
Then, at the ſignal given, with dreadful ſway,
In one huge heap roll'd down the roaring ſea;
And now the diſintangled waves divide,
Unlock their folds, and thaw the frozen tide.
The deeps alarm'd call terribly from far
The loud, embattled ſurges to the war;
Till her proud ſons aſtoniſh'd Ægypt found,
Cover'd with billows, and in tempeſts drown'd.
What God can emulate thy power divine,
Or who oppoſe his miracles to thine?
When joyful we adore thy glorious name,
Thy trembling foes confeſs their fear and ſhame.
The world attends thy abſolute command,
And nature waits the wonders of thine hand.
That hand, extended o'er the ſwelling ſea,
The conſcious billows reverence and obey.
O'er the devoted race the ſurges ſweep,
And whelm the guilty nation in the deep.
That hand redeem'd us from our ſervile toil,
And each inſulting tyrant of the Nile:
Our nation came beneath that mighty hand,
From Ægypt's realms, to Canaan's ſacred land.
Thou wert their Guide, their Saviour, and their God,
To ſmooth the way, and clear the dreadful road.

The diſtant kingdoms ſhall thy wonders hear,
The fierce Philiſtines ſhall confeſs their fear;
Thy fame ſhall over Edom's princes ſpread,
And Moab's kings, the univerſal dread;
While the vaſt ſcenes of miracles impart
A thrilling horror to the braveſt heart.
As through the world the gathering terror runs,
Canaan ſhall ſhrink, and tremble for his ſons.
Till thou haſt Jacob from his bondage brought,
At ſuch a vaſt expence of wonders bought,
To Canaan's promis'd realms and bleſt abodes,
Led through the dark receſſes of the floods.
Crown'd with their tribes ſhall proud Moriah riſe,
And rear his ſummit nearer to the ſkies.
Through ages, Lord, ſhall ſtretch thy boundleſs power,
Thy throne ſhall ſtand when Time ſhall be no more:
For Pharaoh's ſteeds, and cars, and warlike train,
Leap'd in, and boldly rang'd the ſandy plain.
While in the dreadful road, and deſart way,
The ſhining crowds of gaſping fiſhes lay:
Till, all around with liquid toils beſet,
The Lord ſwept o'er their heads the watery net.
He freed the ocean from his ſecret chain,
And on each hand diſcharg'd the thundering main.
The looſen'd billows burſt from every ſide,
And whelm the war and warriors in the tide;
But on each hand the ſolid billows ſtood,
Like lofty mounds to check the raging flood;
Till the bleſt race to promis'd Canaan paſt
O'er the dry path, and trod the watery waſte.

The

The THIRD ODE of the Second Book of HORACE, Paraphraſed.

LET the brave youth be train'd, the ſtings
Of poverty to bear,
And in the ſchool of want be taught
The exerciſe of war.

Let him be practis'd in his bloom,
To liſten to alarms,
And learn proud Parthia to ſubdue
With unreſiſted arms.

The hoſtile tyrant's beauteous bride,
Diſtracted with deſpair,
Beholds him pouring to the fight,
And thundering through the war.

As from the battlements ſhe views
The ſlaughter of his ſword,
Thus ſhall the fair expreſs her grief,
And terrors for her Lord:

Look down, ye gracious powers, from heaven,
Nor let my conſort go,
Rude in the arts of war, to fight
This formidable foe.

Oh! not with half that dreadful rage
The royal ſavage flies,
When, at the ſlighteſt touch, he ſprings
And darts upon his prize.

How fair, how comely are our wounds,
In our dear country's cauſe!
What fame attends the glorious fate,
That props our dying laws!

For death's cold hand arreſts the fears
That haunt the coward's mind;
Swift ſhe purſues the flying wretch,
And wounds him from behind.

Bravely regardleſs of diſgrace,
Bold virtue ſtands alone,
With pure unſully'd glory ſhines,
And honours ſtill her own.

From the dark grave, and ſilent duſt,
She bids her ſons ariſe,
And to the radiant train unfolds
The portals of the ſkies.

Now, with triumphant wings, ſhe ſoars,
Above the realms of day,
Spurns the dull earth, and groveling crowd,
And towers th' ethereal way.

With her has ſilence a reward,
Within the bleſs'd abodes,
That holy ſilence which conceals
The ſecrets of the Gods.

But with a wretch I would not live,
By ſacrilege prophan'd,
Nor lodge beneath one roof, nor launch
One veſſel from the land:

For,

For, blended with the bad, the good
The common ſtroke have felt,
And heaven's dire vengeance ſtruck alike
At innocence and guilt.

The wrath divine purſues the wretch,
At preſent lame, and ſlow,
But yet, though tardy to advance,
She gives the ſurer blow.

The THIRD ODE of the Fourth Book of HORACE, Paraphraſed.

WHOM firſt, Melpomene, thy eye
With friendly aſpect views,
Shall from his cradle riſe renown'd,
And ſacred to the Muſe.

Nor to the Iſthmian games his fame
And deathleſs triumphs owe;
Nor ſhall he wear the verdant wreath,
That ſhades the champion's brow.

Nor in the wide Elæan plains
Fatigue the courſer's ſpeed;
Nor through the glorious cloud of duſt,
Provoke the bounding ſteed.

Nor, as an haughty victor, mount
The Capitolian heights,
And proudly dedicate to Jove
The trophies of his fights.

Becauſe his thundering hand in war
Has check'd the ſwelling tide
Of the ſtern tyrant's power, and broke
The meaſures of his pride.

But by ſweet Tybur's groves and ſtreams
His glorious theme purſues,
And ſcorns the laurels of the war,
For thoſe that crown the Muſe.

There in the moſt retir'd retreats,
He ſets his charming ſong,
To the ſweet harp which Sappho touch'd,
Or bold Alcæus ſtrung.

Rank'd by thy ſons, Imperial Rome,
Among the poet's quire,
Above the reach of envy's hand
I ſafely may aſpire.

Thou ſacred Muſe, whoſe artful hand
Can teach the bard to ſing;
Can animate the golden lyre,
And wake the living ſtring:

Thou, by whoſe mighty power, may ſing,
In unaccuſtom'd ſtrains,
The ſilent fiſhes in the floods,
As on their banks the ſwans.

To thee I owe my ſpreading fame,
That thouſands, as they gaze,
Make me their wonder's common theme,
And object of their praiſe.

If firſt I ſtruck the Leſbian lyre,
No fame belongs to me;
I owe my honours, when I pleaſe,
(If e'er I pleaſe) to thee.

On the approaching CONGRESS of CAMBRAY.

Written in 1721.

YE patriots of the world, whoſe cares combin'd
Conſult the public welfare of mankind,
One moment let the crowding kingdoms wait,
And Europe in ſuſpence attend her fate,
Which turns on your great councils; nor refuſe
To hear the ſtrains of the prophetic Muſe;
Who ſees thoſe councils with a generous care
Heal the wide wounds, and calm the rage of war;
She ſees new verdure all the plain o'erſpread,
Where the fight burn'd, and where the battle bled.
The fields of death a ſofter ſcene diſcloſe,
And Ceres ſmiles where iron harveſts roſe.
The bleating flocks along the baſtion paſs,
And from the awful ruins crop the graſs.
Freed from his fears, each unmoleſted ſwain,
In peaceful furrows cuts the fatal plain;
Turns the high bulwark and aſpiring mound,
And ſees the camp with all the ſeaſons crown'd.
Beneath each clod, bright burniſh'd arms appear;
Each furrow glitters with the pride of war;
The fields reſound and tinkle as they break,
And the keen faulchion rings againſt the rake;

At

At reſt beneath the hanging ramparts laid,
He ſings ſecurely in the dreadful ſhade.
Hark!——o'er the ſeas, the Britiſh lions roar
Their monarch's fame to every diſtant ſhore:
Swift on their canvaſs wings his navies go,
Where-ever tides can roll, or winds can blow;
Their ſails within the arctic circle riſe,
Led by the ſtars that gild the northern ſkies;
Tempt frozen ſeas, nor fear the driving blaſt,
But ſwell exulting o'er the hoary waſte;
O'er the wide ocean hold ſupreme command,
And active commerce ſpread through every land;
Or with full pride to ſouthern regions run,
To diſtant worlds, on t'other ſide the ſun;
And plow the tides, where odoriferous gales
Perfume the ſmiling waves, and ſtretch the bellying ſails.
See! the proud merchant ſeek the precious ſhore,
And trace the winding veins of glittering ore;
Low in the earth his wondering eyes behold
Th' imperfect metal ripening into gold.
The mountains tremble with alternate rays,
And caſt at once a ſhadow and a blaze:
Streak'd o'er with gold, the pebbles flame around,
Gleam o'er the ſoil, and gild the tinkling ground;
Charg'd with the glorious prize, his veſſels come,
And in proud triumph bring an India home.
Fair Concord, hail; thy wings o'er Brunſwick ſpread,
And with thy olives crown his laurel'd head.
Come; in thy moſt diſtinguiſh'd charms appear;
Oh! come, and bolt the iron-gates of war.

The fight ſtands ſtill when Brunſwick bids it ceaſe,
The monarch ſpeaks, and gives the world a peace;
Like awful juſtice, ſits ſuperior lord,
To poiſe the balance, or to draw the ſword;
In due ſuſpenſe the jarring realms to keep,
And huſh the tumults of the world to ſleep.

Now with a brighter face, and nobler ray,
Shine forth, thou Source of light, and God of day;
Say, didſt thou ever in thy bright career
Light up before a more diſtinguiſh'd year?
Through all thy journeys paſt thou canſt not ſee
A perfect image of what this ſhall be:
Scarce the Platonic year ſhall this renew,
Or keep the bright original in view.

THE FABLE OF

THE YOUNG MAN and his CAT.

A Hapleſs youth, whom fates averſe had drove
To a ſtrange paſſion, and prepoſterous love,
Long'd to poſſeſs his puſs's ſpotted charms,
And hug the tabby beauty in his arms.
To what odd whimſies love inveigles men?
Sure if the boy was ever blind, 'twas then.
Rack'd with his paſſion, and in deep deſpair,
The youth to Venus thus addreſt his prayer.

O queen of beauty, ſince thy Cupid's dart
Has fir'd my ſoul, and rankles in my heart;
Since doom'd to burn in this unhappy flame,
From thee at leaſt a remedy I claim;

If

If once, to bleſs Pigmalion's longing arms,
The marble ſoften'd into living charms;
And warm with life the purple current ran
In circling ſtreams through every flinty vein;
If, with his own creating hands diſplay'd,
He hugg'd the ſtatue, and embrac'd a maid;
And with the breathing image fir'd his heart,
The pride of nature, and the boaſt of art:
Hear my requeſt, and crown my wondrous flame,
The ſame its nature, be thy gift the ſame;
Give me the like unuſual joys to prove,
And though irregular, indulge my love.

Delighted Venus heard the moving prayer,
And ſoon reſolv'd to eaſe the lover's care,
To ſet Miſs Tabby off with every grace,
To dreſs, and fit her for the youth's embrace.

Now ſhe by gradual change her form forſook,
Firſt her round face an oval figure took;
The roguiſh dimples next his heart beguile,
And each grave whiſker ſoften'd to a ſmile;
Unuſual ogles wanton'd in her eye,
Her ſolemn purring dwindled to a ſigh:
Sudden, a huge hoop-petticoat diſplay'd,
A wide circumference! intrench'd the maid,
And for the tail in waving circles play'd.
Her fur, as deſtin'd ſtill her charms to deck,
Made for her hands a muff, a tippet for her neck.

In the fine lady now her ſhape was loſt,
And by ſuch ſtrange degrees ſhe grew a toaſt;

Was all for ombre now; and who but ſhe,
To talk of modes and ſcandal o'er her tea;
To ſettle every faſhion of the ſex,
And run through all the female politics;
To ſpend her time at toilet and baſſet,
To play, to flaunt, to flutter, and coquet:
From a grave thinking mouſer, ſhe was grown
The gayeſt flirt that coach'd it round the town.
But ſee how often ſome intruding woe,
Nips all our blooming proſpects at a blow!
For as the youth his lovely conſort led
To the dear pleaſures of the nuptial bed,
Juſt on that inſtant from an inner houſe,
Into the chamber popt a heedleſs mouſe.
Miſs Tabby ſaw, and brooking no delay,
Sprung from the ſheets, and ſeiz'd the trembling prey:
Nor did the bride, in that ill-fated hour,
Reflect that all her mouſing-days were o'er.
The youth, aſtoniſh'd, felt a new deſpair,
Ixion-like he graſp'd, and graſp'd but air;
He ſaw his vows and prayers in vain beſtow'd,
And loſt the jilting goddeſs in a cloud.

To Mr. POPE, on his TRANSLATION of HOMER'S ILIAD.

'TIS true, what fam'd Pythagoras maintain'd,
That ſouls departed in new bodies reign'd;
We muſt approve the doctrine, ſince we ſee
The ſoul of godlike Homer breathe in thee.
Old Ennius firſt, then Virgil felt her fires;
But now a Britiſh Poet ſhe inſpires.
To you, O Pope, the lineal right extends,
To you th' hereditary Muſe deſcends.
At a vaſt diſtance we of Homer heard,
Till you brought in, and naturaliz'd the Bard;
Bade him our Engliſh rights and freedom claim,
His voice, his habit, and his air the ſame.
Now in the mighty ſtranger we rejoice,
And Britain thanks thee with a public voice.
See! too the Poet, a majeſtic ſhade,
Lifts up in awful pomp his laurel'd head,
To thank his ſucceſſor, who ſets him free
From the vile hands of Hobbes and Ogilby;
Who vext his venerable aſhes more,
Than his ungrateful Greece, the living Bard before.
While Homer's thoughts in thy bold lines are ſhown,
Though worlds contend, we claim him for our own;
Our blooming boys proud Ilion's fate bewail;
Our liſping babes repeat the dreadful tale,
Ev'n in their ſlumbers they purſue the theme,
Start, and enjoy a fight in every dream.

By

By turns the chief and bard their ſouls inflame,
And every little boſom beats for fame.
Thus ſhall they learn (as future times will ſee)
From him to conquer, or to write from thee.
In every hand we ſee the glorious ſong,
And Homer is the theme of every tongue.
Parties in ſtate poetic ſchemes employ,
And Whig and Tory ſide with Greece and Troy;
Neglect their feuds; and ſeem more zealous grown
To puſh thoſe countries intereſts than their own.
Our buſieſt politicians have forgot
How Somers counſel'd, and how Marlborough fought;
But o'er their ſettling coffee gravely tell,
What Neſtor ſpoke, and how brave Hector fell.
Our ſofteſt beaux and coxcombs you inſpire,
With Glaucus' courage, and Achilles' fire.
Now they reſent affronts which once they bore,
And draw thoſe ſwords that ne'er were drawn before:
Nay, ev'n our belles, inform'd how Homer writ,
Learn thence to criticize on modern wit.
Let the mad criticks to their ſide engage
The envy, pride, and dulneſs of the age:
In vain they curſe, in vain they pine and mourn,
Back on themſelves their arrows will return;
Whoe'er would thy eſtabliſh'd fame deface,
Are but immortaliz'd to their diſgrace.
Live, and enjoy their ſpight, and ſhare that fate,
Which would, if Homer liv'd, on Homer wait.
And lo! his ſecond labour claims thy care,
Ulyſſes' toils ſucceed Achilles' war.

Haſte

Haſte to the work; the ladies long to ſee
The pious frauds of chaſte Penelope.
Helen they long have ſeen, whoſe guilty charms
For ten whole years engag'd the world in arms.
Then, as thy fame ſhall ſee a length of days,
Some future Bard ſhall thus record thy praiſe:
"In thoſe bleſt times when ſmiling heaven and fate
"Had rais'd Britannia to her happieſt ſtate,
"When wide around, ſhe ſaw the world ſubmit,
"And own her ſons ſupreme in arts and wit;
"Then Pope and Dryden brought in triumph home,
"The pride of Greece, and ornament of Rome;
"To the great taſk each bold tranſlator came,
"With Virgil's judgment, and with Homer's flame;
"Here the pleas'd Mantuan ſwan was taught to ſoar,
"Where ſcarce the Roman eagles tower'd before:
"And Greece no more was Homer's native earth,
"Though her ſeven rival cities claim'd his birth;
"On her ſeven cities he look'd down with ſcorn,
"And own'd with pride he was in Britain born."

Part of the FIRST ÆNEID of VIRGIL tranſlated.

ARMS and the man I ſing, the firſt who driven
By fate from Troy, the fugitive of heaven,
On land and ſea by toils and tempeſts toſt,
Came to the Latian and Lavinian coaſt;
Forc'd by the Gods inceſſant wars to wage,
And urg'd by Juno's unrelenting rage;

Ere

Ere he could raiſe his town, and fix the Gods
He brought from Troy in Italy's abodes;
Hence our fam'd Latian line, and ſenates come,
Hence roſe the lofty walls and towers of Rome.
Say, Muſe, what cauſes could ſo far incenſe
Celeſtial powers, and what the dire offence
That mov'd heaven's awful empreſs to impoſe,
On ſuch a pious prince, ſuch endleſs woes?
By ſuch a round of toils ſo long diſtreſt:
Can rage ſo fierce inflame an heavenly breaſt?
Againſt th' Italian coaſt, of ancient fame
A city ſtood, and Carthage was the name:
A Tyrian colony; from Tyber far,
Rich, brave, and practis'd in the arts of war:
Which Juno far above all realms, above
Her own dear Samos, honour'd with her love:
Here ſtood her chariot, here her armour lay,
Here ſhe deſign'd, would deſtiny give way,
Ev'n then the ſeat of univerſal ſway.
But of a race ſhe heard, that ſhould deſtroy
The Tyrian towers, a race deriv'd from Troy;
Who proud in arms, triumphant by their ſwords,
Should riſe in time, the world's victorious lords;
Ordain'd by fate her Libya to ſubdue,
And on her ruin'd empire raiſe a new.
This fear'd the goddeſs; and in mind ſhe bore
The late long war her fury rais'd before
For Greece at Troy; nor was her wrath reſign'd,
But every cauſe hung heavy on her mind.

Her injur'd form, and Paris' judgment roll
Deep in her breaſt, and kindle all her ſoul:
Th' immortal honours of the raviſh'd boy;
And, laſt, the whole deteſted race of Troy.
With all theſe motives fir'd, from Latium far
She drove the relicks of the Grecian war;
Fate urg'd their courſe; and long they wander'd o'er
The boundleſs ocean, toſt from ſhore to ſhore:
So vaſt the work to build ſo vaſt a frame,
And raiſe the glories of the Roman name.
Scarce from Sicilia's ſhores the ſhouting train
Spread their broad ſails, and plow'd the foamy main;
When haughty Juno thus her rage expreſt;
Th' eternal wound ſtill rankling in her breaſt.
Then muſt I ſtop? are all my labours vain?
And muſt this Trojan prince in Latium reign?
The Fates, I find, may baffle Juno's aims;
And why could Pallas, with avenging flames,
Burn a whole navy of the Grecian ſhips,
And plunge the ſcatter'd Argives in the deeps?
She, for the crime of Ajax, from above
Launch'd through the clouds the fiery bolts of Jove;
Diſperſt his fleet, and as her tempeſt flew,
Expos'd the ocean's inmoſt deeps to view.
Then, while transfix'd the blaſted wretch expires,
Flames from his breaſt, and fires ſucceeding fires,
Snatch'd in a whirlwind, with a ſudden ſhock
She hurl'd him headlong on a pointed rock.
But I, who move ſupreme in heaven's abodes,
Jove's ſiſter-wife, and empreſs of the Gods,

With

With this one nation muſt a war maintain
So many years; and wage that war in vain.
And now what ſuppliants will invoke my name,
Adore my power, or bid my altars flame?
Thus fir'd with rage the furious Goddeſs flies
To dark Æolia from the diſtant ſkies;
The native region of the ſtorms ſhe finds,
Where in huge gloomy caves their tyrant binds
The bluſtering tempeſts, and reluctant winds;
Whoſe rage imperial Æolus reſtrains,
With rocky dungeons, and with heaps of chains:
While they, within the ſpacious hollow pent,
Roar round the cave, and ſtruggle for a vent.
From his high throne, their fury to aſſwage,
He waves his ſceptre, and controls their rage:
Or, down the void their rapid whirls had driven
Earth, air, and ocean, and the heights of heaven.
But Jove, the mighty ruin to prevent,
In gloomy caves the airy captives pent,
O'er their wild rage the ponderous rocks he ſpread,
And hurl'd huge heaps of mountains on their head;
And gave a king commiſſion'd to reſtrain,
And curb the tempeſt, or to looſe the rein.
Whom thus the queen addreſs'd; Since mighty Jove
The king of men, and ſire of Gods above,
Has given thee, Æolus, the power to raiſe
Storms at thy ſovereign will, or ſmooth the ſeas;
A race, I long have labour'd to deſtroy,
Waft to Heſperia the remains of Troy.

Ev'n now their navy cuts the Thuſcan floods,
Charg'd with their exiles, and their vanquiſh'd Gods.
Add rage to all thy winds; o'erwhelm their ſhips,
Diſperſe or drown the wetches in the deeps.
Twice ſeven bright nymphs of beauteous ſhape are mine,
For thy reward the faireſt I 'll reſign,
And make the charming Deiopeia thine;
She, on thy bed, long bleſſings ſhall confer,
And make thee parent of a race like her.
'Tis yours, great queen, reply'd the power, to lay
The taſk, and mine to liſten and obey;
By you I ſit a gueſt with Gods above,
And ſhare the graces and the ſmiles of Jove.
Theſe realms by you, this ſceptre I maintain,
And wear theſe honours of the ſtormy reign.
So ſpoke th' obſequious God, and while he ſpoke,
Whirl'd his vaſt ſpear, and pierc'd the hollow rock.
Th' embattled tempeſts, as the mountain rent,
Flew all at once impetuous through the vent.
Earth in their courſe with giddy whirls they ſweep,
Then plow the ſeas, and bare the inmoſt deep.
South, Eaſt, and Weſt, to ſwell the tumult, roar,
And roll vaſt billows to the diſtant ſhore.
The cordage cracks; with unavailing cries
The Trojans mourn, with ſudden clouds ariſe,
And raviſh from their ſight the ſplendors of the ſkies.
Night hovers o'er the deeps; the day retires;
The heavens ſhine thick with momentary fires;

Loud thunders ſhake the poles; from every place
Grim death appear'd, and glar'd in every face.
Congeal'd with fear, the Trojan hero ſtands,
He groans, and ſpreads to heaven his lifted hands:
Thrice happy thoſe, whoſe fate it was to fall,
(Exclaims the chief) beneath the Trojan wall.
Oh! 'twas a noble fate to die in fight,
To die ſo bravely in their parents ſight.
Why ſunk I not beneath Tydides' hands,
The braveſt hero of the Grecian bands?
Where Hector ſunk beneath Achilles' ſpear,
And great Sarpedon the renown'd in war;
Where Simois' ſtreams, encumber'd with the ſlain,
Roll'd ſhields, and helms, and heroes, to the main.
Thus while he mourns, the northern blaſt prevails,
Breaks all his oars, and rends his flying ſails:
The prow turns round; the galley leaves her ſide
Bare to the fury of the working tide;
While in huge heaps the gathering ſurges riſe,
And lift a liquid mountain to the ſkies.
Some hang on waves; and ſome behold the ground
Low in the boiling deeps, and dark profound.
Three ſhatter'd galleys the ſtrong ſouthern blaſt
On hidden rocks, with dreadful fury, caſt;
Th' Italians call them altars; for they ſtood
Sublime, and heav'd their backs above the flood.
Three more fierce Eurus on the Syrtes threw
From the main ſea; and (terrible to view)
He daſh'd, and left the veſſels on the land,
Intrench'd with mountains of ſurrounding ſand.

Struck by a billow, in the hero's view,
From prow to ſtern the broken galley flew,
Which bore Orontes, and the Lycian crew.
Swept off the deck, the pilot from the ſhip,
Stun'd by the ſtroke, ſhot headlong down the deep.
The veſſel by the ſurge turn'd round and round,
Sunk by the whirling gulf devour'd and drown'd.
Some from the dark abyſs emerge again;
Arms, planks, and treaſures floating on the main.
And now thy ſhip, Ilioneus, gives way,
And brave Achates' veſſel drinks the ſea.
Nor old Alethes his ſtrong galley ſaves,
And Abas yields to the victorious waves.
The ſtorm diſſolves their well-compacted ſides,
Which drink at many a leak the ruſhing tides.

Mean time great Neptune from beneath the main
Heard the loud tumults in his watery reign,
And ſaw the furious tempeſt wide around
Work up the waters from the vaſt profound.
Then, for his liquid realms alarm'd, the God
Lifts his high head ſerenely o'er the flood;
Where wide diſperſt the Trojan fleet he ſpies,
Preſt by the ſtorms and terrors of the ſkies:
Full well he knew his ſiſter's endleſs hate,
Her wiles and arts to ſink the Trojan ſtate.
To Eurus and the weſtern blaſt he cry'd,
Does your high birth inſpire this lawleſs pride?
Audacious winds! without a power from me,
To raiſe at will ſuch mountains on the ſea:

Thus

Thus to confound heaven, earth, the air, and main,
Whom I——but firſt I 'll calm the waves again.
But if you tempt my rage a ſecond time,
Know, that ſome heavier vengeance waits the crime.
Hence fly with ſpeed; from me your tyrant tell,
That to my lot this watery empire fell.
Bid him his rocks, your gloomy dungeons, keep;
But leave to me the trident of the deep:
There let him reign with undiſputed power,
And hear within his bluſtering ſubjects roar.
He ſpoke; and ſpeaking chac'd the clouds away,
Huſh'd every billow, and reſtor'd the day.
Cymothoe guards the veſſels in the ſhock,
And Triton heaves them from the pointed rock.
He with his trident diſengag'd the ſhips,
And clear'd the Syrtes, and compos'd the deeps.
Then mounted on the radiant car he rides
Swift o'er the ſeas, and ſmoothly ſkims the tides:
As when ſedition fires th' ignoble crowd,
And the wild rabble ſtorms and thirſts for blood,
Of ſtones and brands a mingled tempeſt flies,
And all the ſudden arms that rage ſupplies:
If ſome grave ſire appears amidſt the ſtrife,
In morals ſtrict, and innocence of life,
All fix'd in ſilence ſtand; their fury cools;
While his reſiſtleſs eloquence controls
Their frantic rage, and gently calms their ſouls.
So did the roaring deeps their rage compoſe,
When the great father of the floods aroſe.
Rapt by his ſteeds, he flies in open day,
Throws up the reins, and ſkims the watery way.

On his MAJESTY's playing with a TIGER in Kenſington Gardens.

"Primâ Dicte mihi, ſummâ Dicende Camœnâ."

AMIDST the den, the lions prey,
Seal'd up for death the prophet lay;
But couch'd the hungry monſters ſit,
And fawning lick his ſacred feet;
Swift ſhot an angel from above,
And chang'd their fury into love.
As ſwift did Britain's genius fly,
And for her charge ſtand trembling by;
When Brunſwick, pious, brave, and wiſe,
Like Him the favourite of the ſkies,
Play'd with the monſter's dreadful teeth,
And ſported with the fangs of death.
Genius of Britain, ſpare thy fears,
For know, within, our ſovereign wears
The ſureſt guard; the beſt defence;
A firm untainted innocence.
So ſweet an innocence diſarms
The fierceſt rage with powerful charms,
So far rebellion it beguiles,
That faction bends; that envy ſmiles;
That furious ſavages ſubmit,
And pay due homage at his feet.
Britain! by this example prove
Thy duty, loyalty, and love.

See! the fierce brutes thy king careſs,
And court him with a mute addreſs;
Well may'ſt thou own his gentle ſway,
If tigers bend, and ſavages obey.

A DIALOGUE between a POET and his SERVANT.

To enter into the beauties of this ſatire, it muſt be remembered, that ſlaves, among the Romans, during the feaſts of Saturn, wore their maſters habits, and were allowed to ſay what they pleaſed.

SERVANT.

SIR,—I've long waited in my turn to have
A word with you---but I 'm your humble ſlave.
P. What knave is that? my raſcal!
S. Sir, 'tis I,
No knave nor raſcal, but your truſty Guy.
P. Well, as your wages ſtill are due, I 'll bear
Your rude impertinence this time of year.
S. Some folks are drunk one day, and ſome for ever,
And ſome, like Wharton, but twelve years together.
Old Evremond, renown'd for wit and dirt,
Would change his living oftener than his ſhirt;
Roar with the rakes of ſtate a month; and come
To ſtarve another in his hole at home.
So rov'd wild Buckingham the public jeſt,
Now ſome innholder's, now a monarch's gueſt;

His

His life and politics of every ſhape,
This hour a Roman, and the next an ape.
The gout in every limb from every vice,
Poor Clodio hir'd a boy to throw the dice.
Some wench for ever; and their ſins on thoſe,
By cuſtom, ſit as eaſy as their cloaths.
Some fly, like pendulums, from good to evil,
And in that point are madder than the devil:
For they——

P. To what will theſe wild maxims tend?
And where, ſweet ſir, will your reflections end?

S. In you.

P. In me, you knave? make out your charge.

S. You praiſe low-living, but you live at large.
Perhaps you ſcarce believe the rules you teach,
Or find it hard to practiſe what you preach.
Scarce have you paid one idle journey down,
But, without buſineſs, you're again in town.
If none invite you, ſir, abroad to roam,
Then—Lord, what pleaſure 'tis to read at home:
And ſip your two half-pints, with great delight,
Of beer at noon, and muddled port at night.
From * Encome, John comes thundering at the door,
With "Sir, my maſter begs you to come o'er,
"To paſs theſe tedious hours, theſe winter nights,
"Not that he dreads invaſions, rogues, or ſprites."
Strait for your two beſt wigs aloud you call,
This ſtiff in buckle, that not curl'd at all,

* The ſeat of John Pitt, Eſq; in Dorſetſhire.

"And

"And where, you raſcal, are the ſpurs," you cry;
"And O! what blockhead laid the buſkins by?"
On your old batter'd mare you 'll needs be gone,
(No matter whether on four legs or none)
Splaſh, plunge, and ſtumble, as you ſcour the heath;
All ſwear at Morden 'tis on life or death:
Wildly through Wareham ſtreets you ſcamper on,
Raiſe all the dogs and voters in the town;
Then fly for ſix long dirty miles as bad,
That Corfe and Kingſton gentry think you mad.
And all this furious riding is to prove
Your high reſpect, it ſeems, and eager love:
And yet, that mighty honour to obtain,
Banks, Shafteſbury, Doddington, may ſend in vain.
Before you go, we curſe the noiſe you make,
And bleſs the moment that you turn your back:
As for myſelf, I own it to your face,
I love good eating, and I take my glaſs:
But ſure 'tis ſtrange, dear ſir, that this ſhould be
In you amuſement, but a fault in me.
All this is bare refining on a name,
To make a difference where the fault 's the ſame.
My father ſold me to your ſervice here,
For this fine livery, and four pounds a year.
A livery you ſhould wear as well as I,
And this I' ll prove—but lay your cudgel by.
You ſerve your paſſions—Thus, without a jeſt,
Both are but fellow-ſervants at the beſt.
Yourſelf, good Sir, are play'd by your deſires,
A mere tall puppet dancing on the wires.

P. Who,

P. Who, at this rate of talking, can be free?
S. The brave, wiſe, honeſt man, and only he:
All elſe are ſlaves alike, the world around,
Kings on the throne, and beggars on the ground:
He, ſir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
And (greater ſtill) is maſter of himſelf:
Not to-and-fro by fears and factions hurl'd,
But looſe to all the intereſts of the world:
And while that world turns round, entire and whole,
He keeps the ſacred tenor of his ſoul;
In every turn of fortune ſtill the ſame,
As gold unchang'd, or brighter from the flame:
Collected in himſelf, with godlike pride,
He ſees the darts of envy glance aſide;
And, fix'd like Atlas, while the tempeſt blow,
Smiles at the idle ſtorms that roar below.
One ſuch you know, a layman, to your ſhame,
And yet the honour of your blood and name,
If you can ſuch a character maintain,
You too are free, and I 'm your ſlave again.
But when in Hemſkirk's pictures you delight,
More than yourſelf, to ſee two drunkards fight;
"Fool, rogue, ſot, blockhead," or ſuch names are mine:
Your's are, "a Connoiſſeur," or "Deep Divine."
I 'm chid for loving a luxurious bit,
The ſacred prize of learning, worth, and wit:
And yet ſome ſell their lands theſe bits to buy;
Then, pray, who ſuffers moſt from luxury?
I 'm chid, 'tis true; but then I pawn no plate,
I ſeal no bonds, I mortgage no eſtate.

Beſides,

Beſides, high living, ſir, muſt wear you out
With ſurfeits, qualms, a fever, or the gout.
By ſome new pleaſures are you ſtill engroſs'd,
And when you ſave an hour, you think it loſt.
To ſports, plays, races, from your books you run,
And like all company, except your own.
You hunt, drink, ſleep, or (idler ſtill) you rhyme;
Why?—but to baniſh thought, and murder time:
And yet that thought, which you diſcharge in vain,
Like a foul-loaded piece, recoils again.

P. Tom, fetch a cane, a whip, a club, a ſtone,---

S. For what?

P. A ſword, a piſtol, or a gun:
I 'll ſhoot the dog.

S. Lord! who would be a wit?
He 's in a mad, or in a rhyming fit.

P. Fly, fly, you raſcal, for your ſpade and fork;
For once I 'll ſet your lazy bones to work:
Fly, or I 'll ſend you back, without a groat,
To the bleak mountains where you firſt were caught.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, Esq.

Adviſing him to build a banqueting-houſe on a hill that overlooks the ſea.

FROM this tall promontory's brow
You look majeſtic down,
And ſee extended wide below
Th' horizon all your own.

With

With growing piles the vales are crown'd,
Here hills peep over hills;
There the vaſt ſky and ſea profound
Th' increaſing proſpect fills.

O bid, my friend, a ſtructure riſe,
And this huge round command;
Then ſhall this little point compriſe
The ocean and the land.

Then you, like Æolus, on high,
From your aerial tower,
Shall ſee ſecure the billows fly,
And hear the whirlwinds roar.

You, with a ſmile, their rage deſpiſe,
Till ſome ſad wreck appears,
And calls, from your relenting eyes,
The ſympathizing tears.

Thus may you view, with proud delight,
While winds the deep deform,
(Till human woes your grief excite)
All nature in a ſtorm.

Majeſtic, awful ſcene! when, hurl'd
On ſurges, ſurges riſe,
And all the heaving watery world
Tumultuous mounts the ſkies.

The ſeas and thunder roar by turns,
By turns the peals expire;
The billows flaſh, and æther burns
With momentary fire.

But lo! the furious tempeſts ceaſe,
The mighty rage ſubſides;
Old ocean hush'd, in ſolemn peace,
Has ſtill'd the murmuring tides.

Spread wide abroad, the glaſſy plain,
In various colours gay,
Reflects the glorious ſun again,
And doubly gilds the day.

Th' horizon glows from ſide to ſide,
And flames with glancing rays;
The floating, trembling, ſilver tide,
Is one continual blaze.

Your eyes the proſpect now command,
All uncontrol'd and free,
Fly like a thought from land to land,
And dart from ſea to ſea.

Thus, while above the clouds we ſit,
And innocently gay,
Paſs in amuſements, wine, or wit,
The ſultry hours away;

Sometimes, with pity, or diſdain,
In thought a glance we throw
Down on the poor, the proud, the vain,
In yonder world below.

We ſee, from this exalted ſeat,
(How ſhrunk, reduc'd, confin'd!)
The little perſon of the great,
As little as his mind.

See there—amidſt the crowds our view
Some ſcatter'd virtues ſtrike;
But thoſe ſo throng'd, and theſe ſo few,
The world looks all alike.

Yet, through this cloud of human kind,
The Talbots we ſurvey,
The Pitts, the Yorks, the Seckers find,
Who ſhine in open day.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, ESQ.

On the ſame ſubject.

O'ER curious models as you rove
The vales with piles to crown,
And great Palladio's plans improve
With nobler of your own;

O bid a ſtructure o'er the floods
From this high mountain riſe,
Where we may ſit enthron'd like gods,
And revel in the ſkies.

Th' aſcending breeze, at each repaſt,
Shall breathe an air divine,
Give a new brightneſs to the taſte,
New ſpirit to the wine.

Or theſe low pleaſures we may quit
For banquets more refin'd,
The works of each immortal wit,
The luxury of the mind.

Plato,

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Th

ON MRS. WALKER'S POEMS.

Particularly that on the Author.

BLUSH, Wilmot, bluſh; a female Muſe,
Without one guilty line,
The tender theme of love purſues
In ſofter ſtrains than thine.

'Tis thine the paſſion to blaſpheme,
'Tis her's with wit and eaſe
(When a mere nothing is the theme)
Beyond thyſelf to pleaſe.

Then be to her the prize decreed,
Whoſe merit has prevail'd;
For what male poet can ſucceed,
If Rocheſter has fail'd?

Since Phœbus quite forgetful grows,
And has not yet thought fit,
In his high wiſdom, to impoſe
A ſalique law on wit;

Since of your rights he takes no care,
Ye Priors, Popes, and Gays;
'Tis hard!——but let the women wear
The breeches and the bays.

VERSES

VERSES ON A FLOWERED CARPET.

Worked by the young Ladies at Kingſton.

WHEN Pallas ſaw the piece her pupils wrought,
She ſtood long wondering at the lovely draught:
And, Flora, now (ſhe cried) no more diſplay
Thy flowers, the trifling beauties of a day:
For ſee! how theſe with life immortal bloom,
And ſpread and flouriſh for an age to come!
In what unguarded hour did I impart
To theſe fair virgins all my darling art?
In all my wit I ſaw theſe rivals ſhine,
But this one art I thought was always mine:
Yet lo! I yield; their miſtreſs now no more,
But proud to learn from theſe I taught before.
For look, what vegetable ſenſe is here!
How warm with life theſe bluſhing leaves appear!
What temper'd ſplendors o'er the piece are laid!
Shade ſteals on light, and light dies into ſhade.
Through heaven's gay bow leſs various beauties run,
And far leſs bright, though painted by the ſun.
See in each blooming flower what ſpirit glows!
What vivid colours fluſh the opening roſe!
In ſome few hours thy lily diſappears;
But this ſhall flouriſh through a length of years,
See unfelt winters paſs ſucceſſive by,
And ſcorn a mean dependence on the ſky.
And oh! may Britain, by my counſels ſway'd,
But live and flouriſh, till theſe flowers ſhall fade!

Then go, fond Flora, go, the palm reſign
To works more fair and durable than thine:
For I, even I, in juſtice yield the crown
To works ſo far ſuperior to my own."

VERSES ON A FLOWERED CARPET.

ON this fair ground, with raviſh'd eyes,
We ſee a ſecond Eden riſe,
As gay and glorious as the firſt,
Before th' offending world was curſt.
While theſe bright nymphs the needle guide,
To paint the roſe in all her pride,
Nature, like her, may bluſh to own
Herſelf ſo far by art outdone.
Theſe flowers ſhe rais'd with all her care,
So blooming, ſo divinely fair!
The glorious children of the ſun,
That David's regal heir out-ſhone,
Were ſcarce like one of theſe array'd;
They died, but theſe ſhall never fade.

ON

ON THE ART OF PREACHING.

A FRAGMENT.

In imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry.

"—— Pendent opera interrupta.——"

SHOULD ſome fam'd hand, in this fantaſtic age,
Draw Rich, as Rich appears upon the ſtage,
With all his poſtures, in one motley plan,
The god, the hound, the monkey, and the man;
Here o'er his head high brandiſhing a leg,
And there juſt hatch'd, and breaking from his egg;
While monſter crouds on monſter through the piece,
Who could help laughing at a ſight like this?
Or as a drunkard's dream together brings
A court of coblers, and a mob of kings;
Such is a ſermon, where, confus'dly dark,
Join Hoadly, Sharp, South, Sherlock, Wake, and Clarke.
So eggs of different pariſhes will run
To batter, when you beat ſix yolks to one;
So ſix bright chemic liquors if you mix,
In one dark ſhadow vaniſh all the ſix.
This licence prieſts and painters ever had,
To run bold lengths, but never to run mad;
For thoſe can't reconcile God's grace to ſin,
Nor theſe paint tigers in an aſs's ſkin;
No common dauber in one piece would join,
A fox and gooſe,—unleſs upon a ſign.

Some ſteal a page of ſenſe from Tillotſon,
And then conclude divinely with their own;
Like oil on water mounts the prelate up,
His grace is always ſure to be at top;
That vein of mercury its beams will ſpread,
And ſhine more ſtrongly through a mine of lead.
With ſuch low arts your hearers never bilk,
For who can bear a fuſtian lin'd with ſilk?
Sooner than preach ſuch ſtuff, I'd walk the town,
Without my ſcarf, in Whiſton's draggled gown;
Ply at the Chapter, and at Child's, to read
For pence, and bury for a groat a head.

Some eaſy ſubject chuſe, within your power,
Or you will ne'er hold out for half an hour.
Still to your hearers all your ſermons ſort;
Who'd preach againſt corruption at a court?
Againſt church power at viſitations bawl?
Or talk about damnation at Whitehall?
Harangue the Horſe-guards on a cure of ſouls?
Condemn the quirks of Chancery at the Rolls?
Or rail at hoods and organs at St. Pauls?
Or be, like David Jones, ſo indiſcreet,
To rave at uſurers in Lombard-ſtreet?

Begin with care, nor, like that curate vile,
Set out in this high prancing ſtumbling ſtyle:
"Whoever with a piercing eye can ſee
"Through the paſt records of futurity?"
All gape, no meaning:—the puft orator
Talks much, and ſays juſt nothing for an hour.

Truth

Truth and the text he labours to diſplay,
Till both are quite interpreted away:
So frugal dames inſipid water pour,
Till green, bohea, or coffee, are no more.
His arguments in giddy circles run
Still round and round, and end where they begun:
So the poor turnſpit, as the wheel runs round,
The more he gains, the more he loſes ground.
No parts diſtinct, or general ſcheme we find,
But one wild ſhapeleſs monſter of the mind:
So when old Bruin teems, her children fail
Of limbs, form, figure, features, head, or tail;
Nay, though ſhe licks the ruins, all her cares
Scarce mend the lumps, and bring them but to bears.
Ye country vicars, when you preach in town
A turn at Paul's, to pay your journey down,
If you would ſhun the ſneer of every prig,
Lay by the little band, and ruſty wig:
But yet be ſure, your proper language know,
Nor talk as born within the ſound of Bow.
Speak not the phraſe that Drury-lane affords,
Nor from Change-alley ſteal a cant of words.
Coachmen will criticiſe your ſtyle; nay further,
Porters will bring it in for wilful murther:
The dregs of the canaille will look aſkew,
To hear the language of the town from you;
Nay, my lord mayor, with merriment poſſeſt,
Will break his nap, and laugh among the reſt,
And jog the aldermen to hear the jeſt.
* * * * * *

AN EPITAPH.

Inſcribed on a ſtone, that covers his Father, Mother, and Brother.

YE ſacred ſpirits! while your friends diſtreſs'd
Weep o'er your aſhes, and lament the bleſs'd;
O let the penſive Muſe inſcribe that ſtone,
And with the general ſorrows mix her own:
The penſive Muſe!—who, from this mournful hour,
Shall raiſe her voice, and wake the ſtring no more!
Of love, of duty, this laſt pledge receive;
'Tis all a brother, all a ſon can give.

A POEM

A POEM on the DEATH of the late Earl STANHOPE. Humbly inſcribed to the Counteſs of STANHOPE.

" At length, grim fate, thy dreadful triumphs ceaſe:
" Lock up the tomb, and ſeal the grave in peace."

NOW from thy riot of deſtruction breathe,
Call in thy raging plagues, thou tyrant death:
Too mean 's the conqueſt which thy arms beſtow,
Too mean to ſweep a nation at a blow.
No, thy unbounded triumphs higher run,
And ſeem to ſtrike at all mankind in one;
Since Stanhope is thy prey, the great, the brave,
A nobler prey was never paid the grave.
We ſeem to feel from this thy daring crime,
A blank in nature, and a pauſe in time.
He ſtood ſo high in reaſon's towering ſphere,
As high as man unglorify'd could bear.
In arms, and eloquence, like Cæſar, ſhone
So bright, that each Minerva was his own.
How could ſo vaſt a fund of learning lie
Shut up in ſuch a ſhort mortality?
One world of ſcience nobly travell'd o'er,
Like Philip's glorious ſon, he wept for more.
And now, reſign'd to tears, th' angelic choirs,
With drooping heads, unſtring their golden lyres,
Wrapt in a cloud of grief, they ſigh to view
Their ſacred image laid by death ſo low:

And

And deep in anguiſh ſunk, on Stanhope's fate,
Begin to doubt their own immortal ſtate.
But hold, my Muſe, thy mournful tranſport errs,
Hold here, and liſten to Lucinda's tears.
While thy vain ſorrows echo to his tomb,
Behold a ſight that ſtrikes all ſorrow dumb:
Behold the partner of his cares and life,
Bright in her tears, and beautiful in grief.
Shall then in vain thoſe ſtreams of ſorrow flow,
Dreſt up in all the elegance of woe?
And ſhall the kind officious Muſe forbear
To anſwer ſigh for ſigh, and tell out tear for tear?
Oh! no; at ſuch a melancholy ſcene,
The Poet echoes back her woes again.
Each weeping Muſe ſhould miniſter relief,
From all the moving eloquence of grief.
Each, like a Niobe, his fate bemoan,
Melt into tears, or harden into ſtone.
From dark obſcurity his virtues ſave,
And, like pale ſpectres, hover round his grave.
With them the marble ſhould due meaſures keep,
Relent at every ſigh, at every accent weep.
Britannia mourn thy hero, nor refuſe
To vent the ſighs and ſorrows with the Muſe:
Oh! let thy riſing groans load every wind,
Nor let one ſluggiſh accent lag behind.
Thy heavy fate with juſtice to deplore,
Convey a gale of ſighs from ſhore to ſhore.
And thou, her guardian angel, widely ſpread
Thy golden wings, and ſhield the mighty dead.

Brood

Brood o'er his aſhes, and illuſtrious duſt,
And ſooth with care the venerable ghoſt.
To guard the nobler relicks, leave a while
The kind protection of thy favourite iſle:
Around his ſilent tomb, thy ſtation keep,
And, with thy ſiſter-angel, learn to weep.

Ye ſons of Albion, o'er your patriot mourn,
And cool with ſtreams of tears his ſacred urn.
His wondrous virtues, ſtretch'd to diſtant ſhores,
Demand all Europe's tears, as well as yours.
Nature can't bring in every period forth,
A finiſh'd hero, of exalted worth,
Whoſe godlike genius, towering and ſublime,
Muſt long lie ripening in the womb of time:
Before a Stanhope enters on the ſtage,
The birth of years, and labour of an age.
In field, and council, born the palm to ſhare,
His voice a ſenate, as his ſword a war:
And each illuſtrious action of his life,
Conſpire to form the patriot, and the chief:
On either ſide, unite their blended rays,
And kindly mingle in a friendly blaze.

Stand out, and witneſs this, unhappy Spain,
Lift up to view the mountains of thy ſlain:
Tell how thy heroes yielded to their fear,
When Stanhope rouz'd the thunder of the war:
With what fierce tumults of ſevere delight
Th' impetuous hero plung'd into the fight.
How he the dreadful front of death defac'd,
Pour'd on the foe, and laid the battle waſte.

Did

Did not his arm the ranks of war deform,
And point the hovering tumult where to ſtorm?
Did not his ſword through legions cleave his way,
Break their dark ſquadrons, and let in the day?
Did not he lead the terrible attack,
Puſh conqueſt on, and bring her bleeding back?
Throw wide the ſcenes of horror and deſpair,
The tide of conflict, and the ſtream of war?
Bid yellow Tagus, who in triumph roll'd,
Till then his turbid tides of foaming gold,
Boaſt his rich channels to the world no more,
Since all his glittering ſtreams, and liquid ore,
Lie undiſtinguiſh'd in a flood of gore.
Bid his charg'd waves, and loaded billows ſweep,
Thy ſlaughter'd thouſands to the frighted deep.
Confeſs, fair Albion, how the liſtening throng
Dwelt on the moving accents of his tongue.
In the ſage council ſeat him, and confeſs
Thy arm in war, thy oracle in peace:
How here triumphant too, his nervous ſenſe
Bore off the palm of manly eloquence:
The healing balm to Albion's wounds apply'd,
And charm'd united factions to his ſide:
Fix'd on his ſovereign's head the nodding crown,
And prop'd the tottering baſis of the throne,
Supported bravely all the nation's weight,
And ſtood the public Atlas of the ſtate.
Sound the loud trumpet, let the ſolemn knell
Bid with due horror his great ſoul farewel.

Tune every martial inſtrument with care,
At once wake all the harmony of war.
Let each ſad hero in proceſſion go,
And ſwell the vaſt ſolemnity of woe.
Neglect the yew, the mournful cypreſs leave,
And with freſh laurels ſtrew the warrior's grave.
There they ſhall riſe, in honour of his name,
Grow green with victory, and bloom with fame.
Lo! from his azure throne, old father Thames
Sighs through his floods, and groans from all his ſtreams:
O'er his full urn he droops his reverend head,
And ſinks down deeper in his oozy bed,
As the ſad pomp proceeds along his ſides,
O'ercharg'd with ſorrow, pant his heaving tides.
Low in his humid palace laid to mourn,
With ſtreams of tears, the God ſupplies his urn.
Within his channels he forgets to flow,
And pours o'er all his bounds the deluge of his woe.
But ſee, my Muſe, if yet thy raviſh'd ſight
Can bear that blaze, that ruſhing ſtream of light;
Where the great hero's diſencumber'd ſoul,
Springs from the earth, to reach her native pole.
Boldly ſhe quits th' abandon'd caſk of clay,
Freed from her chains, and towers th' æthereal way:
Soars o'er th' eternal funds of hail and ſnow,
And leaves heaven's ſtormy magazines below.
Thence through the vaſt profound of heaven ſhe flies,
And meaſures all the concave of the ſkies:
Sees where the planetary worlds advance,
Orb above orb, and lead the ſtarry dance.

Nor

Nor reſts ſhe there, but, with a bolder flight,
Explores the undiſcover'd realms of light.
Where the fix'd orbs, to deck the ſpangled pole,
In ſtate around their gaudy axles roll.
Thence his aſpiring courſe in triumph ſteers,
Beyond the golden circles of the ſpheres;
Into the heaven of heavens, the ſeat divine,
Where nature never drew her mighty line.
A region that excludes all time and place,
And ſhuts creation from th' unbounded ſpace:
Where the full tides of light in oceans flow,
And ſee the ſun ten thouſand worlds below.
So far from our inferior orbs diſjoin'd,
The tir'd imagination pants behind.
Then ceaſe thy painful flight, nor venture more,
Where never Muſe has ſtretch'd her wing before.
Thy pinions tempt immortal heights in vain,
That throw thee fluttering back to earth again.
On earth a while, bleſt ſhade, thy thoughts employ,
And ſteal one moment from eternal joy.
While there, in heaven, immortal ſongs inſpire
Thy golden ſtrings, and tremble on the lyre,
Which raiſe to nobler ſtrains th' angelic choir.
Look down with pity on a mortal's lays,
Who ſtrives, in vain, to reach thy boundleſs praiſe:
Who with low verſe profanes thy ſacred name,
Loſt in the ſpreading circle of thy fame.
Thy fame, which, like thyſelf, is mounted high,
Wide as thy heaven, and lofty as thy ſky.

And thou, his pious conſort, here below,
Laviſh of grief, and prodigal of woe;
Oh! choak thy griefs, thy riſing ſighs ſuppreſs,
Nor let thy ſorrows violate his peace.
This rage of anguiſh, that diſdains relief,
Dims his bright joys, with ſome allay of grief.
Look on his deareſt pledge, he left behind,
And ſee how Nature, bountiful and kind,
Stamps the paternal image on his mind.
Oh! may th' hereditary virtues run
In fair ſucceſſion, to adorn the ſon;
The laſt beſt hopes of Albion's realms to grace,
And form the hero worthy of his race:
Some means at laſt by Britain may be found,
To dry her tears, and cloſe her bleeding wound.
And if the Muſe through future times can ſee,
Fair youth, thy father ſhall revive in thee:
Thou ſhalt the wondering nation's hopes engage,
To riſe the Stanhope of the future age.

EPI-

EPITAPH ON DR. KEIL,

The late famous Aſtrologer.

BENEATH this ſtone the world's juſt wonder lies,
Who, while on earth, had rang'd the ſpacious ſkies;
Around the ſtars his active ſoul had flown,
And ſeen their courſes finiſh'd ere his own:
Now he enjoys thoſe realms he could explore,
And finds that heaven he knew ſo well before.
He through more worlds his victory purſued
Than the brave Greek could wiſh to have ſubdued;
In triumph ran one vaſt creation o'er,
Then ſtop'd,——for Nature could afford no more.
With Cæſar's ſpeed, young Ammon's noble pride,
He came, ſaw, vanquiſh'd, wept, return'd, and died.

VIDA's

VIDA's ART OF POETRY.

To the Right Honourable PHILIP, Earl STANHOPE, Viſcount MAHON, and Baron ELVASTON, this Tranſlation is dedicated, by his Lordſhip's humble Servant and Chaplain,

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

BOOK I.

GIVE me, ye ſacred Muſes, to impart
The hidden ſecrets of your tuneful art;
Give me your awful myſteries to ſing,
Unlock, and open wide, your ſacred ſpring;
While from his infancy the Bard I lead,
And ſet him on your mountain's lofty head;
Direct his courſe, and point him out the road
To ſing in epic ſtrains an hero or a God.
What youth, whoſe generous boſom pants for praiſe,
Will dare with me to beat thoſe arduous ways?
O'er high Parnaſſus' painful ſteeps to go,
And leave the groveling multitude below:
Where the glad Muſes ſing, and form the choir,
While bright Apollo ſtrikes the ſilver lyre,
Approach thou firſt, great Francis, nor refuſe
To pay due honours to the ſacred Muſe;
While Gallia waits for thy auſpicious reign,
'Till age compleats the monarch in the man;
Meantime the Muſe may bring ſome ſmall relief,
To charm thy anguiſh, and ſuſpend thy grief;

While guilty fortune's ſtern decrees detain
Thee and thy brother in the realms of Spain;
Far, far tranſported from your native place,
Your country's, father's, and your friend's embrace!
Such are the terms the cruel Fates impoſe
On your great father, ſtruggling with his woes,
Such are their hard conditions:---They require
The ſons, to purchaſe, and redeem the ſire.
But yet, brave youth, from grief, from tears abſtain,
Fate may relent, and heaven grow mild again;
At laſt perhaps the glorious day may come,
The day that brings our royal exile home;
When, to thy native realms in peace reſtor'd,
The raviſh'd crowds ſhall hail their paſſing lord;
When each tranſported city ſhall rejoice,
And nations bleſs thee with a public voice;
To the throng'd fanes the matrons ſhall repair;
Abſolve their vows, and breathe their ſouls in prayer.
Till then, let every Muſe engage thy love,
With me at large o'er high Parnaſſus rove,
Range every bower, and ſport in every grove.
  Firſt then obſerve, that verſe is ne'er confin'd
To one fixt meaſure, or determin'd kind;
Though at its birth it ſung the Gods alone,
And then religion claim'd it for her own;
In ſacred ſtrains addreſs'd the deity,
And ſpoke a language worthy of the ſky;
New themes ſucceeding Bards began to chuſe,
And in a wider field engag'd the Muſe;

The

The common bulk of ſubjects to rehearſe
In all the rich varieties of verſe.
Yet none of all with equal honours ſhine
(But thoſe which celebrate the power divine)
To thoſe exalted meaſures, which declare
The deeds of heroes, and the ſons of war.
From hence poſterity the name beſtow'd
On this rich preſent of the Delphic God;
Fame ſays, Phæmonoe in this meaſure gave
Apollo's anſwers from the Pythian cave.

But ere your write, conſult your ſtrength, and chuſe
A theme proportion'd juſtly to your Muſe.
For though in chief theſe precepts are beſtow'd
On him who ſings an hero or a God;
To other themes their general uſe extends,
And ſerves in different views to different ends.
Whether the lofty Muſe with tragic rage
Would proudly ſtalk in buſkins on the ſtage;
Or in ſoft elegies our pity move,
And ſhew the youth in all the flames of love;
Or ſing the ſhepherd's woes in humble ſtrains,
And the low humours of contending ſwains:
Theſe faithful rules ſhall guide the Bard along
In every meaſure, argument, and ſong.

Beſure (whatever you propoſe to write)
Let the chief motive be your own delight,
And well-weigh'd choice;---a taſk injoin'd refuſe,
Unleſs a monarch ſhould command your Muſe.
(If we may hope thoſe golden times to ſee,
When Bards become the care of majeſty!)

Free and ſpontaneous the ſmooth numbers glide,
Where choice determines, and our wills preſide;
But, at command, we toil with fruitleſs pain,
And drag th' involuntary load in vain.
Nor, at its birth, indulge your warm deſire,
On the firſt glimmering of the ſacred fire;
Defer the mighty taſk; and weigh your power
And every part in every view explore;
And let the theme in different proſpects roll
Deep in your thoughts, and grow into the ſoul.
But ere with ſails unfurl'd you fly away,
And cleave the boſom of the boundleſs ſea;
A fund of words and images prepare,
And lay the bright materials up with care,
Which, at due time, occaſion may produce,
All rang'd in order for the Poet's uſe.
Some happy objects by meer chance are brought
From hidden cauſes to the wandering thought;
Which if once loſt, you labour long in vain
To catch th' ideal fugitives again.
Nor muſt I fail their conduct to extol,
Who, when they lay the baſis of the whole,
Explore the antients with a watchful eye,
Lay all their charms and elegancies by,
Then to their uſe the precious ſpoils apply.
At firſt without the leaſt reſtraint compoſe,
And mould the future poem into proſe;
A full and proper ſeries to maintain,
And draw the juſt connection in a chain;

By

By ſtated bounds your progreſs to control,
To join the parts, and regulate the whole.
And now 'tis time to ſpread the opening ſails
Wide to the wanton winds and flattering gales;
'Tis time we now preſcribe the genuine laws
To raiſe the beauteous fabrick with applauſe;
But firſt ſome method requiſite appears
To form the boy, and mould his tender years.
In vain the Bard the ſacred wreath purſues,
Unleſs train'd up and ſeaſon'd to the Muſe.
Soon as the prattling innocent ſhall reach
To the firſt uſe and rudiments of ſpeech,
Ev'n then, by Helicon he ought to rove,
Ev'n then the tuneful Nine ſhould win his love
By juſt degrees.---But make his guide your choice
For his chaſte phraſe and elegance of voice;
That he at firſt ſucceſsfully may teach
The methods, laws, and diſcipline of ſpeech;
Leſt the young charge, miſtaking right and wrong,
With vitious habits prejudice his tongue,
Habits, whoſe ſubtle ſeeds may mock your art,
And ſpread their roots and poiſon through his heart.
Whence none ſhall move me to approve the wretch,
Who wildly borne above the vulgar reach,
And big with vain pretences to impart
Vaſt ſhows of learning, and a depth of art,
For ſenſe th' impertinence of terms affords;
An idle cant of formidable words;
The pride of pedants, the delight of fools;
The vile diſgrace, and lumber of the ſchools:

In vain the circling youths, a blooming throng,
Dwell on th' eternal jargon of his tongue:
Deluded fools!---The ſame is their miſtake,
Who at the limpid ſtream their thirſt may ſlake,
Yet chooſe the tainted waters of the lake.
Let no ſuch peſt approach the blooming care,
Deprave his ſtyle, and violate his ear;
But far, oh far, to ſome remoter place
Drive the vile wretch to teach a barbarous race.
Now to the Muſe's ſtream the pupil bring,
To drink large draughts of the Pierian ſpring;
And from his birth the ſacred Bard adore,
Nurſt by the Nine, on Mincio's flowery ſhore;
And aſk the Gods his numbers to inſpire,
With like invention, majeſty, and fire.
He reads Aſcanius' deeds with equal flame,
And longs with him to run at nobler game.
For youths of ages paſt he makes his moan,
And learns to pity years ſo like his own;
Which with too ſwift, and too ſevere a doom,
The fate of war had hurried to the tomb.
His eyes, for Pallas, and for Lauſus, flow,
Mourn with their ſires, and weep another's woe.
But when Euryalus, in all his charms,
Is ſnatch'd by fate from his dear mother's arms,
And as he rolls in death, the purple flood
Streams out, and ſtains his ſnowy limbs with blood,
His ſoul the pangs of generous ſorrow pierce,
And a new tear ſteals out at every verſe.

Mean time with bolder ſteps the youth proceeds,
And the Greek Poets in ſucceſſion reads;
Seaſons to either tongue his tender ears;
Compares the heroes glorious characters;
Sees, how Æneas is himſelf alone,
The draught of Peleus' and Laertes' ſon;
How, by the Poet's art, in one, conſpire
Ulyſſes' conduct, and Achilles' fire.

But now, young Bard, with ſtrict attention hear,
And drink my precepts in at either ear;
Since mighty crowds of Poets you may find,
Crowds of the Grecian and Auſonian kind,
Learn hence what Bards to quit or to purſue,
To ſhun the falſe, and to embrace the true;
Nor is it hard to cull each noble piece,
And point out every glorious ſon of Greece;
Above whoſe numbers Homer ſits on high,
And ſhines ſupreme in diſtant majeſty;
Whom with a reverent eye the reſt regard,
And owe their raptures to the ſovereign Bard;
Through him the God their panting ſouls inſpires,
Swells every breaſt, and warms with all his fires.
Bleſt were the Poets with the hallow'd rage,
Train'd up in that and the ſucceeding age:
As to his time each Poet nearer drew,
His ſpreading fame in juſt proportion grew.
By like degrees the next degenerate race
Sunk from the height of honour to diſgrace.
And now the fame of Greece extinguiſh'd lies,
Her ancient language with her glory dies.

Her baniſh'd princes mourn their raviſh'd crowns,
Driven from their old hereditary thrones;
Her drooping natives rove o'er worlds unknown,
And weep their woes in regions not their own;
She feels through all her ſtates the dreadful blow,
And mourns the fury of a barbarous foe.

But when our Bards brought o'er th' Aonian maids
From their own Helicon to Tyber's ſhades;
When firſt they ſettled on Heſperia's plains,
Their numbers ran in rough unpoliſh'd ſtrains.
Void of the Grecian art their meaſures flow'd;
Pleas'd the wild ſatyrs, and the ſylvan crowd.
Low ſhrubs and lofty foreſts whilom rung,
With uncouth verſe, and antiquated ſong;
Nor yet old Ennius ſung in artleſs ſtrains,
Fights, arms, and hoſts embattel'd on the plains,
Who firſt aſpir'd to pluck the verdant crown
From Grecian heads, and fix it on his own.
New wonders the ſucceeding Bards explore,
Which ſlept conceal'd in nature's womb before;
Her awful ſecrets the bold Poet ſings,
And ſets to view the principles of things;
Each part was fair, and beautiful the whole,
And every line was nectar to the ſoul.
By ſuch degrees the verſe, as ages roll'd,
Was ſtampt to form, and took the beauteous mould.
Auſonia's Bards drew off from every part
The barbarous dregs, and civiliz'd the art.
Till, like the day, all ſhining and ſerene,
That drives the clouds, and clears the gloomy ſcene,

Refines the air, and brightens up the ſkies,
See the majeſtic head of Virgil riſe;
Phœbus' undoubted ſon!---who clears the ruſt
Of the rough ancients, and ſhakes off their duſt.
He on each line a nobler grace beſtow'd;
He thought, and ſpoke in every word a god.
To grace this mighty Bard, ye Muſes, bring
Your choiceſt flowers, and riſle all the ſpring;
See! how the Grecian Bards, at diſtance thrown,
With reverence bow to this diſtinguiſh'd ſon;
Immortal ſounds his golden lines impart,
And nought can match his genius but his art.
Ev'n Greece turns pale, and trembles at his fame,
Which ſhades the luſtre of her Homer's name.
'Twas then Auſonia ſaw her language riſe
In all its ſtrength and glory to the ſkies;
Such glory never could ſhe boaſt before,
Nor could ſucceeding Poets make it more.
From that bleſt period the poetic ſtate
Ran down the precipice of time and fate;
Degenerate ſouls ſucceed, a wretched train,
And her old fame at once drew back again.
One, to his genius truſts, in every part,
And ſcorns the rules and diſcipline of art.
While this, an empty tide of ſound affords,
And roars and thunders in a ſtorm of words.
Some, muſically dull, all methods try
To win the ear with ſweet ſtupidity;
Unruffled ſtrains for ſolid wit diſpenſe,
And give us numbers, when we call for ſenſe.

Till

Till from th' Heſperian plains and Tyber chac'd,
From Rome the baniſh'd ſiſters fled at laſt;
Driven by the barbarous nations, who from far
Burſt into Latium with a tide of war.
Hence a vaſt change of their old manners ſprung,
The ſlaves were forc'd to ſpeak their maſter's tongue;
No honours now were paid the ſacred Muſe,
But all were bent on mercenary views;
Till Latium ſaw with joy th' Aonian train
By the great Medici reſtor'd again;
Th' illuſtrious Medici, of Tuſcan race,
Were born to cheriſh learning in diſgrace,
New life on every ſcience to beſtow,
And lull the cries of Europe in her woe.
With pity they beheld thoſe turns of fate,
And prop'd the ruins of the Grecian ſtate;
For leſt her wit ſhould periſh with her fame,
Their care ſupported ſtill the Argive name;
They call'd th' aſpiring youths from diſtant parts,
To plant Auſonia with the Grecian arts;
To baſk in eaſe, and ſcience to diffuſe,
And to reſtore the empire of the Muſe;
They ſent to ravag'd provinces with care,
And cities waſted by the rage of war,
To buy the ancients works, of deathleſs fame,
And ſnatch th' immortal labours from the flame;
To which the foes had doom'd each glorious piece,
Who reign and lord it in the realms of Greece.
(But we, ye Gods, would raiſe a foreign lord,
As yet untaught to ſheath the civil ſword!)

Through

Through many a period this has been the fate,
And this the ſhift of the poetic ſtate.
Hence ſacred Virgil from thy ſoul adore
Above the reſt, and to thy utmoſt power
Purſue the glorious paths he ſtruck before.
If he ſupplies not all your wants, peruſe
Th' immortal ſtrains of each Auguſtan Muſe.
There ſtop—nor raſhly ſeek to know the reſt,
But drive the dire ambition from thy breaſt,
Till riper years and judgment form thy thoughts
To mark their beauties, and avoid their faults.
Mean time, ye parents, with attention hear,
And thus adviſ'd exert your utmoſt care:
The blameleſs tutor from a thouſand chooſe,
One from his ſoul devoted to the Muſe;
Who, pleas'd the tender pupil to improve,
Regards, and loves him with a father's love.
Youth, of itſelf to numerous ills betray'd,
Requires a prop, and wants a foreign aid;
Unleſs a maſter's rules his mind incline
To love and cultivate the ſacred Nine,
His thoughts a thouſand objects will employ,
And from Parnaſſus lead the wandering boy.
So truſts the ſwain, the ſaplings to the earth;
So hopes in time to ſee the ſprouting birth;
Againſt the winds defenſive props he forms,
To ſhield the future foreſt from the ſtorms,
That each imbolden'd plant at length may riſe
In verdant pride, and ſhoot into the ſkies.

But

But let the guide, if e'er he would improve
His charge, avoid his hate, and win his love;
Left in his rage wrong meaſures he may take,
And loath the Muſes for the teacher's ſake.
His ſoul then ſlacken'd from her native force,
Flags at the barrier, and forgets the courſe.
Nor by your anger be the youth o'er-aw'd,
But ſcorn th' ungenerous province of the rod;
Th' offended Muſes never can ſuſtain
To hear the ſhriekings of the tender train,
But ſtung with grief and anguiſh hang behind;
Damp'd is the ſprightly vigour of the mind.
The boy no daring images inſpire,
No bright ideas ſet his thoughts on fire;
He drags on heavily th' ungrateful load,
Grown obſtinately dull, and ſeaſon'd to the rod.

I know a pedant, who to penance brought
His trembling pupils for the lighteſt fault;
His ſoul tranſported with a ſtorm of ire,
And all the rage that malice could inſpire:
By turns the torturing ſcourges we might hear,
By turns the ſhrieks of wretches ſtun'd the ear.
Still to my mind the dire ideas riſe,
When rage unuſual ſparkled in his eyes;
When with the dreadful ſcourge inſulting loud,
The tyrant terrify'd the blooming crowd;
A boy the faireſt of the frighted train,
Who yet ſcarce gave the promiſe of a man,
Ah, diſmal object! idly paſt the day
In all the thoughtleſs innocence of play;

When

When lo! th' imperious wretch inflam'd with rage,
Fierce, and regardleſs of his tender age,
With fury ſtorms; the fault his clamours urge:
His hand high-waving brandiſhes the ſcourge.
Tears, vows, and prayers, the tyrant's ears aſſail;
In vain;---nor tears, nor vows, nor prayers prevail.
The trembling innocent from deep deſpair
Sicken'd, and breath'd his little ſoul in air.
For him, beneath his poplar, mourns the Po;
For him the tears of hoary Serius flow!
For him their tears the watery ſiſters ſhed,
Who lov'd him living, and deplor'd him dead!
The furious pedant, to reſtrain his rage,
Should mark th' example of a former age;
How fierce Alcides, warm'd with youthful ire,
Daſh'd on his maſter's front his vocal lyre.
But yet, ye youths, confeſs your maſter's ſway,
And their commands implicitly obey.
Whoever then this arduous taſk purſues,
To form the Bard, and cultivate the Muſe,
Let him by ſofter means, and milder ways,
Warm his ambition with the love of praiſe;
Soon as his precepts ſhall engage his heart,
And fan the riſing fire in every part,
Light is the taſk;---for then the eager boy
Purſues the voluntary toil with joy;
Diſdains th' inglorious indolence of reſt,
And feeds th' immortal ardour in his breaſt.
And here the common practice of the ſchools
By known experience juſtifies my rules,

The

The youths in ſocial ſtudies to engage;
For then the rivals burn with generous rage,
Each ſoul the ſtings of emulation raiſe,
And every little boſom beats for praiſe.
But gifts propos'd will urge them beſt to riſe;
Fir'd at the glorious proſpect of a prize,
With noble jealouſy, the blooming Bard
Reads, labours, glows, and ſtrains for the reward;
Fears leſt his happy rival win the race,
And raiſe a triumph on his own diſgrace.

But when once ſeaſon'd to the rage divine,
He loves and courts the raptures of the Nine;
The ſenſe of glory, and the love of fame,
Serve but as ſecond motives to the flame;
The thrilling pleaſure all the Bard ſubdues,
Lock'd in the ſtrict embraces of the Muſe.
See! when harſh parents force the youth to quit,
For meaner arts, the dear delights of wit,
If e'er the wonted warmth his thoughts inſpire,
And with paſt pleaſures ſet his mind on fire;
How from his ſoul he longs, but longs in vain,
To haunt the groves and purling ſtreams again!
No ſtern commands of parents can control,
No force can check the ſallies of his ſoul.
So burns the courſer ſeaſon'd to the rein,
That ſpies his females on a diſtant plain,
And longs to act his pleaſures o'er again.
Fir'd with remembrance of his joys, he bounds,
He foams and ſtrives to reach the well-known grounds;

The

The goring ſpurs his furious flames improve,
And rouze within him all the rage of love;
Ply'd with the ſcourge he ſtill neglects his haſte,
And moves reluctant, when he moves at laſt;
Reverts his eye, regrets the diſtant mare;
And neighs impatient for the dappled fair.

How oft the youth would long to change his fate,
Who high advanc'd to all the pomp of ſtate,
With grief his gawdy load of grandeur views,
Loſt at too high a diſtance from the Muſe!
How oft he ſighs by warbling ſtreams to rove,
And quit the palace for the ſhady grove!
How oft in Tybur's cold retreats to lye,
And gladly ſtoop to chearful poverty,
Beneath the rigor of the wintery ſky?
But yet how many curſe their fruitleſs toil,
Who turn and cultivate a barren ſoil?
This, e're too late, the maſter may divine
By a ſure omen, and a certain ſign;
The hopeful youth, determin'd by his choice,
Works without precept, and prevents advice,
Conſults his teacher, plies his taſk with joy,
And a quick ſenſe of glory fires the boy.
He challenges the croud;---the conqueſt o'er,
He ſtruts away the victor of an hour.
Then vanquiſh'd in his turn; o'erwhelm'd with care,
He weeps, he pines, he ſickens with deſpair;
Nor looks his little rivals in the face,
But flies for ſhelter to ſome lonely place,
To mourn his ſhame, and cover his diſgrace.

His

His maſter's frowns impatient to ſuſtain,
Strait he returns, and wins the day again.
This is the boy his better fates deſign
To riſe the future darling of the Nine;
For him the Muſes weave the ſacred crown,
And bright Apollo claims him for his own.
Not the leaſt hope th' unactive youth can raiſe,
Dead to the proſpect, and the ſenſe of praiſe;
Who your juſt rules with dull attention hears,
Nor lends his underſtanding, but his ears,
Reſolv'd his parts in indolence to keep,
He lulls his drowſy faculties aſleep;
The wretch your beſt endeavours will betray,
And the ſuperfluous care is thrown away.

I fear for him, who ripens ere his prime;
For all productions there 's a proper time.
Oh! may no apples in the ſpring appear,
Out-grow the ſeaſons, and prevent the year,
Nor mellow yet, till autumn ſtains the vine,
And the full preſſes foam with floods of wine.
Torn from the parent-tree too ſoon, they lie
Trod down by every ſwain who paſſes by.

Nor ſhould the youth too ſtrictly be confin'd,
'Tis ſometimes proper to unbend his mind;
When tir'd with ſtudy, let him ſeek the plains,
And mark the homely humours of the ſwains;
Or pleas'd the toils to ſpread, or horns to wind,
Hunt the fleet mountain-goat, or foreſt-hind.
Mean time the youth, impatient that the day
Should paſs in pleaſures unimprov'd away,

Steals

Steals from the ſhouting crowd, and quits the plains,
To ſing the ſylvan Gods in rural ſtrains;
Or calls the Muſes to Albunea's ſhades,
Courts, and enjoys, the viſionary maids.
So labour'd fields, with crops alternate bleſt,
By turns lie fallow, and indulge their reſt;
The ſwain contented bids the hungry ſoil
Enjoy a ſweet viciſſitude from toil;
Till earth renews her genial powers to bear,
And pays his prudence with a bounteous year.
On a ſtrict view your ſolid judgment frame,
Nor think that genius is in all the ſame;
How oft the youth, who wants the ſacred fire,
Fondly miſtakes for genius his deſire?
Courts the coy Muſes, though rejected ſtill,
Nor nature ſeconds his miſguided will:
He ſtrives, he toils with unavailing care;
Nor heaven relents, nor Phœbus hears his prayer.
He with ſucceſs, perhaps, may plead a cauſe,
Shine at the bar, and flouriſh by the laws;
Perhaps diſcover nature's ſecret ſprings,
And bring to light th' originals of things.
But ſometimes precept will ſuch force impart,
That nature bends beneath the power of art.
Beſides, 'tis no light province to remove
From the raſh boy the fiery pangs of love;
Till, ripe in years, and more confirm'd in age,
He learns to bear the flames of Cupid's rage;
Oft hidden fires on all his vitals prey,
Devour the youth, and melt his ſoul away

By ſlow degrees;——blot out his golden dreams,
The tuneful poets, and Caſtalian ſtreams;
Struck with a ſecret wound, he weeps and ſighs;
In every thought the darling phantoms riſe;
The fancy'd charmer ſwims before his ſight,
His theme all day, his viſion all the night:
The wandering object takes up all his care,
Nor can he quit th' imaginary fair.
Mean time his fire, unconſcious of his pain,
Applies the temper'd medicines in vain;
The plague, ſo deeply rooted in his heart,
Mocks every ſlight attempt of Pæan's art;
The flames of Cupid all his breaſt inſpire,
And in the lover's quench the poet's fire.

When in his riper years, without control,
The Nine have took poſſeſſion of his ſoul;
When, ſacred to their god, the crown he wears,
To other authors let him bend his cares;
Conſult their ſtyles, examine every part,
And a new tincture take from every art.
Firſt ſtudy Tully's language and his ſenſe,
And range that boundleſs field of eloquence.
Tully, Rome's other glory, ſtill affords
The beſt expreſſions and the richeſt words;
As high o'er all in eloquence he ſtood,
As Rome o'er all the nations ſhe ſubdued.
Let him read men and manners, and explore
The ſite and diſtances from ſhore to ſhore;
Then let him travel, or to maps repair,
And ſee imagin'd cities riſing there;

Range

Range with his eyes the earth's fictitious ball,
And paſs o'er figur'd worlds that grace the wall.
Some in the bloody ſhock of arms appear,
To paint the native horrors of the war;
Through charging hoſts they ruſh before they write,
And plunge in all the tumult of the fight.
But ſince our lives, contracted in their date
By ſcanty bounds and circumſcrib'd by fate,
Can never launch through all the depths of arts,
Ye youths, touch only the material parts;
There ſtop your labour, there your ſearch control,
And draw from thence a notion of the whole.
From diſtant climes when the rich merchants come,
To bring the wealth of foreign regions home;
Content the friendly harbours to explore,
They only touch upon the winding ſhore;
Nor with vain labour wander up and down
To view the land, and viſit every town;
That would but call them from their former road,
To ſpend an age in baniſhment abroad;
Too late returning from the dangerous main,
To ſee their countries and their friends again.
Still be the ſacred poets your delight,
Read them by day, conſult them in the night;
From thoſe clear fountains all your raptures bring,
And draw for ever from the Muſes' ſpring.
But let your ſubject in your boſom roll,
Claim every thought, and draw in all the ſoul.
That conſtant object to your mind diſplay,
Your toil all night, your labour all the day.

I need not all the rules of verſe diſcloſe,
Nor how their various meaſures to diſpoſe;
The tutor here with eaſe his charge may guide
To join the parts and numbers, or divide.
Now let him words to ſtated laws ſubmit,
Or yoke to meaſures, or reduce to feet;
Now let him ſoftly to himſelf rehearſe
His firſt attempts and rudiments of verſe;
Fix on thoſe rich expreſſions his regard
To uſe made ſacred by ſome ancient bard;
Toſt by a different guſt of hopes and fears,
He begs of heaven an hundred eyes and ears.
Now here, now there, coy nature he purſues,
And takes one image in a thouſand views.
He waits the happy moment that affords
The nobleſt thoughts, and moſt expreſſive words,
He brooks no dull delay; admits no reſt;
A tide of paſſion ſtruggles in his breaſt;
Round his dark ſoul no clear ideas play,
The moſt familiar objects glide away.
All fixt in thought, aſtoniſh'd he appears,
His ſoul examines, and conſults his ears;
And racks his faithleſs memory, to find
Some traces faintly ſketch'd upon his mind.
There he unlocks the glorious magazine,
And opens every faculty within;
Brings out with pride their intellectual ſpoils,
And with the noble treaſure crowns his toils;
And oft' meer chance ſhall images diſplay,
That ſtrike his mind engag'd a different way.

Still

Still he perſiſts; regrets no toil nor pain,
And ſtill the taſk, he tried before in vain,
Plies with unweary'd diligence again.
For oft' unmanageable thoughts appear,
That mock his labour, and delude his care;
Th' impatient bard, with all his nerves apply'd,
Tries all the avenues on every ſide;
Reſolv'd and bent the precipice to gain;
Though yet he labours at the rock in vain;
By his own ſtrength and heaven, with conqueſt grac'd,
He wins th' important victory at laſt;
Stretch'd by his hands the vanquiſh'd monſter lies,
And the proud triumph lifts him to the ſkies.
But when ev'n chance and all his efforts fail,
Nor toils, nor vigilance, nor cares prevail;
His paſt attempts in vain the boy renews,
And waits the ſofter ſeaſons of the Muſe;
He quits his work; throws by his fond deſires;
And from his taſk reluctantly retires.

Thus o'er the fields the ſwain purſues his road,
Till ſtopt at length by ſome impervious flood,
That from a mountain's brow, o'ercharg'd with rains,
Burſts in a thundering tide, and foams along the plains;
With horror chill'd, he traverſes the ſhore,
Sees the waves riſe, and hears the torrent roar;
Then griev'd returns; or waits with vain delay,
Till the tumultuous deluge rolls away.

But in no Iliad let the youth engage
His tender years, and unexperienc'd age;

Let him by juſt degrees and ſteps proceed,
Sing with the ſwains, and tune the tender reed:
He with ſucceſs an humbler theme may ply,
And, Virgil-like, immortalize a fly:
Or ſing the mice, their battles and attacks,
Againſt the croaking natives of the lakes:
Or with what art her toils the ſpider ſets,
And ſpins her filmy entrails into nets.
And here embrace, ye teachers, this advice;
Not to be too inquiſitively nice,
But, till the ſoul enlarg'd in ſtrength appears,
Indulge the boy, and ſpare his tender years;
Till, to ripe judgment and experience brought,
Himſelf diſcerns and bluſhes at a fault;
For if the critics eyes too ſtrictly pierce,
To point each blemiſh out in every verſe,
Void of all hope the ſtripling may depart,
And turn his ſtudies to another art.
But if reſolv'd his darling faults to ſee,
A youth of genius ſhould apply to me,
And court my elder judgment to peruſe
Th' imperfect labours of his infant Muſe;
I ſhould not ſcruple, with a candid eye,
To read and praiſe his poem to the ſky;
With ſeeming rapture on each line to pauſe,
And dwell on each expreſſion with applauſe.
But when my praiſes had inflam'd his mind,
If ſome lame verſe limp'd ſlowly up behind;
One, that himſelf, unconſcious, had not found,
By numbers charm'd, and led away by ſound;

I ſhould

I should not fear to minister a crop,
And give him stronger feet to keep it up;
Teach it to run along more firm and sure;
Nor would I show the wound before the cure.
For what remains; the poet I enjoin
To form no glorious scheme, no great design,
Till free from business he retires alone,
And flies the giddy tumult of the town;
Seeks rural pleasures, and enjoys the glades,
And courts the thoughtful silence of the shades,
Where the fair Dryads haunt their native woods,
With all the orders of the sylvan gods.
Here in their soft retreats the poets lye,
Serene, and blest with cheerful poverty
No guilty schemes of wealth [illegible]
No cares, no prospects, [illegible]
No scenes of grandeur glitter [illegible]
Here they the joys of [illegible]
And taste the pleasures of the happy [illegible]
From a rock's entrails the [illegible]
Who dares to violate the [illegible]
By deeds or words—The [illegible]
Assaults the [illegible]
Some have [illegible] we know, [illegible]
On the bright Muse who taught them how to [illegible]
And paid, when rais'd to grandeur, no regard
From that high station to the sacred bard.
Uninjur'd, mortals, let the poets lye,
Or dread th' impending vengeance of the sky;

The gods ſtill liſten'd to their conſtant prayer,
And made the poets their peculiar care.
They, with contempt, on fortune's gift look down,
And laugh at kings who wear an envy'd crown.
Rais'd and tranſported by their ſoaring mind,
From their proud eminence they view mankind
Loſt in a cloud; they ſee them toil below,
All buſy to promote their common woe.
Of guilt unconſcious, with a ſteady ſoul,
They ſee the lightnings flaſh, and hear the thunders roll.
When, girt with terrors, Heaven's Almighty Sire
Launches his triple bolts, and forky fire,
When o'er high towers the red deſtroyer plays,
And ſtrikes the mountains with the pointed blaze;
Safe in their innocence, like Gods, they riſe,
And lift their ſouls ſerenely to the ſkies.
Fly, ye profane;---the ſacred Nine were given
To bleſs theſe lower worlds by bounteous heaven:
Of old, Prometheus, from the realms above,
Brought down theſe daughters of all-mighty Jove,
When to his native earth the robber came,
Charg'd with the plunder of ethereal flame.
As due compaſſion touch'd his generous mind,
To ſee the ſavage ſtate of human kind;
When, led to range at large the bright abodes,
And ſhare th' ambroſial banquets of the Gods;
In many a whirl he ſaw Olympus driven,
And heard th' eternal harmony of heaven.
Turn'd round and round the concert charm'd his ears
With all the muſic of the dancing ſpheres;

The

The ſacred Nine his wondering eyes behold,
As each her orb in juſt diviſions roll'd;
The thief beholds them with ambitious eyes,
And, bent on fraud, he meditates the prize;
A prize! the nobleſt gift he could beſtow
(Next to the fire) on human race below;
At length th' immortals reconcil'd reſign'd
The fair celeſtial ſiſters to mankind;
Though bound to Caucaſus with ſolid chains,
Th' aſpiring robber groan'd in endleſs pains;
By which deterr'd, for ages lay ſupine
The race of mortals, nor invok'd the Nine:
Till heaven in verſe ſhew'd man his future ſtate,
And open'd every diſtant ſcene of fate.
Firſt, the great father of the Gods above
Sung in Dodona and the Libyan grove;
Next, to th' enquiring nations Themis gave,
Her ſacred anſwers from the Phocian cave;
Then Phœbus warn'd them from the Delphic dome,
Of future time, and ages yet to come;
And reverend Faunus utter'd truths divine
To the firſt founders of the Latian line.
Next the great race of hallow'd prophets came,
With them the Sibyls of immortal fame,
Inſpir'd with all the God; who rapt on high
With more than mortal rage unbounded fly,
And range the dark receſſes of the ſky.
Next, at their feaſts, the people ſung their lays
(The ſame their prophets ſung in former days);
Their theme an hero, and his deathleſs praiſe.

What has to man of nobler worth been given,
Than this the beſt and greateſt boon of heaven?
Whatever power the glorious gift beſtow'd,
We trace the certain footſteps of a god;
By thee inſpir'd, the daring poet flies,
His ſoul mounts up, and towers above the ſkies;
Thou art the ſource of pleaſure, and we ſee
No joy, no tranſport, when debarr'd of thee;
Thy tuneful deity the feather'd throng
Confeſs in all the meaſures of their ſong.
Thy great commands the ſavages obey,
And every ſilent native of the ſea:
Led by thy voice, the ſtarting rocks advance,
And liſtening foreſts mingle in the dance.
On thy ſweet notes the damn'd rejoice to dwell,
Thy ſtrains ſuſpended all the din of hell;
Lull'd by the ſound, the Furies rag'd no more,
And Hell's infernal porter ceas'd to roar.
Thy powers exalt us to the realms above,
To feaſt with Gods, and ſit the gueſts of Jove:
Thy preſence ſoftens anguiſh, woe, and ſtrife,
And reconciles us to the load of life;
Hail, thou bright comfort of theſe low abodes,
Thou joy of men and darling of the Gods.
As prieſt and poet, in theſe humble lays,
I boldly labour to reſound thy praiſe;
To hang thy ſhrines, this gift I bring along,
And to thy altars guide the tender throng.

VIDA's ART OF POETRY.

BOOK II.

PROCEED, ye Nine, deſcended from above,
Ye tuneful daughters of almighty Jove;
To teach the future age, I haſten on,
And open every ſource of Helicon.
Your prieſt and bard with rage divine inſpire,
While to your ſhrine I lead the blooming choir.
Hard was the way, and dubious, which we trod,
Now ſhow, ye goddeſſes, a ſurer road;
Point out thoſe paths, which you can find alone,
To all the world but to yourſelves unknown;
Lo! all th' Heſperian youths with me implore
Your ſofter influence, and propitious power,
Who, rang'd beneath my banners, boldly tread
Thoſe arduous tracks to reach your mountain's head.
New rules 'tis now my province to impart;
Firſt to invent, and then diſpoſe with art;
Each a laborious taſk: but they who ſhare
Heaven's kinder bounty, and peculiar care,
A glorious train of images may find,
Preventing hope, and crowding on the mind.
The other taſk, to ſettle every part,
Depends on judgment, and the powers of art;
From whence in chief the poet hopes to raiſe
His future glory, and immortal praiſe.

This

This as a rule the nobleſt bards eſteem,
To touch at firſt in general on the theme;
To hint at all the ſubject in a line;
And draw in miniature the whole deſign.
Nor in themſelves confide; but next implore
The timely aid of ſome celeſtial power;
To guide your labours, and point out your road,
Chooſe, as you pleaſe, your tutelary God;
But ſtill invoke ſome guardian deity,
Some power, to look auſpicious from the ſky:
To nothing great ſhould mortals bend their care,
Till Jove be ſolemnly addreſt in prayer.
'Tis not enough to call for aid divine,
And court but once the favour of the Nine;
When objects riſe, that mock your toil and pain,
Above the labour and the reach of man;
Then you may ſupplicate the bleſt abodes,
And aſk the friendly ſuccour of the Gods.
Shock not your reader, nor begin too fierce,
Nor ſwell and bluſter in a pomp of verſe;
At firſt all needleſs ornament remove,
To ſhun his prejudice, and win his love.
At firſt, you find moſt favour and ſucceſs
In plain expreſſion, and a modeſt dreſs.
For if too arrogant you vaunt your might,
You fall with greater ſcandal in the fight,
When on the niceſt point your fortune ſtands,
And all your courage, all your ſtrength demands.
With gradual flights ſurprize us as we read;
And let more glorious images ſucceed,

To

To wake our ſouls; to kindle our deſire
Still to read on, and fan the riſing fire.
But ne'er the ſubject of your work proclaim
In its own colours, and its genuine name;
Let it by diſtant tokens be convey'd,
And wrapt in other words, and cover'd in their ſhade.
At laſt the ſubject from the friendly ſhrowd
Burſts out, and ſhines the brighter from the cloud;
Then the diſſolving darkneſs breaks away,
And every object glares in open day.
Thus great * Ulyſſes' toils were I to chooſe,
For the main theme that ſhould employ my Muſe;
By his long labours of immortal fame,
Should ſhine my hero, but conceal his name;
As one, who loſt at ſea, had nations ſeen,
And mark'd their towns, their manners, and their men,
Since Troy was level'd to the duſt by Greece;
Till a few lines epitomiz'd the piece.
But ſtudy now what order to maintain,
To link the work in one continued chain,
That, when the Muſe diſplays her artful ſcheme,
And at the proper time unfolds the theme;
Each part may find its own determin'd place,
Laid out with method, and diſpos'd with grace;
That to the deſtin'd ſcope the piece may tend,
And keep one conſtant tenor to the end.
Firſt to ſurprizing novelties inclin'd,
The bards ſome unexpected objects find,
To wake attention, and ſuſpend the mind.

* Vid. Hom. Odyſſ. Lib. I.

A cold

A cold dull order bravely they forſake;
Fixt and reſolv'd the winding way to take,
They nobly deviate from the beaten track.
The poet marks th' occaſion, as he ſings,
To launch out boldly from the midſt of things,
Where ſome diſtinguiſh'd incident he views,
Some ſhining action that deſerves a Muſe.
Thence by degrees the wondering reader brings
To trace the ſubject backward to its ſprings,
Leſt at his entrance he ſhould idly ſtay,
Shock'd at his toil, and dubious of his way;
For when ſet down ſo near the promis'd goal,
The flattering proſpect tempts and fires his ſoul;
Already paſt the treacherous bounds appear,
Then moſt at diſtance, when they ſeem ſo near;
Far from his graſp the fleeting harbour flies,
Courts his purſuit, but mocks his dazled eyes;
The promis'd region he with joy had ſpy'd,
Vaſt tracts of oceans from his reach divide;
Still muſt he backward ſteer his lengthen'd way,
And plough a wide interminable ſea.
No ſkilful poet would his Muſe employ,
From Paris' vote to trace the fall of Troy,
Nor every deed of Hector to relate,
While his ſtrong arm ſuſpended Ilion's fate;
Work! for ſome annaliſt! ſome heavy fool,
Correctly dry, and regularly dull.
Beſt near the * end thoſe dreadful ſcenes appear;
Wake then, and rouze the furies of the war.

* See Homer's Iliad.

But

But for his raviſh'd fair at firſt engage
Peleides' ſoul in unrelenting rage.
Be this the cauſe that every Phrygian flood
Swells with red waves, and rolls a tide of blood;
That Xanthus' urns a purple deluge pour,
And the deep trenches float with human gore.
Nor former deeds in ſilence muſt we loſe,
The league at Aulis, and the mutual vows,
The Spartan raging for his raviſh'd ſpouſe;
The thouſand ſhips; the woes which Ilion bore
From Greece, for nine revolving years before.
This * rule with judgment ſhould the bard maintain,
Who brings Laërtes' wandering ſon again,
From burning Ilion to his native reign.
Let him not launch from Ida's ſtrand his ſhips,
With his attendant friends into the deeps;
Nor ſtay to vanquiſh the Ciconian hoſt;
But let him firſt appear (his comrades loſt)
With fair Calypſo on th' Ogygian coaſt.
From thence, a world of toils and dangers paſt,
Waft him to rich Phæacia's realms at laſt,
There at the feaſt his wanderings to relate,
His friends dire change; his own relentleſs fate.
But if the bard of former actions ſings,
He wiſely draws from thoſe remoter ſprings
The preſent order, and the courſe of things.
As yet unfold th' event on no pretence,
'Tis your chief taſk to keep us in ſuſpenſe.

* See the Odyſſey.

Nor

Nor tell what * preſents Atreus' ſon prepares,
To reconcile Achilles to the wars;
Or † by what God's auſpicious conduct led,
From Polyphemus' den Ulyſſes fled.
Pleas'd with the toil, and on the proſpect bent,
Our ſouls leap forward to the wiſh'd event.
No call of nature can our ſearch reſtrain,
And ſleep, and thirſt, and hunger, plead in vain.
Glad we purſue the labour we embrac'd,
And leave reluctant, when we leave at laſt.
See! how the bard, triumphant in his art,
Sports with our paſſions, and commands the heart;
Now here, now there, he turns the varying ſong;
And draws at will the captive ſoul along;
Rack'd with uncertain hints, in every ſenſe
We feel the lengthen'd anguiſh of ſuſpenſe.
When ‡ Homer once has promis'd to rehearſe
Bold Paris' fight, in many a ſounding verſe,
He ſoon perceives his reader's warm deſire
Wrapt in the event, and all his ſoul on fire;
The poet then contrives ſome ſpecious ſtay,
Before he tells the fortune of the day.
Till Helen to the king and elders ſhow,
From ſome tall tower, the leaders of the foe,
And name the heroes in the fields below.
§ When chaſte Penelope, to gain her end,
Invites her ſuitors the tough bow to bend;

* See Iliad. Lib. XIX. † Odyſſ. 9. ‡ See Iliad 3.
§ Odyſſey 21.

Her

(Her nuptial bed the victor's promis'd prize)
With what addreſs her various arts ſhe plies!
Skill'd in delays, and politickly ſlow
To ſearch her treaſures for her hero's bow.
None lead the reader in the dark along,
To the laſt goal that terminates the ſong;
Sometimes th' event muſt glance upon the ſight,
Not glare in day, nor wholly ſink in night.
'Tis thus Anchiſes to his ſon relates
The various ſeries of his future fates;
For this the * prophets ſee, on Tyber's ſhore,
Wars, horrid wars, and Latium red with gore,
A new Achilles riſing to deſtroy
With boundleſs rage the poor remains of Troy;
But raiſe his mind with proſpects of ſucceſs,
And give the promiſe of a laſting peace.
This knew the hero when he fought the plains,
Sprung † from his ſhips, and charg'd th' embattled ſwains,
Hew'd down the Latian troops with matchleſs might,
(The firſt, auſpicious omen of the fight,)
And at one blow gigantic Theron kill'd,
Bold, but in vain, and foremoſt of the field;
Thus too § Patroclus with his lateſt breath
Foretold his unregarding victor's death:
His parting ſoul anticipates the blow,
That waits brave Hector from a greater foe.
Thou too, poor Turnus, juſt before thy doom
Could'ſt read thy end, and antedate a tomb,

* See Virg. Æneid. Lib. VI. v. 890.
† Ibid. Lib. III. v. 458.
§ Ibid. Lib. V. v. 531.

When o'er thy head the baleful fury flew,
And in dire omens ſet thy fate to view:
A bird obſcene, ſhe flutter'd o'er the field,
And ſcream'd thy death, and beat thy ſounding ſhield.
For lo! the time, the fatal time is come,
Charg'd with thy death, and heavy with thy doom.
When Turnus, though in vain, ſhall rue the day;
Shall curſe the golden belt he bore away;
Shall wiſh too late young Pallas' ſpoils unſought,
And mourn the conqueſt he ſo dearly bought.
Th' event ſhould glimmer through its gloomy ſhrowd,
Though yet confus'd, and ſtruggling in the cloud.
So, to the traveller, as he journies on
To reach the walls of ſome far diſtant town,
If, high in air, the dubious turrets riſe,
Peep o'er the hills, and dance before his eyes;
Pleas'd the refreſhing proſpect to ſurvey,
Each ſtride he lengthens, and beguiles the way.
More pleas'd (the tempting ſcene in view) to go,
Than penſively to walk the gloomy vales below.
  Unleſs the theme within your boſom roll,
Work in each thought, and run through all the ſoul;
Unleſs you alter with inceſſant pain,
Pull down, and build the fabrick o'er again;
In vain, when rival-wits your wonder raiſe,
You 'll ſtrive to match thoſe beauties which you praiſe.
  To one juſt ſcope with fixt deſign go on;
Let ſovereign reaſon dictate from her throne,
By what determin'd methods to advance,
But never truſt to arbitrary chance.

Where chance preſides, all objects wildly join'd,
Crowd on the reader, and diſtract his mind;
From theme to theme unwilling is he toſt,
And in the dark variety is loſt.
You ſee ſome Bards, who bold excurſions make
In long digreſſions from the beaten track;
And paint a wild unneceſſary throng
Of things and objects foreign to the ſong;
For new deſcriptions from the road depart,
Devoid of order, diſcipline, and art.
So, many an anxious toil and danger paſt,
Some wretch returns from baniſhment at laſt;
With fond delay to range the ſhady wood,
Now here, now there, he wanders from the road;
From field to field, from ſtream to ſtream he roves,
And courts the cooling ſhelter of the groves.
For why ſhould Homer * deck the gorgeous car,
When our rais'd ſouls are eager for the war?
Or dwell on every wheel, when loud alarms,
And Mars in thunder calls the hoſts to arms?
When with his heroes we ſome daſtard † find,
Of a vile aſpect, and malignant mind;
His awkward figure is not worth our care;
His monſtrous length of head, or want of hair,
Not, though he goes with mountain ſhoulders by,
Short of a foot, or blinking in an eye.
Such trivial objects call us off too long
From the main drift and tenor of the ſong.

* Vid. Hom. Iliad, Lib. V. v. 722.
† Ibid. Lib. II. v. 212.

Drances * appears a juſter character,
In council bold, but cautious in the war;
Factious and loud the liſtening throng he draws,
And ſwells with wealth, and popular applauſe;
But, what in our's would never find a place,
The bold Greek language may admit with grace.
Why ſhould I here the ſtratagems recite,
And the low tricks of every little wit?
Some out of time their ſtock of knowledge boaſt,
Till in the pedant all the Bard is loſt.
Such without care their uſeleſs lumber place;
One black, confus'd, and undigeſted maſs,
With a wild heap encumbers every part,
Nor rang'd with grace, nor methodiz'd with art.
But then in chief, when things abſtruſe they teach,
Themes too abſtracted for the vulgar reach;
The hidden nature of the deities;
The ſecret laws and motions of the ſkies;
Or from what dark original began
The fiery ſoul, and kindled up the man:
Oft they in odious inſtances engage,
And for examples ranſack every age,
With every realm; no hero will they paſs,
But act againſt the rules of time and place.
Avoid, ye youths, theſe practices; nor raiſe
Your ſwelling ſouls to ſuch a thirſt of praiſe.
Some Bards of eminence there are, we own,
Who ſing ſometimes the journies of the ſun,
The riſing ſtars, and labours of the moon:

* Æneid. Lib. XI. v. 336.

What

What impulſe bids the ocean riſe and fall;
What motions ſhake and rock the trembling ball.
Though foreign ſubjects had engag'd their care,
The rage, the din and thunder of the war,
Through the loud field; the genius of the earth;
Or rules to raiſe the vegetable birth:
Yet 'tis but ſeldom, and when time and place
Require the thing, and reconcile to grace.
Thoſe foreign objects neceſſary ſeem,
And flow, to all appearance, from the theme;
With ſo much art ſo well conceal'd they pleaſe,
When wrought with ſkill, and introduc'd with eaſe.
Should not * Anchiſes, ſuch occaſion ſhown,
Reſolve the queſtions of his god-like ſon?
If ſouls depriv'd of heaven's fair light repair
Once more to day, and breathe the vital air?
Or if from high Olympus firſt they came,
Inſpir'd with portions of ethereal flame,
Though here encumber'd with the mortal frame?
Tire not too long one ſubject when you write,
For 'tis variety that gives delight;
But when to that variety inclin'd,
You ſeek new objects to relieve the mind,
Be ſure let nothing forc'd or labour'd ſeem,
But watch your time, and ſteal from off your theme.
Conceal with care your longing to depart,
For art's chief pride is ſtill to cover art.

* Vid. Æneid. Lib. VI.

So * Mulciber, in future ages ſkill'd,
Engrav'd Rome's glories on Æneas' ſhield,
On the bright orb her future fame enroll'd,
And with her triumphs charg'd the riſing gold;
Here figur'd fights the blazing round adorn,
There his long line of heroes yet unborn.
But if a † Poet of Auſonian birth
Deſcribes the various kingdoms of the earth,
Wide interſperſt; the Medes, or ſwarthy Moors;
The different natures of their ſoils explores,
And paints the trees that bloom on India's ſhores:
On his own land he looks with partial eyes,
And lifts the fair Heſperia to the ſkies;
To all the fair Heſperia he prefers,
And makes the woods of Bactria yield to her's,
With proud Panchaia; though her groves ſhe boaſts,
And breathes a cloud of incenſe from her coaſts.

Hear then, ye generous youths, on this regard
I ſhould not blame the conduct of the Bard,
Who in ſoft numbers, and a flowing ſtrain,
Relieves and reconciles our ears again.
When I the various implements had ſung
That to the fields, and rural trade belong,
In ſweet harmonious meaſures would I tell
How § nature mourn'd when the great Cæſar fell.
When Bacchus' curling vines had grac'd my lays,
The rural pleaſures ‖ next ſhould ſhare my praiſe.

* Virg. Æneid. Lib. VIII. v. 626.
† Virg. Georgic. Lib. II. v. 136.
§ Georg. Lib. I. v. 466. ‖ Ibid. Lib. II. v. 458.

The

The labour ended, and compleat the whole,
Some Bards with pleaſure wander round the goal,
The flights and ſallies of the Muſe prolong,
And add new beauties to the finiſh'd ſong;
Pleas'd with th' excurſion of the charming ſtrain,
We ſtrive to quit the work, but ſtrive in vain.
Thus, were the bees the ſubject of my Muſe,
Their laws, their natures, and celeſtial dews;
Poor * Ariſtæus ſhould his fate diſcloſe,
His mother's counſel ſhould aſſwage his woes;
Old Proteus here ſhould ſtruggle in his chain,
There in ſoft verſe the Thracian Bard complain
(As Philomela on a poplar's bough
Bewails her young, melodious in her woe).
Pangæan ſteeps his ſorrows ſhould return,
And vocal Thrace with Rhodope ſhould mourn;
Hebrus ſhould roll low-murmuring to the deep,
And barbarous nations wonder why they weep.
Thus too the Poets, who the names declare
Of kings and nations gathering to the war,
Sometimes diverſify the ſtrain, and ſing
The wondrous change of the † Ligurian king.
While for his Phaëton his ſorrows flow,
And his harmonious ſtrains beguile his woe,
O'er all the man the ſnowy feathers riſe,
And in a tuneful ſwan he mounts the ſkies.
Thus too § Hippolitus, by Dian's care
And Pæan's art, returns to upper air.

* Georg. Lib. XI. v. 317. † Æneid. Lib. X. v. 185.
§ Æneid. Lib. VII. v. 756.

The Bards now paint the arms their heroes wield,
And each bold figure on the glittering ſhield.
Great * Aventinus, great Alcides' ſon,
Wore the proud trophy which his father won;
An hundred ſerpents o'er the buckler roll'd,
And Hydra hiſs'd from all her heads in gold.
Now blooming Tempe's cool retreats they ſing,
And now with flowery beauties paint the ſpring.
Now with a ſylvan ſcene the floods they hide;
Or teach the fam'd Eridanus to glide,
Or ſport on fabled Achelöus' ſide.
Or hoary Nereus' numerous race diſplay,
The hundred azure ſiſters of the ſea.
With them the nymphs that haunt their native woods,
And the long orders of the Sylvan Gods.
With gay deſcriptions ſprinkle here and there
Some grave inſtructive ſentences with care,
That touch on life, ſome moral good purſue,
And give us virtue in a tranſient view;
Rules, which the future ſire may make his own,
And point the golden precepts to his ſon.
Sometimes on little images to fall,
And thus illuſtrate mighty things by ſmall;
With due ſucceſs the licens'd Poet dares,
When to the † ants the Phrygians he compares,
Who, leaving Carthage, gather to the ſeas;
Or the laborious Tyrians to the § bees.

* Virg. Æneid. Lib. VII. v. 656. † Ibid. Lib. IX. v. 402. § Ibid. Lib. I. v. 434.

But

ut ſwarming * flies, offenſive animals,
hat buz inceſſant o'er the ſmoaking pails,
re images too low, to paint the hoſts
hat roll and blacken o'er Auſonia's coaſts.
he lofty Muſe who ſung the Latian war,
Would think ſuch trivial things beneath her care.
low from his majeſty would Virgil fall,
f Turnus, ſcarce repell'd from Ilion's wall,
Retiring grimly with a tardy pace,
Had e'er been figur'd by the patient † aſs!
Whom unregarded troops of boys ſurround,
While o'er his ſides their rattling ſtrokes reſound;
Slow he gives way, and crops the ſpringing grain,
Turns on each ſide, and ſtops to graze again.
In every point the thing is juſt, we know,
But then the image is itſelf too low:
For Turnus, ſprung from ſuch a glorious ſtrain,
The vile reſemblance would with ſcorn diſdain.
With better grace the § lion may appear,
Who, ſingly impotent the crowd to dare,
Repel, or ſtand their whole embody'd war,
Looks grimly back, and rolls his glaring eye,
Deſpairs to conquer, and diſdains to fly.

Since fictions are allow'd, be ſure, ye youths,
Your fictions wear at leaſt the air of truths.
When ‡ Glaucus meets Tydides on the plain,
Inflam'd with rage, and reeking from the ſlain;

* Iliad. Lib. II. v. 469. † Ibid. Lib. XI. v. 557.
§ Æneid. Lib. IX. v. 792. ‡ Homer's Iliad. Lib. VI. v. 119.

Some

Some think they could not paſs the time away,
In ſuch long narratives, and cool delay,
Amidſt the raging tumult of the day.
But yet we hear fierce Diomed relate
The crime of bold Lycurgus, and his fate;
And Glaucus talks of brave Bellerophon,
Doom'd for a lawleſs paſſion not his own;
Sets forth the hero's great exploits to view,
How the bold chief the dire Chimæra ſlew,
The Solymæan hoſt, and Amazonian crew.
For thoſe ſurprizing fictions are deſign'd
With their ſweet falſhoods to delight the mind;
The Bards expect no credit ſhould be given
To the bare lye, though authoriz'd by heaven,
Which oft with confidence they vent abroad,
Beneath the needful ſanction of a god.
'Twas thus the * roaſted heifers of the ſun
Spoke o'er the fire with accents not their own;
'Twas thus † Achilles' ſteed his ſilence broke,
And § Trojan ſhips in human voices ſpoke;
As wrought by heaven theſe wonders they relate,
All airy viſions of the ivory gate!
Speak things but once, if order be your care,
For more the cloy'd attention will not bear,
And tedious repetitions tire the ear.
In this we differ from the Grecian train,
Who tell ‡ Atrides' viſions o'er again.

* Homer. Odyſſ. Lib. XII. v. 395. † Iliad. Lib. XVII. v. 426. § Virgil. Æneid. Lib. X. v. 228. ‡ Vid. Iliad. Lib. II.

'Tis

'Tis not enough with them we know the cauſe
Why great Achilles from the war withdraws,
Unleſs the * weeping hero, on the ſhore,
Tells his blue mother all we heard before.
So much on punctual niceties they ſtand,
That, when their kings diſpatch ſome high command,
All, word for word, th' embaſſadors † rehearſe
In the ſame tenor of unvaried verſe.
Not ſo did § Venulus from Arpi bring
The final anſwer of th' Ætolian king.
Let others labour on a vaſt deſign,
A leſs, but poliſh'd with due care, be thine.
To change its ſtructure, be your laſt delight;
Thus ſpend the day, and exerciſe the night,
Inceſſant in your toil. But if you chooſe
A larger field and ſubject for your Muſe;
If ſcanty limits ſhould the theme confine,
Learn with juſt art to lengthen the deſign
Beyond its native bounds; the roving mind
A thouſand methods to this end may find;
Unnumber'd fictions may with truths be join'd.
Nature ſupplies a fund of matter ſtill;
Then cull th' rich variety at will.
See! how the ‡ Bard calls down th' embattled Gods,
All rang'd in factions, from their bright abodes;

* Hom. Iliad. Lib. I. v. 370. † Ibid. Lib. IX. v. 264.
§ Virg. Æneid. Lib. XI. v. 243. ‡ All theſe particulars, to the end of this paragraph, are taken from Homer and Virgil.

Who,

Who, fir'd with mutual hate, their arms employ,
And in the field declare for Greece or Troy;
Till Jove convenes a council to aſſwage
Their riſing fury, and ſuſpend their rage;
Though the bleſt Gods, remov'd from human eyes,
Live in immortal eaſe within the diſtant ſkies.
And now th' infernal realm his theme he makes,
The reign of Pluto, the Tartarean lakes,
The Furies dreadful with their curling ſnakes.
He gathers omens from each bird that flies,
And ſigns from every wing that beats the ſkies.
He now deſcribes a banquet, where the gueſt
Prolongs with narratives the royal feaſt.
Or at the glorious hero's tomb we read
Of games ordain'd in honour of the dead.
And oft for mercies in old times diſplay'd,
To their own Gods their annual rites are paid.
For monſtrous Python ſlain, their praiſes riſe,
And lift the fame of Phœbus to the ſkies.
In hymns Alcides' labours they reſound,
While Cacus lies extended on the ground,
Alternate ſing the labours of his hands,
Enjoin'd by fierce Euryſtheus' ſtern commands;
The den of Cacus crowns the grateful ſtrain,
Where the grim monſter breathes his flames in vain.
Mark how ſometimes the Bard without control
Exerts his fire, and pours forth all his ſoul;
His lines ſo daring, and his words ſo ſtrong;
We ſee the ſubject figur'd in the ſong:

When with the winds old * Ocean he deforms,
Or paints the rage and horrors of the ſtorms;
Or drives on pointed rocks the burſting ſhips,
Toſt on the Euxine, or Sicilian deeps.
Or ſings the † plagues that blaſt the livid ſky,
When beaſts by herds, and men by nations die;
Or the fierce flames § that Ætna's jaws expire,
Her melted rocks, and deluges of fire,
When from her mouth the burſting vapour flies,
And, charg'd with ruin, thunders to the ſkies;
While drifts of ſmoak in ſooty whirlwinds play,
And clouds of cinders ſtain the golden day.
See! as the Poet ſounds the dire alarms,
Calls on the war, and ſets the hoſts in arms;
Squadrons on ſquadrons driven, confus'dly die;
Grim Mars in all his terrors ſtrikes the eye;
More than deſcription riſing to the ſight,
Preſents the real horrors of the fight;
A new creation ſeems our praiſe to claim;
(Hence Greece derives the ſacred ‖ Poet's name;)
The dreadful clang of claſhing arms we hear;
The agonizing groan, the fruitleſs prayer,
And ſhrieks of ſuppliants thicken on the ear.
Who, when he reads a ‡ city ſtorm'd, forbears
To feel her woes, and ſympathize in tears?
When o'er the palaces the flames aſpire
From wall to wall, and wrap the domes in fire?

* Æneid. Lib. I. † Ibid. Lib. III. v. 137. § Ibid. v. 571. ‖ Ἀ τῶ ποιεῖν. ‡ Vid. Æneid. Lib. II.

The

The fire, with years and hoſtile rage oppreſt!
The ſtarting infant, clinging to the breaſt!
The trembling mother runs, with piercing cries,
Through friends and foes, and ſhrieking rends the ſkies.
Drag'd from the altar, the diſtracted fair
Beats her white breaſt, and tears her golden hair.
Here in thick crowds the vanquiſh'd fly away,
There the proud victors heap the wealthy prey;
With rage relentleſs ravage their abodes,
Nor ſpare the ſacred temples of the Gods.
O'er the whole town they run with wild affright,
Tumultuous haſte, and violence of flight.
Why ſhould I mention how our ſouls aſpire,
Loſt in the raptures of the ſacred fire?
For ev'n the ſoul not always holds the ſame,
But knows at different times a different frame.
Whether with rolling ſeaſons ſhe complies,
Turns with the ſun, or changes with the ſkies;
Or through long toil, remiſſive of her fires,
Droops with the mortal frame her force inſpires;
Or that our minds alternately appear
Now bright with joy, and now o'ercaſt with care.
No!—but the Gods, th' immortal Gods ſupply
The glorious fires; they ſpeak the deity.
Then bleſt is he who waits th' auſpicious nod,
The warmth divine, and preſence of the God;
Who his ſuſpended labours can reſtrain,
Till heaven's ſerene indulgence ſmiles again.
But ſtrive, on no pretence, againſt your power,
Till time brings back the voluntary hour.

Some-

Sometimes their verdant honours leave the woods,
And their dry urns defraud the thirſty floods;
For ſtill the rivers a full channel yield,
For Spring with flowery beauties paints the field:
The Bards no leſs ſuch fickle changes find,
Dampt is the noble ardor of the mind;
Their wonted toil her wearied powers refuſe;
Their ſouls grow ſlack and languid to the Muſe,
Deaf to their call; their efforts are withſtood;
Round their cold hearts congeals the freezing blood.
You 'd think the Muſes fled; the God no more
Would fire the boſom where he dwelt before,
No more return!—how often, though in vain,
The Poet would renew the wonted ſtrain!
Nor ſees the Gods who thwart his fruitleſs care,
Nor angry Heaven relentleſs to his prayer.
Some read the antient Bards, of deathleſs fame,
And from their raptures catch the noble flame
By juſt degrees; they feed the glowing vein,
And all th' immortal ardour burns again
In its full light and heat; the ſun's bright ray
Thus (when the clouds diſperſe) reſtores the day:
Whence ſhot this ſudden flaſh that gilds the pole?
The God, the God comes ruſhing on his ſoul;
Fires with æthereal vigour every part,
Through every trembling limb he ſeems to dart,
Works in each vein, and ſwells his riſing heart.
Deep in his breaſt the heavenly tumult plays,
And ſets his mounting ſpirits on a blaze.

Nor

Nor can the raging flames themſelves contain,
For the whole God deſcends into the man.
He quits mortality, he knows no bounds,
But ſings inſpir'd in more than human ſounds.
Nor from his breaſt can ſhake th' immortal load,
But pants and raves impatient of the God;
And, rapt beyond himſelf, admires the force
That drives him on reluctant to the courſe.
He calls on Phœbus, by the God oppreſt,
Who breathes exceſſive ſpirit in his breaſt;
No force of thirſt or hunger can controul
The fierce, the ruling tranſport of his ſoul.
Oft in their ſleep, inſpir'd with rage divine,
Some Bards enjoy the viſions of the Nine:
Viſions! themſelves with due applauſe may crown,
Viſions! that Phœbus or that Jove may own.
To ſuch an height the God exalts the flame,
And ſo unbounded is their thirſt of fame.
But here, ye youths, exert your timely care,
Nor truſt th' ungovernable rage too far;
Uſe not your fortune, nor unfurl your ſails,
Though ſoftly courted by the flattering gales,
Refuſe them ſtill; and call your judgment in,
While the fierce God exults and reigns within;
To reaſon's ſtandard be your thoughts confin'd,
Let judgment calm the tempeſt of the mind.
Indulge your heat with conduct, and reſtrain;
Learn when to draw, and when to give the rein.
But always wait till the warm raptures ceaſe,
And lull the tumults of the ſoul to peace;

Then,

Then, nor till then, examine ſtrictly o'er
What your wild ſallies might ſuggeſt before.
Be ſure, from nature never to depart;
To copy nature is the taſk of art.
The nobleſt poets own her ſovereign ſway,
And ever follow where ſhe leads the way.
From her the different characters they trace,
That mark the human or the ſavage race,
Each various and diſtinct; in every ſtage
They paint mankind; their humours, ſex, and age;
They ſhew what manners the ſlow ſage become,
What the briſk youth in all his ſprightly bloom.
In every word and ſentiment explain,
How the proud monarch differs from the ſwain.
I nauſeate all confounded characters,
Where young Telemachus too grave appears,
Or reverend Neſtor acts beneath his years.
The poet ſuits his ſpeeches, when he ſings,
To proper perſons, and the ſtate of things;
On each their juſt diſtinctions are beſtow'd,
To mark a male, a female, or a God.
Thus when in * heaven ſeditious tumults riſe,
Amongſt the radiant ſenate of the ſkies,
The ſire of Gods, and ſovereign of mankind,
In a few words unfolds his ſacred mind.
Not ſo fair Venus; who at large replies,
And pities Troy, and counts her miſeries,
Woes undeſerv'd: but with contention fir'd,
And with the ſpirit of revenge inſpir'd,

* Vid. Æneid. Lib. X.

Fierce Juno ſtorms amidſt the bleſt abodes,
And ſtuns with loud complaints the liſtening Gods.
When youthful * Turnus the ſtern combat claims,
His riſing heart is fill'd with martial flames;
Impell'd by rage, and bent to prove his might,
His ſoul ſprings forward, and prevents the fight;
Rouz'd to revenge, his kindling ſpirits glow,
Confirm his challenge, and provoke the foe,
The fugitive of Troy.—But while his rage
And youthful courage prompts him to engage,
On Latium's king incumbent it appears,
Grown old in prudence, piety, and years,
To weigh events, and youthful heat aſſwage,
With the cold caution and the fears of age.
In Dido's various character is ſeen,
The furious lover and the gracious queen:
When Troy's fam'd chief, commanded from above,
Prepares to quit her kingdom, and her love;
She raves, ſhe ſtorms with unavailing care,
Grown wild with grief, and frantic with deſpair.
Through every ſtreet ſhe flies, with anguiſh ſtung,
And broken accents flutter on her tongue;
Her words confus'd and interrupted flow,
Speak and expreſs the hurry of her woe.
How in this Dido is that Dido loſt,
Who late receiv'd the Trojans on her coaſt,
And bade them baniſh grief, and ſhare her throne,
Diſmiſs their fears, and think her realms their own!

* Ibid. Lib. XII. v. 9.

Next

Next the great orators conſult, and thence
Draw all the moving turns of eloquence;
That * Sinon may his Phrygian foes betray,
And lead the crowd, as fraud directs the way;
That wiſe † Ulyſſes may the Greeks detain,
While Troy yet ſtood, from meaſuring back the main.
Need I name ‡ Neſtor, who could talk to peace,
With melting words, the factious kings of Greece?
Whoſe ſoft addreſs their fury could control,
Mould every paſſion, and ſubdue the ſoul!
Theſe ſoothing arts to ‖ Venus ſure were known,
To beg immortal arms to grace her ſon;
Her injur'd ſpouſe each thrilling word inſpires,
With every pang of love to ſecond her deſires.
With niceſt art the fair adultereſs draws
Her fond addreſſes from a diſtant cauſe;
And all her guileful accents are deſign'd
To catch his paſſions, and enſnare his mind.
'Tis hence the poet learns in every part
To bend the ſoul, and give with wondrous art
A thouſand different motions to the heart.
Hence, as his ſubject gay or ſad appears,
He claims our joy, or triumphs in our tears.
Who, when he ſees how § Orpheus' ſorrows flow,
Weeps not his tears, and anſwers woe for woe?
When he his dear Eurydice deplores
To the deaf rocks, and ſolitary ſhores;

* Vid. Æneid. Lib. II. † Hom. Iliad. Lib. II.
‡ Æneid. Lib. VIII. v. 370. ‖ Iliad. Lib. I. verſ. 246.
§ Virgil. Georgic. Lib. IV. v. 464.

With the ſoft harp the bard relieves his pain,
For thee, when morning dawns, prolongs the ſtrain,
For thee, when Phœbus ſeeks the ſeas again.
Or when the young * Euryalus is kill'd,
And rolls in death along the bloody field;
Like ſome fair flower beneath the ſhare he lies,
His head declin'd, and drooping as he dies;
The reader's ſoul is touch'd with generous woe,
He longs to ruſh with Niſus on the foe;
He burns with friendly pity to the dead,
To raiſe the youth, and prop his ſinking head;
And ſtrives in vain to ſtop the guſhing blood,
That ſtains his boſom with a purple flood.
But if the bard ſuch images purſues,
That raiſe the bluſhes of the Virgin-Muſe;
Let them be ſlightly touch'd, and ne'er expreſt,
Give but an hint, and let us gueſs the reſt.
If Jove commands the gathering ſtorms to riſe,
And with deep thunders rends the vaulted ſkies,
To the ſame cave together may repair
The Trojan † hero and the Tyrian fair.
The poet's modeſty muſt add no more;
Enough, that earth had given the ſign before;
The conſcious æther was with flames o'erſpread,
The nymphs ran ſhrieking round the mountain's head.
Nor let young Troilus, unhappy boy,
Meet fierce Achilles in the plains of Troy;

* Æneid. Lib. IX. v. 433. † Ibid. Lib. IV. v. 165.

But

But ſhew th' unequal youth's untimely fall,
To great Æneas on the Tyrian wall;
Supine and hanging from his empty car,
Drag'd by his panting courſers through the war.
This, from our bright examples you may trace,
To write with judgment, decency, and grace;
From others learn invention to encreaſe,
And ſearch in chief the glorious ſons of Greece;
For her bright treaſures Argos' realms explore,
Bring home triumphant all her gather'd ſtore,
And with her ſpoils enrich the Latian ſhore.
Nor is the glory of tranſlation leſs,
To give the Grecian bards a Roman dreſs,
If Phœbus' gracious ſmiles the labour crown,
Than if ſome new invention were your own.
Mincio's and Manto's glorious ſon behold,
Th' immortal Virgil, ſheath'd in foreign gold,
Shines out unſham'd, and towers above the reſt,
In the rich ſpoils of godlike Homer dreſt.
Let Greece in triumph boaſt that ſhe imparts
To Latium's conquering realms her glorious arts;
While Latium's ſons improve her beſt deſigns,
Till by degrees each poliſh'd labour ſhines,
While Rome advances now in arts, as far
Above all cities, as of old in war.
Ye Gods of Rome, ye guardian deities,
Who lift our nation's glory to the ſkies;
And thou, Apollo, the great ſource of Troy,
Let Rome at leaſt this ſingle palm enjoy,

To ſhine in arts ſupreme, as once in power,
And teach the nations ſhe ſubdued before;
Since diſcord all Auſonia's kings alarms,
And clouds the antient glories of her arms.
In our own breaſts we ſheath the civil ſword,
Our country naked to a foreign lord;
Which lately, proſtrate, ſtarted from deſpair,
Burn'd with new hopes, and arm'd her hands for war;
But arm'd in vain;——th' inexorable hate
Of envious Fortune call'd her to her fate,
Inſatiate in her rage; her frowns oppoſe
The Latian fame, and woes are heap'd on woes.
Our dread alarms each foreign monarch took,
Through all their tribes the diſtant nations ſhook;
To earth's laſt bounds the fame of Leo runs,
Nile heard, and Indus trembled for his ſons.
Arabia heard the Medicean line,
The firſt of men, and ſprung from race divine.
The ſovereign prieſt, and mitred king, appears
With his lov'd Julius join'd, who kindly ſhares
The reins of empire, and the public cares.
To break their country's chains, the generous pair
Concert their ſchemes, and meditate the war.
On Leo Europe's monarchs turn their eyes,
On him alone the weſtern world relies;
And each bold chief attends his dread alarms,
While the proud creſcent fades before his arms.
High on his ſplendid car, immortal Rome,
Thine eyes had ſeen the holy warrior come,
Lord of the vanquiſh'd world, in triumph home.

Thy

Thy ſtreams, old Tyber, ſwell'd with conſcious pride,
Had borne thy kindred warrior down thy tide;
While, crowded up in heaps, thy waves admire
The captive nations, and their ſtrange attire;
Behind his wheels ſhould march a numerous train
Of ſceptre'd ſlaves, reluctant to the chain,
Forget their haughty threats, and boaſt in vain.
Though the proud foe, of Jury's realm poſſeſt,
Has ſpread his wide dominion through the Eaſt;
Sees his dread ſtandard there at large unfurl'd,
And graſps in thought the empire of the world;
And now (ye gods) increas'd in barbarous power,
His armies hover o'er th' Heſperian ſhore.
To ſee the paſſing pomp, the raviſh'd throng
Through every ſtreet ſhould flow in tides along;
The ſacred father, as the numbers roll'd,
Should his dear citizens again behold,
High o'er the ſhouting crowds enthron'd in gold;
Should ſhew the trophies of his glorious toils,
And hang the ſhrines with conſecrated ſpoils.
Piles of barbaric gold ſhould glitter there,
The wealth of kingdoms, and the pomp of war:
But, by your crime, ye gods, our hopes are croſt,
And thoſe imaginary triumphs loſt;
Interr'd with Leo, in one fatal hour,
Our proſpects periſh'd, as they liv'd before.

VIDA's ART OF POETRY,

BOOK III.

WHAT ſtyle, what language, ſuits the poet's lay,
To claim Apollo's and the Muſes' praiſe,
I now unfold; to this laſt bound I tend,
And ſee my promis'd labours at an end.
  Firſt then, with care a juſt expreſſion chuſe,
Led by the kind indulgence of the Muſe,
To dreſs up every ſubject when you write,
And ſet all objects in a proper light.
But leſt the diſtant proſpect of the goal
Should damp your vigour, and your ſtrength control,
Rouze every power, and call forth all the ſoul.
See! how the Nine the panting youth invite,
With one loud voice to reach Parnaſſus' height;
See! how they hold aloft th' immortal crown,
To urge the courſe, and call the victor on;
See! from the clouds each laviſh goddeſs pours,
Full o'er thy head, a ſudden ſpring of flowers,
And roſes fall in odoriferous ſhowers;
Celeſtial ſcents in balmy breezes fly,
And ſhed ambroſial ſpirits from the ſky.
  In chief avoid obſcurity, nor ſhroud
Your thoughts and dark conceptions in a cloud;
For * ſome, we know, affect to ſhun the light,
Loſt in forc'd figures, and involv'd in night,

* Perſius and Lycophron.

Studious

Studious and bent to leave the common way,
They ſkulk in darkneſs, and abhor the day.
Oh! may the ſacred Nine inſpire my lays
To ſhine with pride in their own native rays;
For this we need not importune the ſkies,
In our own power and will the bleſſing lies.
Expreſſion, boundleſs in extent, diſplays
A thouſand forms, a thouſand ſeveral ways;
In different garbs from different quarters brought,
It makes unnumber'd dreſſes for a thought;
Such vaſt varieties of hues we find
To paint conception, and unfold the mind!
If e'er you toil, but toil without ſucceſs,
To give your images a ſhining dreſs,
Quit your purſuit, and chuſe a different way,
Till, breaking forth, the voluntary ray
Cuts the thick darkneſs, and lets down the day.
Since then a thouſand forms you may purſue,
A thouſand figures riſing to the view,
Unleſs confin'd and ſtreighten'd in your ſcheme,
With the ſhort limits of a ſcanty theme,
From theſe to thoſe with boundleſs freedom paſs,
And to each image give a different face.
The readers hence a wondrous pleaſure find,
That charms the ear, and captivates the mind;
In this the laws of nature we obey,
And act as her example points the way,
Which has on every different ſpecies thrown
A ſhape diſtinct and figure of its own;

Man differs from the beaſt that haunts the woods,
The bird from every native of the floods.
See how the poet baniſhes with grace
A native term to give a * ſtranger place!
From different images with juſt ſucceſs
He cloaths his matter in the borrow'd dreſs:
The borrow'd dreſs the things themſelves admire,
And wonder whence they drew the ſtrange attire;
Proud of their raviſh'd ſpoils, they now diſclaim
Their former colour, and their genuine name,
And, in another garb more beauteous grown,
Prefer the foreign habit to their own.
Oft' as he paints a battle on the plain,
The battle 's imag'd by the roaring main;
Now he the fight a fiery deluge names,
That pours along the fields a flood of flames;
In airy conflict now the winds appear,
Alarm the deeps, and wage the ſtormy war;
To the fierce ſhock th' embattel'd tempeſts pour,
Waves charge on waves, th' encountering billows roar.
Thus in a vary'd dreſs the ſubject ſhines,
By turns the objects ſhift their proper ſigns;
From ſhape to ſhape alternately they run,
To borrow others' charms, and lend their own;
Pleas'd with the borrow'd charms, the readers find
A crowd of different images combin'd,
Riſe from a ſingle object to the mind.
So the pleas'd traveller, from a mountain's brow,
Views the calm ſurface of the ſeas below;

* The Metaphor.

Though

Though wide beneath the floating ocean lies
The firſt immediate object of his eyes,
He ſees the foreſts tremble from within,
And gliding meadows paint the deeps with green;
While to his eyes the fair deluſions paſs
In gay ſucceſſion through the watery glaſs.
'Tis thus the bard diverſifies his ſong,
Now here, now there, he calls the ſoul along.
The rich variety he ſets to ſight,
Cloys not the mind, but adds to our delight.
Now with a frugal choice the bard affords
The ſtrongeſt light, and energy of words;
While humble ſubjects he contrives to raiſe
With borrow'd ſplendors, and a foreign blaze.
This, if on old tradition we rely,
Was once the current language of the ſky;
Which firſt the Muſes brought to theſe abodes,
Who taught mankind the ſecrets of the Gods.
For in the court of Jove their choirs advance,
And ſing alternate, as they lead the dance,
Mixt with the Gods; they hear Apollo's lyre,
And from high heaven the panting bard inſpire.
Nor bards alone, but other writers reach
This bold, this daring privilege of ſpeech;
In chief the orators, to raiſe their ſenſe,
In this ſtrong figure dreſs their eloquence,
When with perſuaſive ſtrokes they plead a cauſe,
And bridle vice, and vindicate the laws;
Or on the dreadful verge of death defend,
And ſnatch from fate, a poor devoted friend.

Ev'n the rough hinds delight in ſuch a ſtrain,
When the glad harveſt waves with golden grain,
And thirſty meadows drink the pearly rain;
On the proud vine her purple gems appear;
The ſmiling fields rejoice, and hail the pregnant year.
Firſt from neceſſity the figure ſprung
For things, that would not ſuit our ſcanty tongue,
When no true names were offer'd to the view,
Thoſe they transferr'd that border'd on the true;
Thence by degrees the noble licence grew.
The bards thoſe daring liberties embrac'd,
Through want at firſt, through luxury at laſt:
They now to alien things, at will, confirm
The borrow'd honours of a foreign term.
So man, at firſt, the rattling ſtorm to fly,
And the bleak horrors of the wintery ſky,
Rais'd up a roof of oſiers o'er his head,
And clos'd with homely clay the ſlender ſhed:
Now, regal palaces, of wondrous ſize,
With brazen beams, on Parian columns riſe,
That heave the pompous fabric to the ſkies.
But other writers ſprinkle here and there
Theſe bolder beauties with a frugal care;
So vaſt a freedom is allow'd to none,
But ſuits the labours of the bard alone,
Who in the laws of verſe himſelf reſtrains,
Ty'd up to time in voluntary chains.
Others, by no reſtraint or ſtop with-held,
May range the compaſs of a wider field;

The

The ſacred poets, who their labours fill
With pleaſing fictions, or with truths at will,
Their thoughts in bolder liberties expreſs,
Which look more beauteous in a foreign dreſs.
To all, unuſual colours they impart,
Nor bluſh, if e'er detected in their art.
* Sometimes beyond the bounds of truth they fly,
And boldly lift their ſubject to the ſky;
When with tumultuous ſhouts the heavens rebound,
And all Olympus trembles with the ſound;
Or with repeated accents they relate
The fall of Troy, and dwell upon her fate;
† Oh fire! oh country, once with glory crown'd!
Oh wretched race of Priam, once renown'd!
Oh Jove! ſee Ilion ſmoaking on the ground!
They now name Ceres for the golden grain,
Bacchus for wine, and Neptune for the main:
Or from the father's name point out the ſon;
Or for her people introduce a town:
So when alarm'd her natives dread their fates,
Pale Afric ſhakes, and trembles through her ſtates:
And ſome, by Achelous' ſtreams alone,
Compriſe the floods of all the world in one.
‡ Lo! now they ſtart aſide, and change the ſtrain
To fancy'd converſe with an abſent ſwain;
To grots and caverns all their cares diſcloſe,
Or tell the ſolitary rocks their woes;

* The Hyperbole.
† Hæc verba ex incerti nominis Poetâ citat Cicero.
‡ The Apoſtrophe.

To

To ſcenes inanimate proclaim their love,
Talk with an hill, or whiſper to a grove.
On you they call, ye unattentive woods,
And wait an anſwer from your bordering floods.
* Sometimes they ſpeak one thing, but leave behind
Another ſecret meaning in the mind:
A fair expreſſion artfully diſpenſe,
But uſe a word that claſhes with the ſenſe.
† Thus pious Helen ſtole the faithful ſword,
While Troy was flaming, from her ſleeping lord.
‡ So glorious Drances tower'd amid the plain,
And pil'd the ground with mountains of the ſlain;
Immortal trophies rais'd from ſquadrons kill'd,
And with vaſt ſpoils ennobled all the field.
‖ But now to mention farther I forbear,
With what ſtrong charms they captivate the ear;
When the ſame terms they happily repeat,
The ſame repeated ſeem more ſoft and ſweet.
This, § were Arcadia judge, if Pan withſtood,
Pan's judge Arcadia would condemn her God.
But though our fond indulgence grants the Muſe
A thouſand liberties in different views,
When-e'er you chuſe an image to expreſs
In foreign terms, and ſcorn the native dreſs;
Yet be diſcreet, nor ſtrain the point too far,
Let the tranſition ſtill unforc'd appear,
Nor e'er diſcover an exceſs of care:
For ſome, we know, with aukward violence
Diſtort the ſubject, and disjoint the ſenſe;

* The Irony. † See Virg. Æneid. Lib. VI. ‡ Ibid. Lib. XI. ‖ The Anaphora. § See Virg. Eclog. IV.

Quite

Quite change the genuine figure, and deface
The native shape with every living grace;
And force unwilling objects to put on
An alien face, and features not their own.
A low conceit in disproportion'd terms,
Looks like a boy dress'd up in giants arms;
Blind to the truth, all reason they exceed,
* Who name a stall the palace of the steed,
Or grass the tresses of great Rhea's head.
'Tis best sometimes an image to express
In its own colours, and its native dress;
The genuine words with happy care to use,
If nicely cull'd, and worthy of the Muse.
Some things alternately compar'd are shown,
Both names still true, and mutually their own;
But here the least redundance you must shun;
Tell us, in short, from whence the hint you drew,
And set the whole comparison to view;
Left, mindless of your first design, you seem
To lead the mind away, and rove from theme to theme.
But now pursue the method, that affords
The fittest terms, and wisest choice of words.
Not all deserve alike the same regard,
Nor suit the god-like labours of the bard;
For words as much may differ in degree,
As the most various kinds of poetry.
Though many a common term and word we find
Dispers'd promiscuously through every kind.

* The Catachresis.

Those

Thoſe that will never ſuit th' heroic rage,
Might grace the ballam, and become the ſtage.
Their large, their vaſt variety explore
With piercing eyes, and ſange the mighty ſhore.
From their deep fund the richeſt words unfold,
With niceſt care be each expreſſion cull'd,
To deck your numbers in the pureſt gold.
The vile, the dark degenerate crowd refuſe,
And ſcorn a dreſs that would diſgrace the Muſe:
Then, to ſucceed your ſearch, purſue the road,
And beat the track the glorious Antients trod.
To thoſe eternal monuments repair,
There read, and meditate for ever there.
If o'er the reſt ſome mighty genius ſhines,
Mark the ſweet charms and vigour of his lines.
As far as Phœbus and the heavenly powers
Smile on your labours, make his diction your's:
Your ſtyle by his authentic ſtandard frame,
Your voice, your habit, and addreſs, the ſame.
With him proceed to cull the reſt; for there
A full reward will juſtify your care.
Examine all; and bring from all away
Their various treaſures as a lawful prey.
Nor would I ſcruple, with a due regard,
To read ſometimes a rude unpoliſh'd bard;
Among whoſe labours I may find a line,
Which from unſightly ruſt I may refine,
And, with a better grace, adopt it into mine.
How often may we ſee a troubled flood
Stain'd with unſettled ooze and riſing mud!

Which,

Which (if a well the bordering natives ſink)
Supplies the thirſty multitude with drink.
The trickling ſtream by juſt degrees refines,
Till in its courſe the limpid current ſhines;
And taught through ſecret labyrinths to flow,
Works itſelf clear among the ſands below.
For nothing looks ſo gloomy, but will ſhine
From proper care, and timely diſcipline;
If, with due vigilance and conduct, wrought
Deep in the ſoul, it labours in the thought.
Hence on the Antients we muſt reſt alone,
And make their golden ſentences our own.
To cull their beſt expreſſions claims our cares,
To form our notions, and our ſtyles on their's.
See! how we bear away their precious ſpoils,
And with the glorious dreſs enrich our ſtyles;
Their bright inventions for our uſe convey,
Bring all the ſpirit of their words away,
And make their words themſelves our lawful prey!
Unſham'd in other colours to be ſhown,
We ſpeak our thoughts in accents not our own.
But your deſign with modeſt caution weigh,
Steal with due care, and meditate the prey.
Invert the order of the words with art,
And change their former ſite in every part.
Thus win your readers, thus deceive with grace,
And let th' expreſſion wear a different face;
Yourſelf at laſt, the glorious labour done,
Will ſcarce diſcern his diction from your own.

Some, to appear of diffidence bereft,
Steal in broad day, and glory in the theft;
When with juſt art, deſign, and confidence,
On the ſame words they graft a different ſenſe;
Preſerve th' unvary'd terms and order too,
But change their former ſpirit for a new.
Or, with the ſenſe of emulation bold,
With antient bards a glorious conteſt hold:
Their richeſt ſpoils triumphant they explore,
Which, rang'd with better grace, they varniſh o'er,
And give them charms they never knew before.
So trees, that change their ſoils, more proudly riſe,
And lift their ſpreading honours to the ſkies;
And, when tranſplanted, nobler fruits produce,
Exalt their nature, and ferment their juice.
So Troy's fam'd chief, the Aſian empire bore,
With better omens, to the Latian ſhore;
Though from thy realm, O Dido, to the ſea
Call'd by the Gods reluctantly away;
Nor the firſt nuptial pleaſures could control
The fixt, the ſtubborn purpoſe of his ſoul.
Unhappy queen! thy woes ſuppreſt thy breath;
Thy cares purſued thee, and ſurviv'd in death.
Had not the Dardan fleet thy kingdom ſought,
Thy life had ſhone unſully'd with a fault.

Come then, ye youths, and urge your generous toils;
Come ſtrip the Antients, and divide the ſpoils
Your hands have won---but ſhun the fault of ſuch,
Who with fond raſhneſs truſt themſelves too much.

For

For ſome we know, who, by their pride betray'd,
With vain contempt reject a foreign aid;
Who ſcorn thoſe great examples to obey,
Nor follow where the Antients point the way.
While from the theft their cautious hands refrain,
Vain are their fears, their ſuperſtition vain.
Nor Phœbus' ſmiles th' unhappy poet crown;
The fate of all his works prevents his own.
Himſelf his mouldering monument ſurvives,
And ſees his labours periſh while he lives:
His fame is more contracted than his ſpan,
And the frail author dies before the man.
How would he wiſh the labour to forbear,
And follow other arts with more ſucceſsful care?
If like a fair alluſion nicely wrought;
When the ſame words expreſs a different thought.
And ſuch a theft true critics dare not blame,
Which late poſterity ſhall crown with fame.
Void of all fear, of every doubt bereft,
I would not bluſh, but triumph in the theft.
Nor on the Antients for the whole rely,
The whole is more than all their works ſupply;
Some things your own invention muſt explore,
Some virgin images untouch'd before.
New terms no laws forbid us to induce,
To coin a word, and ſanctify to uſe;
But yet admit no words into the ſong,
Unleſs they prove the ſtock from whence they ſprung;
Point out their family, their kindred trace,
And ſet to view the ſeries of their race.

But where you find your native tongue too poor,
Tranſport the riches of the Grecian ſtore;
Inform the lump, and work it into grace,
And with new life inſpire th' unwieldy maſs;
Till, chang'd by diſcipline, the word puts on
A foreign nature, and forgets its own.
So Latium's language found a rich increaſe,
And grew and flouriſh'd from the wealth of Greece;
Till uſe, in time, had rifled Argos' ſtores,
And brought all Athens to th' Heſperian ſhores.
How many words from rich Mycenæ come,
Of Greek extraction, in the dreſs of Rome?
That live with ours, our rights and freedom claim,
Their nature different, but their looks the ſame;
Through Latium's realms, in Latium's garb they go,
At once her ſtrangers, and her natives too.
Long has her poverty been fled, and long
With native riches has ſhe grac'd her tongue.
Nor ſearch the poets only, but explore
Immortal Tully's inexhauſted ſtore;
And other authors, born in happier days,
Shall anſwer all your wants, and beautify your lays.
Oft, in old Bards, a verſe above the reſt
Shines, in barbaric ſpoils and trophies dreſt:
Thus Gaul, her victor's triumph to compleat,
Supplies thoſe words that paint her own defeat;
And vanquiſh'd Macedon, to tell her doom,
Gives up her language with her arms to Rome.
Then can we fear with groundleſs diffidence
A want of words that ſhall expreſs our ſenſe?

But,

But, if compell'd by want, you may produce
And bring an antiquated word in uſe;
A word erſt well-receiv'd in days of yore,
A word our old forefathers us'd before:
Well-pleas'd the reader's wonder to engage,
He brings our grandſires habit on the ſtage,
And garbs that whilom grac'd an uncouth age.
Yet muſt not ſuch appear in every place;
When rang'd too thick, the poem they diſgrace.
Since of new words ſuch numbers you command,
Deal out the old ones with a ſparing hand.
* When-e'er your images can lay no claim
To a fixt term, and want a certain name;
To paint one thing, the licens'd Bard affords
A pompous circle, and a crowd of words.
Two plighted words in one with grace appear,
When they with eaſe glide ſmoothly o'er the ear.
Two may embrace at once, but ſeldom more,
Nor verſe can bear the mingled ſhape of four;
No triple monſters dwell on Latium's ſhore.
When mixt with ſmooth, theſe harſher ſtrains are found,
We ſtart with horror at the frightful ſound;
The Grecian Bards, in whom ſuch freedoms pleaſe,
May match with more ſucceſs ſuch words as theſe;
Heap hills on hills, and bid the ſtructure riſe,
Till the vaſt pile of mountains prop the ſkies.
What words ſoever of vaſt bulk we view,
One of leſs ſize may ſometimes ſplit in two;

* The Periphraſis.

Sometimes we ſeparate from the whole a part,
And prune the more luxuriant limbs with art.
Thus when the names of heroes we declare,
Names whoſe unpoliſh'd ſounds offend the ear;
We add, or lop ſome branches which abound,
Till the harſh accents are with ſmoothneſs crown'd,
That mellows every word, and ſoftens every ſound.
By ſuch an happy change, Sicharbas came,
To ſink his roughneſs in Sichæus' name.
Hence would I rather chooſe thoſe dire alarms
Of vaſt Enceladus, and heaven in arms,
And the bold Titan's battles to rehearſe,
Harmonious names, that glide into the verſe;
Than count the rough, the barbarous nations o'er,
Which Rome ſubdued of old from ſhore to ſhore.
Let things ſubmit to words on no pretence,
But make your words ſubſervient to your ſenſe;
Nor for their ſake admit a ſingle line,
But what contributes to the main deſign.
Through every part moſt diligently pierce,
And weigh the ſound and ſenſe of every verſe.
Unleſs your ſtricteſt caution you diſplay,
Some words may lead the heedleſs Bard away;
Steal from their duty, and deſert their poſt,
And ſkulk in darkneſs, indolently loſt;
Or, while their proper parts their fellows ply,
Contribute nought but ſound and harmony.
This to prevent, conſult your words; and know
How far their ſtrength, extent, and nature go.

To

To all their charges, and their labours fit;
To all, their ſeveral provinces of wit.
Without this care, the poem will abound
With empty noiſe, and impotence of ſound;
Unmeaning terms will crowd in every part,
Play round the ear, but never reach the heart.
Yet would I ſometimes venture to diſperſe
Some words, whoſe ſplendor ſhould adorn my verſe;
(Words, that to wit and thought have no pretence,
And rather vehicles of ſound than ſenſe;)
Till in the gorgeous dreſs the lines appear,
And court with gentle harmony the ear.
Nor with too fond a care ſuch words purſue,
They meet your ſight, and riſe in every view.
Oft, from its chains the ſhackled verſe unlooſe,
And give it liberty to walk in proſe;
Then be the work renew'd with endleſs pain,
And join with care the ſhatter'd parts again;
The lurking faults and errors you may ſee,
When the words run unmanacled and free.

Attend, young Bard, and liſten while I ſing;
Lo! I unlock the Muſes' ſacred ſpring;
Lo! Phœbus calls thee to his inmoſt ſhrine;
Hark! in one common voice, the tuneful Nine
Invite and court thee to the rites divine.
When firſt to man the privilege was given,
To hold by verſe an intercourſe with heaven,
Unwilling that th' immortal art ſhould lie
Cheap, and expos'd to every vulgar eye,

Great Jove, to drive away the groveling crowd,
To narrow bounds confin'd the glorious road,
Which more exalted ſpirits may purſue,
And left it open to the ſacred few.
For many a painful taſk, in every part,
Claims all the Poet's vigilance and art.
'Tis not enough his verſes to compleat,
In meaſure, numbers, or determin'd feet;
Or render things, by clear expreſſion bright,
And ſet each object in a proper light:
To all, proportion'd terms he muſt diſpenſe,
And make the ſound a picture of the ſenſe;
The correſpondent words exactly frame,
The look, the features, and the mien the ſame.
His thoughts the Bard muſt ſuitably expreſs,
Each in a different face, and different dreſs;
Leſt in unvary'd looks the crowd be ſhown,
And the whole multitude appear as one.
With rapid feet and wings, without delay,
This ſwiftly flies, and ſmoothly ſkims away:
That, vaſt of ſize, his limbs huge, broad, and ſtrong,
Moves ponderous, and ſcarce drags his bulk along.
This, blooms with youth and beauty in his face,
And Venus breathes on every limb a grace:
That, of rude form, his uncouth numbers ſhows,
Looks horrible, and frowns with his rough brows,
His monſtrous tail in many a fold and wind,
Voluminous and vaſt, curls up behind:
At once the image and the lines appear
[illegible] the eye, and frightful to the ear.

Nor

Nor are thoſe figures given without a cauſe,
But fixt and ſettled by determin'd laws;
All claim and wear, as their deſerts are known,
A voice, a face, and habit of their own.
† Lo! when the ſailors ſteer the ponderous ſhips,
And plough, with brazen beaks, the foamy deeps,
Incumbent on the main that roars around;
Beneath their labouring oars the waves reſound,
The prows wide-echoing through the dark profound:
To the loud call each diſtant rock replies,
Toſt by the ſtorm the frothy ſurges riſe;
While the hoarſe ocean beats the ſounding ſhore,
Daſh'd from the ſtrand, the flying waters roar,
Flaſh at the ſhock, and gathering in an heap,
The liquid mountains riſe, and over-hang the deep.
See through her ſhores Trinacria's realms rebound,
Starting and trembling at the bellowing ſound;
High-towering o'er the waves the mountains ride,
And claſh with floating mountains on the tide.
But when blue Neptune from his car ſurveys,
And calms at one regard the raging ſeas;
Stretch'd like a peaceful lake the deep ſubſides,
And o'er the level light the galley glides.
The Poet's art and conduct we admire,
When angry Vulcan rolls a flood of fire;
When on the groves and fields the deluge preys,
And wraps the crackling ſtubble in the blaze.

† Moſt of theſe examples are drawn word for word from Virgil.

Now

Nor leſs our pleaſure, when the flame divides,
And climbs aſpiring round the cauldron's ſides;
From the dark bottom work the waters up,
Swell, boil, and hiſs, and bubble to the top.
Thus in ſmooth lines, ſmooth ſubjects we rehearſe,
But the † rough rock roars in as rough a verſe.
If gay the ſubject, gay muſt be the ſong;
And the briſk numbers quickly glide along:
When the fields flouriſh; or the ſkies unfold
Swift from the flying hinge their gates of gold.
If ſad the theme, then each grave line moves ſlow,
The mournful numbers languiſhingly flow,
And drag, and labour, with a weight of woe:
If e'er the boding bird of night, who mourns
O'er ruins, deſolation, graves, and urns,
With piercing ſcreams the darkneſs ſhould invade,
And break the ſilence of the diſmal ſhade.
When things are ſmall, the terms ſhould ſtill be ſo;
For low words pleaſe us, when the theme is low.
But when ſome giant, horrible and grim,
Enormous in his gait, and vaſt in every limb,
Stalks towering on; the ſwelling words muſt riſe
In juſt proportion to the monſter's ſize.
If ſome large weight his huge arms ſtrive to ſhove,
The verſe too labours; the throng'd words ſcarce move.
When each ſtiff clod beneath the ponderous plough,
Crumbles and breaks; th' encumber'd lines march ſlow.

† ——— "Sonat hæc de nare caninâ
Littera." Vid. Perſium.

ien pilots catch the friendly gales,
hrouds, and hoiſt the wide-ſtretch'd ſails.
em ſuffers from delay,
fly precipitate away.
ıe viper iſſues from the brake;
ıth ſtones, and brands, and fire, attack
reſt, and drive the ſerpent back.
ſt deſcends; or, ſtun'd by numerous ſtrokes,
ing, to the earth drops the vaſt ox;
oo ſinks with correſpondent ſound,
the ſteer, and headlong to the ground.
s wild waves ſubſide, and tempeſts ceaſe,
a their roarings and their rage to peace;
e ſee the interrupted ſtrain
n the midſt,—and with the ſilent main,
or a ſpace---at laſt it glides again.
Priam ſtrains his aged arm, to throw
availing javelin at the foe;
blood congeal'd, and every nerve unſtrung,)
with the theme complies the artful ſong;
him, the ſolitary numbers flow
ak, trembling, melancholy, ſtiff, and ſlow.
ſo young Pyrrhus, who with rapid force
its down embattled armies in his courſe:
ıe raging youth on trembling Ilion falls,
arſts her ſtrong gates, and ſhakes her lofty walls;
rovokes his flying courſer to his ſpeed,
n full career to charge the warlike ſteed;
He piles the field with mountains of the ſlain;
He pours, he ſtorms, he thunders through the plain.

In

In this the Poet's juſteſt conduct lies,
When with the various ſubjects he complies,
To ſink with judgment, and with judgment riſe.
We ſee him now, remiſſive of his force,
Glide with a low, and inoffenſive courſe;
Stript of the gawdy dreſs of words he goes,
And ſcarcely lifts the poem up from proſe:
And now he brings with looſen'd reins along
All in a full career the boundleſs ſong;
In wide array luxuriantly he pours
A crowd of words, and opens all his ſtores.
The laviſh eloquence redundant flows,
Thick as the fleeces of the winter-ſnows,
When Jove inveſts the naked Alps, and ſheds
The ſilent tempeſt on their hoary heads.
Sometimes the godlike fury he reſtrains,
Checks his impetuous ſpeed, and draws the reins;
Balanc'd and pois'd, he neither ſinks nor ſoars,
Plows the mid ſpace, and ſteers between the ſhores,
And ſhaves the confines;---till, all dangers paſt,
He ſhoots with joy into the port at laſt.

For what remains unſung; I now declare
What claims the Poet's laſt and ſtricteſt care.
When, all adventures paſt, his labours tend
In one continued order to their end;
When the proud victor on his conqueſt ſmiles,
And ſafe enjoys the triumph of his toils;
Let him by timely diffidence be aw'd,
Nor truſt too ſoon th' unpoliſh'd piece abroad.
Oh! may his raſh ambition ne'er inflame
His breaſt, with ſuch a dangerous thirſt of fame!

But let the terror of diſgrace control
The warm, the partial fondneſs of his ſoul;
And force the Bard to throw his paſſion by,
Nor view his offspring with a parent's eye:
Till his affections are by juſtice croſt,
And all the father in the judge is loſt.
He ſeeks his friends, nor truſts himſelf alone,
But aſks their judgment, and reſigns his own;
Begs them, with urgent prayers, to be ſincere,
Juſt and exact, and rigidly ſevere;
Due verdict to pronounce on every thought,
Nor ſpare the ſlighteſt ſhadow of a fault;
But, bent againſt himſelf, and ſtrictly nice;
He thanks each critic that detects a vice;
Though charg'd with what his judgment can defend,
He joins the partial ſentence of his friend.
The piece thrown by; the careful Bard reviews
The long-forgotten labours of his Muſe:
Lo! on all ſides far different objects riſe,
And a new proſpect ſtrikes his wondering eyes,
Warm from the brain, the lines his love engroſt,
Now in themſelves their former ſelves are loſt.
Now his own labours he begins to blame,
And bluſhing reads them with regret and ſhame.
He loaths the piece; condemns it; nor can find
The genuine ſtamp, and image of his mind.
This thought and that, indignant he rejects;
When moſt ſecure, ſome danger he ſuſpects;
Anxious he adds, and trembling he corrects.

With kind ſeverities, and timely art,
Lops the luxuriant growth of every part;
Prunes the ſuperfluous boughs, that wildly ſtray,
And cuts the rank redundancies away.
Thus arm'd with proper diſcipline he ſtands,
By day, by night, applies his healing hands,
From every line to wipe out every blot,
Till the whole piece is guiltleſs of a fault.
Hard is the taſk, but needful, if your aim
Tends to the proſpect of immortal fame.
If ſome unfiniſh'd numbers limp behind,
When the warm Poet rages unconfin'd,
Then when his ſwift invention ſcorns to ſtay,
By a full tide of genius whirl'd away;
He brings the ſovereign cure their failings claim,
Confirms the ſickly, and ſupports the lame.
Oft as the ſeaſons roll, renew thy pain,
And bring the poem to the teſt again.
In different lights th' expreſſion muſt be rang'd,
The garb and colours of the words be chang'd.
With endleſs care thy watchful eyes muſt pierce,
And mark the parts diſtinct of every verſe.
In this perſiſt; for oft one day denies
The kind aſſiſtance which the next ſupplies;
As oft, without your vigilance and care,
Some fault[illegible]nſelves appear.
And now [illegible]u explore,
That lay [illegible]ouds before.
Oft, to im[illegible]d ſhould try,
By turns, [illegible]ky.

For

For thus his genius takes a different face
From every different genius of a place.
The ſoul too changes, and the Bard may find
A thouſand various motions in his mind.
New gleams of light will every moment riſe,
While from each part the ſcattering darkneſs flies.
And, as he alters what appears amiſs,
He adds new flowers to beautify the piece.
But here, ev'n here, avoid th' extreme of ſuch,
Who with exceſs of care correct too much:
Whoſe barbarous hands no calls of pity bound,
While with th' infected parts they cut the ſound,
And make the cure more dangerous than the wound.
Till, all the blood and ſpirits drain'd away,
The body ſickens, and the parts decay;
The native beauties die, the limbs appear
Rough and deform'd with one continued ſcar.
No fixt determin'd number I enjoin,
But when ſome years ſhall perfect the deſign;
Reflect on life; and, mindful of thy ſpan,
Whoſe ſcanty limit bounds the days of man,
Wide o'er the ſpacious world, without delay,
Permit the finiſh'd piece to take its way;
Till all mankind admires the heavenly ſong,
The theme of every hand and every tongue.
See! thy pleas'd friends thy ſpreading glory draws,
Each with his voice to ſwell the vaſt applauſe;
The vaſt applauſe ſhall reach the ſtarry frame,
No years, no ages, ſhall obſcure thy fame,
And earth's laſt ends ſhall hear thy darling name.

Shall

Shall we then doubt to ſcorn all worldly views,
And not prefer the raptures of the Muſe?
Thrice happy Bards! who, taught by heaven, obey
Theſe rules, and follow where they lead the way;
And hear the faithful precepts I beſtow'd,
Inſpir'd with rage divine, and labouring with the God.
But art alone, and human means muſt fail,
Nor theſe inſtructive precepts will prevail,
Unleſs the Gods their preſent aid ſupply,
And look with kind indulgence from the ſky.
I only pointed out the paths that lead
The panting youth to ſteep Parnaſſus' head;
And ſhow'd the tuneful Muſes from afar,
Mixt in a ſolemn choir, and dancing there.
Thither forbidden by the Fates to go,
I ſink and grovel in the world below.
Deterr'd by them, in vain I labour up,
And ſtretch theſe hands to graſp the diſtant top.
Enough for me, at diſtance if I view
Some Bard, ſome happier Bard, the path purſue;
Who, taught by me to reach Parnaſſus' crown,
Mounts up, and calls his ſlow companions on.
But yet theſe rules, perhaps, theſe humble lays,
May claim a title to a ſhare of praiſe;
When, in a crowd, the gathering youths ſhall hear
My voice and precepts with a willing ear;
Cloſe in a ring ſhall preſs the liſtening throng,
And learn from me to regulate their ſong.
Then, if the pitying Fates prolong my breath,
And from my youth avert the dart of death;

Whene'er

Whene'er I ſink in life's declining ſtage,
Trembling and fainting on the verge of age,
To help their wearied maſter ſhall they run,
And lend their friendly hands to guide him on;
Through blooming groves his tardy progreſs wait,
And ſet him gently down at Phœbus' gate,
The while he ſings, before the hallow'd ſhrine,
The ſacred Poets, and the tuneful Nine.
Here then in Roman numbers will we riſe,
And lift the fame of Virgil to the ſkies;
Auſonia's pride and boaſt; who brings along
Strength to my lines, and ſpirit to my ſong:
Firſt how the mighty Bard tranſported o'er
The ſacred Muſes from th' Aonian ſhore;
Led the fair ſiſters to th' Heſperian plains,
And ſung in Roman towns the Grecian ſtrains;
How in his youth to woods and groves he fled,
And ſweetly tun'd the ſoft Sicilian reed;
Next, how, in pity to th' Auſonian ſwains,
He rais'd to heaven the honours of the plains;
Rapt in Triptolemus's car on high,
He ſcatter'd peace and plenty from the ſky;
Fir'd with his country's fame, with loud alarms,
At laſt he rous'd all Latium up to arms;
In juſt array the Phrygian troops beſtow'd,
And ſpoke the voice and language of a God.
Father of verſe! from whom our honours ſpring;
See! from all parts, our Bards attend their king;
Beneath thy banners rang'd, thy fame increaſe,
And rear proud trophies from the ſpoils of Greece.

Low, in Elyſian vales, her tuneful throng
Bow to thy laurels, and adore thy ſong:
On thee alone thy country turns her eyes;
On thee her Poets future fame relies.
See! how in crowds they court thy aid divine
(For all their honours but depend on thine);
Taught from the womb thy numbers to rehearſe,
And ſip the balmy ſweets of every verſe.
Unrival'd Bard! all ages ſhall decree
The firſt unenvy'd palm of fame to thee;
Thrice happy Bard! thy boundleſs glory flies,
Where never mortal muſt attempt to riſe;
Such heavenly numbers in thy ſong we hear,
And more than human accents charm the ear!
To thee, his darling, Phœbus' hands impart
His ſoul, his genius, and immortal art.
What help or merit in theſe rules are ſhown,
The youth muſt owe to thy ſupport alone.
The youth, whoſe wandering feet with care I led
Aloft, o'er ſteep Parnaſſus' ſacred head;
Taught from thy great example to explore
Thoſe arduous paths which thou haſt trod before.
Hail, pride of Italy! thy country's grace!
Hail, glorious light of all the tuneful race!
For whom, we weave the crown, and altars raiſe;
And with rich incenſe bid the temples blaze;
Our ſolemn hymns ſhall ſtill reſound thy praiſe.
Hail, holy Bard, and boundleſs in renown!
Thy fame, dependent on thyſelf alone,
Requires no ſong, no numbers but thy own.

Look

Look down propitious, and my thoughts inſpire;
Warm my chaſte boſom with thy ſacred fire!
Let all thy flames with all their raptures roll,
Deep in my breaſt, and kindle all my ſoul!

HORACE, Book II. Ep. XIX. Imitated.

An Epistle to Mr. Robert Lowth *.

'TIS ſaid, dear Sir, no poets pleaſe the town,
Who drink mere water, though from Helicon:
For in cold blood they ſeldom boldly think;
Their rhymes are more inſipid than their drink.
Not great Apollo could the train inſpire,
Till generous Bacchus help'd to fan the fire.
Warm'd by two gods at once, they drink and write,
Rhyme all the day, and fuddle all the night.
Homer, ſays Horace, nods in many a place,
But hints, he nodded oftner o'er the glaſs.
Inſpir'd with wine old Ennius ſung and thought
With the ſame ſpirit, that his heroes fought:
And we from Johnſon's tavern-laws divine,
That bard was no great enemy to wine.
'Twas from the bottle King deriv'd his wit,
Drank till he could not talk, and then he writ.
Let no coif'd ſerjeant touch the ſacred juice,
But leave it to the bards for better uſe:
Let the grave judges too the glaſs forbear,
Who never ſing and dance but once a year.

* Now Biſhop of London.

This truth once known, our poets take the hint;
Get drunk or mad, and then get into print:
To raiſe their flames indulge the mellow fit,
And loſe their ſenſes in the ſearch of wit:
And when with claret fir'd they take the pen,
Swear they can write, becauſe they drink, like Ben.
Such mimic Swift or Prior to their coſt,
For in the raſh attempt the fools are loſt.
When once a genius breaks through common rules,
He leads an herd of imitating fools.
If Pope, the prince of poets, ſick a-bed,
O'er ſteaming coffee bends his aching head,
The fools in public o'er the fragrant draught
Incline thoſe heads, that never ach'd or thought.
This muſt provoke his mirth or his diſdain,
Cure his complaint,—or make him ſick again.
I too, like them, the poet's path purſue,
And keep great Flaccus ever in my view;
But in a diſtant view—yet what I write,
In theſe looſe ſheets, muſt never ſee the light;
Epiſtles, odes, and twenty trifles more,
Things that are born and die in half an hour.
What! you muſt dedicate, ſays ſneering Spence,
This year ſome new performance to the prince:
Though money is your ſcorn, no doubt in time
You hope to gain ſome vacant ſtall by rhyme;
Like other poets, were the truth but known,
You too admire whatever is your own.

Theſe

Theſe wiſe remarks my modeſty confound,
While the laugh riſes, and the mirth goes round;
Vext at the jeſt, yet glad to ſhun a fray,
I whiſk into my coach, and drive away.

TO MR. SPENCE.

Prefixed to the ESSAY on POPE'S ODYSSEY.

'TIS done—Reſtor'd by thy immortal pen,
The critic's noble name revives again;
Once more that great, that injur'd name we ſee
Shine forth alike in Addiſon and thee.
Like curs, our critics haunt the poet's feaſt,
And feed on ſcraps refus'd by every gueſt;
From the old Thracian * dog they learn'd the way
To ſnarl in want, and grumble o'er their prey.
As though they grudg'd themſelves the joys they feel,
Vex'd to be charm'd, and pleas'd againſt their will.
Such their inverted taſte, that we expect
For faults their thanks, for beauties their neglect;
So the fell ſnake rejects the fragrant flowers,
But every poiſon of the field devours.
Like bold Longinus of immortal fame,
You read your poet with a poet's flame;
With his, your generous raptures ſtill aſpire;
The critic kindles, when the bard 's on fire.
But when ſome lame, ſome limping line demands
The friendly ſuccour of your healing hands;

* Zoilus, ſo called by the ancients.

The feather of your pen drops balm around,
And plays, and tickles, while it cures the wound.
While Pope's immortal labour we ſurvey,
We ſtand all dazzled with exceſs of day,
Blind with the glorious blaze;—to vulgar ſight
'Twas one bright maſs of undiſtinguiſh'd light;
But, like the towering eagle, you alone
Diſcern'd the ſpots and ſplendors of the ſun.
To point out faults, yet never to offend;
To play the critic, yet preſerve the friend;
A life well ſpent, that never loſt a day;
An eaſy ſpirit, innocently gay;
A ſtrict integrity, devoid of art;
The ſweeteſt manners, and ſincereſt heart;
A ſoul, where depth of ſenſe and fancy meet;
A judgment brighten'd by the beams of wit,
Were ever yours;—be what you were before,
Be ſtill yourſelf; the world can aſk no more.

IMITATION of SPENSER.

I.

A Well-known vaſe of ſovereign uſe I ſing,
Pleaſing to young and old, and Jordan hight.
The lovely queen, and eke the haughty king
Snatch up this veſſel in the murky night:
Ne lives there poor, ne lives there wealthy wight,
But uſes it in mantle brown or green;
Sometimes it ſtands array'd in gloſſy white;
And eft in mighty dortours may be ſeen
Of China's fragile earth, with azure flowrets ſheen.

II. The

II.

The virgin, comely as the dewy roſe,
Here gently ſheds the ſoftly-whiſpering rill;
The frannion, who ne ſhame ne bluſhing knows,
At once the potter's gloſſy vaſe does fill;
It whizzes like the waters from a mill.
Here frouzy houſewives clear their loaded reins;
The beef-fed juſtice, who fat ale doth ſwill,
Graſps the round-handled jar, and tries, and ſtrains,
While ſlowly dribbling down the ſcanty water drains.

III.

The dame of Fraunce ſhall without ſhame convey
This ready needment to its proper place;
Yet ſhall the daughters of the lond of Fay
Learn better amenaunce and decent grace;
Warm bluſhes lend a beauty to their face,
For virtue's comely tints their cheeks adorn;
Thus o'er the diſtant hillocks you may trace
The purple beamings of the infant morn:
Sweet are our blooming maids—the ſweeteſt creatures born.

IV.

None but their huſbands or their lovers true
They truſt with management of their affairs;
Nor even theſe their privacy may view,
When the ſoft beavys ſeek the bower by pairs:
Then from the ſight accoy'd, like timorous hares,
From mate or bellamour alike they fly;
Think not, good ſwain, that theſe are ſcornful airs,
Think not for hate they ſhun thine amorous eye,
Soon ſhall the fair return, nor done thee, youth, to dye.

V.

While Belgic frows across a charcoal ſtove
(Replenith'd like the Veſtal's laſting fire)
Brea for whole years, and ſcorch the parts of love,
No longer parts that can delight inſpire,
Erſt cave of bliſs, now monumental pyre;
O Britiſh maid, for ever clean and neat,
For whom I aye will wake my ſimple lyre,
With double care preſerve that dun retreat,
Fair Venus' myſtic bower, Dan Cupid's feather'd ſeat.

VI.

So may your hours ſoft-ſliding ſteal away,
Unknown to gnarring ſlander and to bale,
O'er ſeas of bliſs peace guide her gondelay,
Ne bitter dole impeſt the paſſing gale.
O! ſweeter than the lilies of the dale,
In your ſoft breaſts the fruits of joyance grow.
Ne fell deſpair be here with viſage pale,
Brave be the youth from whom your boſoms glow,
Ne other joy but you the faithful ſtriplings know.

EPISTLE to J. PITT, Eſq.

In Imitation of HORACE, Epiſt. IV. Book I.

DEAR SIR,

To all my trifles you attend,
But drop the critic to indulge the friend,
And with moſt chriſtian patience loſe your time,
To hear me preach, or peſter you with rhyme.

Here

Here with my books or friend I ſpend the day,
But how at Kingſton paſs your hours away?
Say, ſhall we ſee ſome plan with raviſh'd eyes,
Some future pile in miniature ariſe?
(A model to excel in every part
Judicious Jones, or great Palladio's art)
Or ſome new bill, that, when the houſe is met,
Shall claim their thanks, and pay the nation's debt?
Or have you ſtudy'd in the ſilent wood
The ſacred duties of the wiſe and good?
Nature, who form'd you, nobly crown'd the whole
With a ſtrong body, and as firm a ſoul:
The praiſe is yours to finiſh every part
With all th' embelliſhments of taſte and art.
Some ſee in canker'd heaps their riches roll'd,
Your bounty gives new luſtre to your gold.
Could your dead father hope a greater bliſs,
Or your ſurviving parent more than this?
Than ſuch a ſon——a lover of the laws,
And ever true to honour's glorious cauſe:
Who ſcorns all parties, though by parties ſought:
Who greatly thinks, and truly ſpeaks his thought:
With all the chaſte ſeverity of ſenſe,
Truth, judgment, wit, and manly eloquence.
So in his youth great Cato was rever'd,
By Pompey courted, and by Cæſar fear'd:
Both he diſdain'd alike with godlike pride,
For Rome and Liberty he liv'd——and dy'd.
In each perfection as you riſe ſo faſt,
Well may you think each day may be your laſt.

Uncom-

Uncommon wo.th is ſtill with fate at ſtrife,
Still inconſiſtent with a length of life.
The future time is ever in your power,
Then 'tis clear gain to ſeize the preſent hour;
Break from the ſerious thought, and laugh away
In Pimpern walls one idle eaſy day.
You'll find your rhyming kinſman well in caſe,
For ever fix'd to the delicious place.
Tho' not like L—— with corpulence o'ergrown,
For he has twenty cures, and I but one.

EPISTLE to Mr. SPENCE.

In Imitation of HORACE, Epiſt. X. Book I.

HEALTH from the bard who loves the rural ſport,
To the more noble bard that haunts the court:
In every other point of life we chime,
Like two ſoft lines when coupled into rhyme.
I praiſe a ſpacious villa to the ſky,
You a cloſe garret full five ſtories high;
I revel here in nature's varied ſweets,
You in the nobler ſcents of London ſtreets.
I left the court, and here at eaſe reclin'd,
Am happier than the king who ſtaid behind:
Twelve ſtifling diſhes I could ſcarce live o'er,
At home I dine with luxury on four.
Where would a man of judgment chuſe a ſeat,
But in a wholſome, rural, ſoft retreat?
Where hills adorn the manſion they defend?
Where could he better anſwer nature's end?

Here

Here from the ſea the melting breezes riſe,
Unbind the ſnow, and warm the wintry ſkies:
Here gentle gales the dog-ſtar's heat allay,
And ſoftly breathing cool the ſultry day.
How free from cares, from dangers and affright,
In pleaſing dreams I paſs the ſilent night!
Does not the variegated marble yield
To the gay colours of the flowery field?
Can the New-River's artificial ſtreams,
Or the thick waters of the troubled Thames,
In many a winding ruſty pipe convey'd,
Or daſh'd and broken down a deep caſcade,
With our clear ſilver ſtreams in ſweetneſs vie,
That in eternal rills run bubbling by;
In dimples o'er the poliſh'd pebbles paſs,
Glide o'er the ſands, or glitter through the graſs?
And yet in town the country proſpects pleaſe,
Where ſtately colonades are flank'd with trees:
On a whole country looks the maſter down
With pride, where ſcarce five acres are his own.
Yet nature, though repell'd, maintains her part,
And in her turn ſhe triumphs over art;
The hand-maid now may prejudice our taſte,
But the fair miſtreſs will prevail at laſt.
That man muſt ſmart at laſt whoſe puzzled ſight
Miſtakes in life falſe colours for the right;
As the poor dupe is ſure his loſs to rue,
Who takes a Pinchbeck guinea for a true.
The wretch, whoſe frantic pride kind fortune crowns,
Grows twice as abject when the goddeſs frowns;

As

As he, who riſes when his head turns round,
Muſt tumble twice as heavy to the ground.
Then love not grandeur, 'tis a ſplendid curſe;
The more the love, the harder the divorce.
We live far happier by theſe gurgling ſprings,
Than ſtateſmen, courtiers, counſellors, or kings.
The ſtag expell'd the courſer from the plain;
What can he do?——he begs the aid of man;
He takes the bit and proudly bears away
His new ally; he fights and wins the day:
But, ruin'd by ſucceſs, he ſtrives in vain
To quit his maſter and the curb again.
So from the fear of want moſt wretches fly,
But loſe their nobleſt wealth, their liberty;
To their imperious paſſions they ſubmit,
Who mount, ride, ſpur, but never draw the bit.
'Tis with your fortune, Spence, as with your ſhoe,
A large may wrench, a ſmall one wring your toe.
Then bear your fortune in the golden mean,
Not every man is born to be a dean.
I'll bear your jeers, if ever I am known
To ſeek two cures, when ſcarce I merit one.
Riches, 'tis true, ſome ſervice may afford,
But oftner play the tyrant o'er their lord.
Money I ſcorn, but keep a little ſtill,
To pay my doctor's, or my lawyer's bill.
From Encombe's ſoft romantic ſcenes I write,
Deep ſunk in eaſe, in pleaſure and delight;
Yet, though her gen'rous lord himſelf is here,
'Twould be one pleaſure more, could you appear.

INVI-

INVITATION to a FRIEND at COURT.

IF you can leave for books the crowded court,
And generous Bourdeaux for a glaſs of Port,
To theſe ſweet ſolitudes without delay
Break from the world's impertinence away.
Soon as the ſun the face of nature gilds,
For health and pleaſure will we range the fields;
O'er her gay ſcenes and opening beauties run,
While all the vaſt creation is our own.
But when his golden globe with faded light
Yields to the ſolemn empire of the night;
And in her ſober majeſty the moon
With milder glories mounts her ſilver throne;
Amidſt ten thouſand orbs with ſplendour crown'd,
That pour their tributary beams around;
Through the long level'd tube our ſtrengthen'd ſight
Shall mark diſtinct the ſpangles of the night;
From world to world ſhall dart the boundleſs eye,
And ſtretch from ſtar to ſtar, from ſky to ſky.
The buzzing inſect families appear,
When ſuns unbind the rigour of the year;
Quick glance the myriads round the evening bower,
Hoſts of a day, or nations of an hour.
Aſtoniſh'd we ſhall ſee th' unfolding race,
Stretch'd out in bulk, within the poliſh'd glaſs;
Through whoſe ſmall convex a new world we ſpy,
Ne'er ſeen before, but by a Seraph's eye!

So long in darkneſs ſhut from human kind
Lay half God's wonders to a point confin'd!
But in one peopled drop we now ſurvey
In pride of power ſome little monſter play;
O'er tribes inviſible he reigns alone,
And ſtruts a tyrant of a world his own.
Now will we ſtudy Homer's awful page,
Now warm our ſouls with Pindar's noble rage:
To Engliſh lays ſhall Flaccus' lyre be ſtrung,
And lofty Virgil ſpeak the Britiſh tongue.
Immortal Virgil! at thy ſacred name
I tremble now, and now I pant for fame;
With eager hopes this moment I aſpire
To catch or emulate thy glorious fire;
The next purſue the raſh attempt no more,
But drop the quill, bow, wonder, and adore;
By thy ſtrong genius overcome and aw'd!
That fire from heaven! that ſpirit of a God!
Pleas'd and tranſported with thy name I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend;
And from my firſt deſign by rapture led,
Neglect the living poet for the dead.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE to Mr. SPENCE,
When Tutor to Lord MIDDLESEX.
In Imitation of HORACE, Book I. Epiſt. XVIII.

SPENCE, with a friend you paſs the hours away
In pointed jokes, yet innocently gay:
You ever differ'd from a flatterer more,
Than a chaſte lady from a flaunting whore.
'Tis true you rallied every fault you found,
But gently tickled, while you cur'd the wound:
Unlike the paultry poets of the town,
Rogues who expoſe themſelves for half a crown:
And ſtill impoſe on every ſoul they meet
Rudeneſs for ſenſe, and ribaldry for wit:
Who, though half-ſtarv'd, in ſpite of time and place,
Repeat their rhymes, though dinner ſtays for grace:
And as their poverty their dreſſes fit,
They think of courſe a ſlovenly is wit:
But ſenſe (a truth theſe coxcombs ne'er ſuſpect)
Lies juſt 'twixt affectation and neglect.
One ſtep ſtill lower, if you can, deſcend,
To the mean wretch, the great man's humble friend;
That moving ſhade, that pendant at his ear,
That two-legg'd dog, ſtill pawing on the peer.
Studying his looks, and watching at the board,
He gapes to catch the droppings of my lord;
And, tickled to the ſoul at every joke,
Like a preſs'd watch, repeats what t'other ſpoke:
Echo to nonſenſe! ſuch a ſcene to hear!
'Tis juſt like Punch and his interpreter.

On trifles ſome are earneſtly abſurd,
You'll think the world depends on ev'ry word.
What, is not every mortal free to ſpeak?
I'll give my reaſons, tho' I break my neck.
And what's the queſtion?—if it ſhines or rains,
Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen miles to Staines.

The wretch reduc'd to rags by every vice,
Pride, projects, races, miſtreſſes, and dice,
The rich rogue ſhuns, though full as bad as he,
And knows a quarrel is good huſbandry.

'Tis ſtrange, cries Peter, you are out of pelf,
I'm ſure I thought you wiſer than myſelf;
Yet gives him nothing—but advice too late,
Retrench, or rather mortgage your eſtate,
I can advance the ſum,—'tis beſt for both;
But henceforth cut your coat to match your cloth.

A miniſter, in mere revenge and ſport,
Shall give his foe a paltry place at court.
The dupe for every royal birth-day buys
New horſes, coaches, cloaths, and liveries;
Plies at the levee, and diſtinguiſh'd there
Lives on the royal whiſper for a year;
His wenches ſhine in Bruſſels and Brocade!
And now the wretch, ridiculouſly mad,
Draws on his banker, mortgages and fails,
Then to the country runs away from jails:
There ruin'd by the court he ſells a vote
To the next burgeſs, as of old he bought;
Rubs down the ſteeds which once his chariot bore,
Or ſweeps the town, which once he ſerv'd before.

But,

But, by this roving meteor led, I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend.
Then take advice; I preach not out of time,
When good lord Middleſex is bent on rhyme.
Their humour check'd, or inclination croſs'd,
Sometimes the friendſhip of the great is loſt.
Unleſs call'd out to wench, be ſure comply,
Hunt when he hunts, and lay the Fathers by:
For your reward you gain his love, and dine
On the beſt veniſon and the beſt French wine,
Nor to lord ****** make the obſervation,
How the twelve peers have anſwer'd their creation,
Nor in your wine or wrath betray your truſt,
Be ſilent ſtill, and obſtinately juſt:
Explore no ſecrets, draw no characters,
For echo will repeat, and walls have ears:
Nor let a buſy fool a ſecret know,
A ſecret gripes him till he lets it go:
Words are like bullets, and we wiſh in vain,
When once diſcharg'd, to call them back again.

* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *

Defend, dear Spence, the honeſt and the civil,
But to cry up a raſcal——that's the devil.
Who guards a good man's character, 'tis known,
At the ſame time protects and guards his own.
For as with houſes 'tis with people's names,
A ſhed may ſet a palace all on flames;
The fire neglected on the cottage preys,
But mounts at laſt into a general blaze.

'Tis a fine thing, ſome think, a lord to know;
I wiſh his tradeſmen could but think ſo too.
He gives his word——then all your hopes are gone:
He gives his honour——then you're quite undone.
His and ſome women's love the ſame are found;
You raſhly board a fireſhip, and are drown'd.

Moſt folks ſo partial to themſelves are grown,
They hate a temper differing from their own.
The grave abhor the gay, the gay the ſad,
And formaliſts pronounce the witty mad:
The ſot, who drinks ſix bottles in a place,
Swears at the flinchers who refuſe their glaſs.
Would you not paſs for an ill-natur'd man,
Comply with every humour that you can.

Pope will inſtruct you how to paſs away
Your time like him, and never loſe a day;
From hopes or fears your quiet to defend,
To all mankind as to yourſelf a friend,
And, ſacred from the world, retir'd, unknown,
To lead a life with mortals like his own.

When to delicious Pimperne I retire,
What greater bliſs, my Spence, can I deſire?
Contented there my eaſy hours I ſpend
With maps, globes, books, my bottle, and a friend.
There can I live upon my income ſtill,
E'en though the houſe ſhould paſs the Quakers bill:
Yet to my ſhare ſhould ſome good prebend fall,
I think myſelf of ſize to fill a ſtall.
For life or wealth let Heaven my lot aſſign,
A firm and even ſoul ſhall ſtill be mine.

SPECT.

SPECIMEN of a Tranſlation of the ODYSSEY.

THE nurſe all wild with tranſport ſeem'd to ſwim,
Joy wing'd her feet and lighten'd ev'ry limb;
Then to the room with ſpeed impatient borne
Flew with the tidings of her lord's return.
There bending o'er the ſleeping queen, ſhe cries,
Riſe, my Penelope, my daughter, riſe
To ſee Ulyſſes thy long abſent ſpouſe,
Thy ſoul's deſire and lord of all thy vows:
Though late, he comes, and in his rage has ſlain,
For all their wrongs, the haughty ſuitor train.
Ah, Euryclea, ſhe replies, you rave;
The gods reſume that reaſon which they gave;
For Heaven deep wiſdom to the fool ſupplies,
But oft infatuates and confounds the wiſe.
And wiſdom once was thine! but now I find
The gods have ruin'd thy diſtemper'd mind.
How could you hope your fiction to impoſe?
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
How could you break a ſleep with talk ſo vain,
That held my ſorrows in ſo ſoft a chain?
A ſleep ſo ſweet I never could enjoy
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy:
Curſt Troy—oh! why did I thy name diſcloſe?
Thy fatal name awakens all my woes:
But fly—ſome other had provok'd my rage,
And you but owe your pardon to your age.

No artful tales, no ſtudied lies, I frame,
Ulyſſes lives (rejoins the reverend dame)
In that diſhonour'd ſtranger's cloſe diſguiſe,
Long has he paſs'd all unſuſpecting eyes,
All but thy ſon's—and long has he ſuppreſt
The well-concerted ſecret in his breaſt;
Till his brave father ſhould his foes defeat,
And the cloſe ſcheme of his revenge compleat.
Swift as the word the queen tranſported ſprung,
And round the dame in ſtrict embraces hung;
Then as the big round tears began to roll,
Spoke the quick doubts and hurry of her ſoul.
If my victorious hero ſafe arrives,
If my dear lord, Ulyſſes, ſtill ſurvives,
Tell me, oh tell me, how he fought alone?
How were ſuch multitudes deſtroy'd by one?
Nought I beheld, but heard their cries, ſhe ſaid,
When death flew raging, and the ſuitors bled:
Immur'd we liſten'd, as we ſat around,
To each deep groan and agonizing ſound.
Call'd by thy ſon to view the ſcene I fled,
And ſaw Ulyſſes ſtriding o'er the dead!
Amidſt the riſing heaps the hero ſtood
All grim, and terribly adorn'd with blood.

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